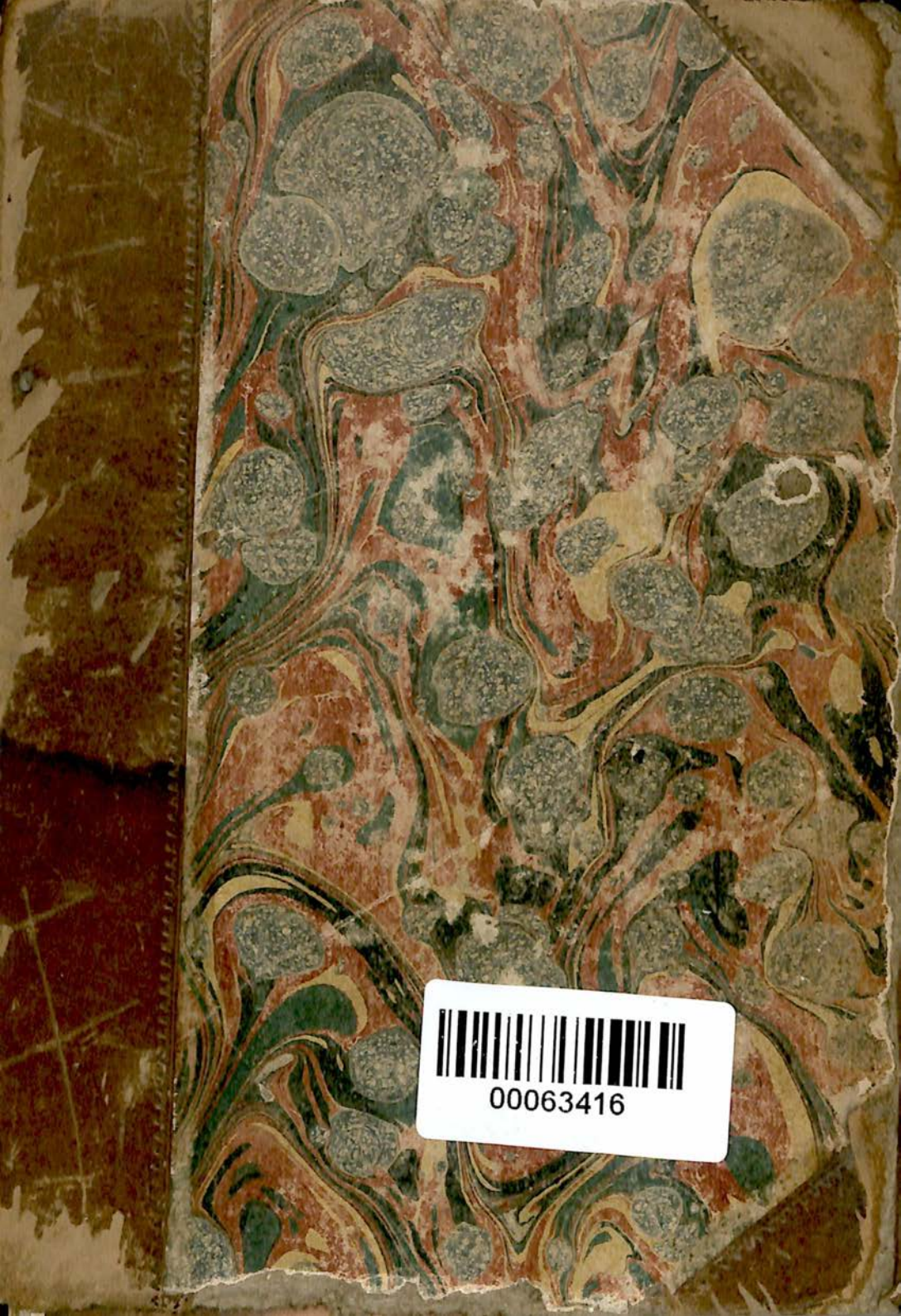
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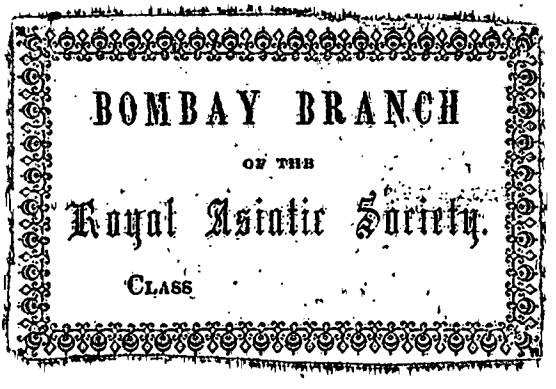

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THE

ILIAD OF HOMER.

THE

ILIAD OF HOMER,

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH ACCENTUATED HEXAMETERS,

.63416

BY

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PREFACE.

THE question whether the Latin and Greek metres, and particularly the hexameter and pentameter, will ever be so fully naturalized among us, as to take their places beside our only other received form of unrhymed metre—the blank verse—has been a good deal debated within these few past years. If it were one to be decided by argument, I think that while, on the one hand, the objections urged against their acceptance, admit of an easy and complete reply; on the other, the reasons adducible in their favour are capable of being stated with more force and fulness than has yet been done. A few words prefatory to one more attempt to show that readable English hexameters can be written, and are not ill adapted to the expression of the highest order of poetry, will therefore, perhaps, not be ill bestowed on an endeavour to place this controversy on its right grounds.

It is contended, in the first place, by the opponents of this *addition to the rhythmical resources of our language*, that verses of this kind have been written in abundance; that they are, for the most part, utterly uncouth and barbarous; that, when read as ordinary English verse would be read, they convey hardly any impression of being intended for verse; and that, to give them the rhythm and cadence of the classical metres they profess to represent, it is necessary, in reading them, to violate every usage of English pronunciation and accent. That verses open to such objections have been written in abundance, is a melancholy truth, and one which has gone far to prejudice the public ear against them. But it is not in

favour of bad verse, of this or any other kind, that we contend. While such, no doubt, exists, it is equally true that many and signal examples also exist, capable of satisfying the most fastidious classical reader; apart from that one great, and as some consider it, insuperable stumbling-block, QUANTITATIVE PROSODY.

The prosodiacal objection to these metres rests on the alleged absurdity of "composing verses in a language regulated by accent, in a metre invented by those who regulated it by prosody." Now, if it were true that *our* reading of the classic metres in their own languages were really guided by prosody in that sense which this dictum would intimate, there would be force in this argument. If, for instance, the accent with which the verses of Virgil and Horace are read by an educated Englishman, uniformly, or in a great majority of cases, fell on syllables long by prosody, and avoided short ones; we could then understand that, English metre having little or no prosody, and being guided entirely by accent, we should be driven to create a prosody, if we would naturalize such metres; and should thus lapse into the deplorable blunder of the Elizabethan attempts, which cannot be read as verse, without exciting shouts of laughter. But this, in fact, is the very reverse of the truth. Let any one open his Virgil, and in the first Eclogue he will find the quantity contradicted by the accent four times in the first three lines: in the first Æneid twice in the first two; and so on perpetually: while, if he wilfully accentuate long syllables and glide over short ones, he will scarcely be able to read *Latin** verse at all. There

* With the Greek, and especially that of Homer, the case is so far different, that there is no such marked and general discordance between accent and quantity in our mode of reading it, as in Latin: though instances enough of it occur to bear out our proposition as to accent, and not quantity, being our guide in reading the classic metres. How many school-boys know the rules of Greek prosody?

cannot be a better exemplification of this than the way in which we all learn at school to read Sapphics. Our system of accentuation is quite contradictory to the prosodiacal quantity; and in proof that such *is* our system we need only appeal to Canning's caricature of it in the "Knife-grinder." The same remark applies to our habitual accentuation of the last penthemimer of the pentameter, which the Latins usually terminate with a dissyllable, on the *first* syllable of which (though a short one) the accent, as we read it, is laid. Neither the English nor the German pentameter tolerates this usage.

Again, the English scholar who visits Greece, and hears the Iliad read by educated and accomplished modern Greeks, is, we are told, quite at a loss to recognize either the quantity of the syllables, or the accentuation which, to *our* associations, makes it verse rather than prose run mad. Are we then to say that, to the modern Greek, the Iliad is not metre? Or shall we believe that the rebellious choruses of Æschylus, which defy all scholarship to make *us* accept them as anything but just such prose, conveyed no sense of rhythm to that poet's contemporaries?

I am far from contending that quantitative prosody in the classical languages adds no richness or beauty to verse. The perception of quantity where it exists does assuredly underlie and mingle with that of accent and cadence; much as in music the harmony underlies and adds to the enjoyment of the melody, even to those ears which cannot clearly distinguish and follow the lower notes in presence of the higher. And if this be (as I believe it to be) something more than a mere fanciful analogy, those cases in which the accent occasionally contradicts the prosody would come to be assimilated to passages in music in which discords are followed by their resolutions, or in which the melody and its accompaniment proceed by "contrary motion," to the great enhancement, if well managed, of the joint effect.

To reject, then, a metre which we acknowledge to be in itself pleasing and harmonious in its cadence, and which has many other excellent qualities, merely because we cannot subject it, in its construction, to a set of rules which our language does not acknowledge, *and by which no other of our metres is bound*, is wilfully to deprive ourselves of a source of pleasure, power, and variety: and is much as if a flute-player were to abstain from playing the best airs of Haydn or Mozart, because they were originally written for the pianoforte, or with a full orchestral accompaniment.

If we deny ourselves the use of the hexameter for the translation of Homer, we have nothing to fall back upon but the decasyllable Iambic of Milton and Pope, varied only by the Alexandrine, as in the Spenserian stanza; or on the same metre augmented by a supernumerary syllable, constituting the hendecasyllabic measure of Dr Alford; a great objection to which is its extreme tendency to fall into the Sapphic cadence[1]. Against both these metres (in their purity) the true objection however is, that they *are* Iambic, (i.e. epigrammatic), in their sharp, ringing, accentuated close; and as such, better fitted for satirical writing (for which they were invented by Archilochus, as Horace informs us[2]), or for the terse, thoughtful, pointed utterances of a matured literature; while the hexameter, whose essential character is impulsive, starting with a strong emphasis ("rising," as Coleridge has beautifully expressed it, "like the fountain's silvery column"), exhibits the full impress and youthful vigour of a nascent one.

[1] Take, for instance, the following, which every reader will at once admit to be very excellent specimens of the English accentuated Sapphic:

> "Next, a huge stone he placed against the door-way,
> Fearful in size. Not two-and-twenty waggons
> Four-wheel'd and staunch, could stir it from the ground-sill."

[2] Archilochum proprio rabies armavit Iambo.

On the ground that the Homeric poems are in reality gigantic ballads, the metre of the Lady of the Lake and Marmion has been recommended for their Translation. Let us try a few lines.

ILIAD. CANTO I.

Ye Quarrel of ye Kings.

I.

Achilles' wrath, to Greece the spring
Of myriad woes, O Goddess! sing:
Which hurled to Hades' gloomy reign
The souls of valiant chieftains slain;
And gave their bodies on the shore
For dogs and vultures to devour,
Fulfilling Jove's behest:
Since then when in contention rude
Great Atreus' son in angry mood,
Opposed to fierce Achilles stood,
The noblest Greek and best.

&c. &c. &c.

No! No! This will never do. The hurdy-gurdy is too slender and feeble to echo the grand diapason roll of Homeric song.

Another eminently advantageous feature of the hexameter verse is the variety it admits in its structure; rendering it, of all the metres in which a long poem can be written or translated, the least monotonous. By those indeed who lay it down as a first principle, that *the English hexameter must gallop* (*i. e.* must be entirely dactylic with the exception of the terminal spondee) this advantage is deliberately sacrificed, and ex-

changed for a monotony the heaviest and most wearisome of which human composition is capable—the monotony of forced, unceasing, laborious activity. In this respect, a translator of Homer cannot do better than follow the example of the great Original, whose lines exhibit the utmost variety of structure*. Taking advantage of this liberty, and with the occasional introduction of lines in which the cæsura is deferred, or altogether dispensed with, the hexameter will be found to afford an amount of variety such as none of the English metres in use possesses.

As regards the other conditions, apart from the choice of a metre to be observed in translating the Iliad, I cannot help thinking that the present tendency of opinion is to lay upon the shoulders of a translator a burden too heavy to be borne. It may, indeed, be possible to render, in something like verse, line for line, word for word, construction for construction; to give all the Gods and Heroes their Greek names, and to affix in every instance where it occurs the exact Homeric conventional epithet, duly rendered according to its literal meaning. This—it is conceivable—might be accomplished: and, when done, the result would probably read almost as much like a metrical production as the *Propria quæ maribus*, or *As in præsenti*, and would have about the same chance of finding a single reader out of school; where, no doubt, it would be exceedingly popular. Between such a rendering and the magnificent adumbration of Pope (for whatever may be said against it, and with all its faults, which are not a few, I for one regard Pope's Iliad, *taken per se*, as one of the most magnificent, if not *the* most magnificent poem extant) a line must be drawn somewhere or other; and it is readily admitted must lie much nearer the former than the latter of the two

* In the first dozen lines of the Iliad occur no less than nine out of the sixteen different arrangements which the four first feet admit.

extremes. A translation line for line (with some small reasonable margin for mutual encroachment and recess)—which shall render the full sense of the original in every material particular, and introduce as little in the nature of amplification as the difference between our monosyllabic English and Homer's *polyphloisboian* Greek occasionally necessitates (under the paramount obligation of producing unforced, fluent, and readable verse, in grammatical English)—this does not appear a task too hard for mortal man. If however to these conditions be superadded that of retaining throughout the conventional Homeric epithets, rendered by anything like their equivalents, I believe it to be impracticable in our language without a grievous sacrifice of those essential qualities which render the perusal of a poem a pleasure, not a task; and its production something more inviting than a perpetual *tour de force* or a school exercise.

In the German language the case is otherwise; and it has been accomplished with what every German reader will allow to be very remarkable success by Voss: whose version is considered by his countrymen nowise ungraceful. But the German language is that of all others which affords the greatest facilities for such a rendering—a language in which substantives, verbs, or adjectives cohere by mere juxtaposition, and weld themselves into compound words even more readily than in the Greek.* Owing to this, and many other aptitudes which our tongue does not possess, it has been found practicable to produce in German, what may be regarded as *fac similes* of the Iliad and Odyssee, in which every individual line, with every nicety of the meaning, and for the most part

* Take such instances as 'weithinschattendes' for δολιχοσκιον; 'hellumschirmten' for εϋκνημιδες; 'weitaufrauschend' for πολυφλοισβος; Schlachtreihnbrecher' for ῥηξηνωρ; 'nahrungssprossender' for πουλυβοτειρης; 'erzumschirmter' for χαλκοκορυστης; 'schwerhinwandelnde' for ειλιποδας; 'blechlospanzrig' for αμιτροχιτων; 'fischwimmelnd' for ιχθιοεις; 'wagenbeflügelten' for ερυσαρματες.

hardly any transposition in the order of the words, is rendered with a precision little short of miraculous*, and which must for ever leave far behind it every other possible attempt of the kind. It is the fidelity with which an excellent photograph reproduces on paper a magnificent piece of architecture, in all its proportions and with every the most minute detail, while yet possessing (with perhaps some degree of unpleasing hardness) the air of a picture. For, after all, such *is* the impression which Voss's version produces. The simplicity of Homer's diction, when studiously reproduced in language familiar to our ears, is apt to pass (with reverence be it spoken) into homeliness, and even baldness of expression (of which any one may convince himself by reference to a literal prose translation of even the finest passages), but which is not felt as such when reading the original.

The version of the Iliad here presented to the reader was commenced in October 1861, on the occasion of reading an article in the *Times* of the 28th of that month on Translations, while in ignorance that any entire book of Homer had ever before been placed before the English public in its original metre. Though a careful interpretation of the Greek, it does not profess to be a minutely close, much less a strictly literal translation: while on the other hand it eschews altogether any attempt to clothe the simple and rude majesty of the great original in such amplitude of decorated wording as to conceal its outlines.

In the detail of the execution of his task, the translator has retained the Homeric epithets *as such* only when really expressive of some fitting accessory to the subject-matter, or when their introduction could be effected flowingly, without constraint or awkwardness. In many cases, without direct verbal translation, their sense may be naturally interwoven among

* Compare, for instance, Voss's rendering of XVI. vv. (250—257) with the original.

the context. There is no denying that the continual recurrence of these epithets, in season and out of season, in Homer, has a very oppressive effect on the modern ear. To be told occasionally, or incidentally, that Achilles was swift of foot; that the Greeks wore brazen armour and good boots; that their ships were hollow and black, and their spears long-shadowed; that they had rolling eyes, and Juno large ones and white arms; may not be amiss as characteristic touches thrown in to individualize our conceptions of those personages. But to be systematically reminded of these particulars almost whenever the persons or things so characterized are mentioned, is assuredly more in the nature of a blemish than a beauty; and one which no translator desirous of doing justice to his original ought, in the present state of literature, to aim at reproducing.

Neither has he considered it necessary to be scrupulous on every occasion in presenting the Greek names of the divinities. It is generally done, but in so long a poem cases *will* occur when the flow of the metre is greatly facilitated by the substitution of the more familiar Latin equivalent, and in such he has preferred avoiding an awkwardness of versification to a rigorous adherence to a rule purely arbitrary and self-imposed. Something more requires to be said in respect of the accentuation of the proper names. These have in innumerable cases acquired by English usage an accent unconformable with their prosodiacal quantity in the Greek. Thus it would be absurd to insist on accentuating such names as Idòmeneus, Tlepòlemus, Orsìlochus, Astỳoche, Thàmyris, Ocàlea, Clònius, Hèlice, &c., otherwise than as here marked, though in each the accented syllable is short by quantity in the Greek; and so in innumerable other cases. In rendering the catalogue of the ships and troops, accentuation according to the prosodiacal quantities would be simply ludicrous.

The monosyllabic character of our language (according to

what has already been observed) affords in most cases abundant elbow room, in so ample a metre as the hexameter, for the full expression in each line of the sense of its Greek original. Occasionally, indeed, the hexametric mantle will be found to sit too loosely, and to require a little expansion on the part of the wearer to fill it out properly. Homer too is intensely tautological, saying the same thing over and over again in the same sentence; in which cases it is often impossible so to vary the phrase as not to introduce some new idea*. To do this gracefully and in keeping with the context is the most difficult part of a translator's task. But whether gracefully or not, good faith both to the original and the reader requires that expletory words or phrases should be distinguished by some typographical difference. This is accordingly done by the use of italics in our translation, and (so far as is practicable) the words so italicized are such that, if omitted, what remains shall still be readable as connected English. This, of course, cannot always be done.

One word more as to the versification. The Hexameter metre is on its trial in this country. It is therefore entitled at all events to a fair hearing. It may at least claim to be read as any other of our received metres is read; with no deliberate intention to caricature it, or to spoil it in the reading: without sing-song or affectation, and according to the ordinary usages of English pronunciation. So tried, if it fail to please and to make its way, it stands condemned. But in the perusal of so long a poem it must be borne in mind, in common candour, that all our ordinary forms of verse have a cer-

* We do not here allude to the repetition in different parts of the poem of whole speeches or connected series of lines, but to such cases as those in II. vv. 528, 529, where speaking of Aias Oileus the poet says, "He was less, and not so great as Telamonian Aias, nor so mighty, but much less. Moreover he was little"—or in the description of the snow-storm in XII. 278, 281, "when the snow-flakes fall, and Zeus prepares to snow, and he lulls the winds, and it snows."

tain elasticity,—admit a certain latitude of accommodation between the accent proper to the verse—its dead form—and that which constitutes its living spirit and interprets its melody to the hearer. Nothing is more common, for instance, than to find our ordinary Heroic or blank verse, which, theoretically, ought to consist wholly of iambic feet, commencing with a practical trochee, or including one in some part of its structure, as in Milton for example,

In the beginning how the Heav'ns and Earth
Rose out of Chaos:

or,

while it pursues
*Things un*attempted yet in prose or rhyme:

or again,

to transgress his will
For one restraint, *lords of* the world beside.

No one regards these occasional deviations as blemishes, or declares such verses unreadable, if their occurrence be not so frequent as to draw attention and disturb our sense of rhythm. Nor, in a similar spirit, will the occasional commencement of a Hexameter with a non-emphatic syllable, or the occurrence in the course of the line of a weak syllable where a strong one would naturally fall, or *vice versâ*, be held an unpardonable sin against rhythm by any one who remembers how frequently the corresponding offence is committed by our most classic poets in commencing the line with a feeble, but slightly emphasized particle.* *Dabitur licentia sumpta pudenter.* Neither will any one, reading this our attempt in a similar

* As in such instances as these, which occur in the first page of the Paradise Lost:

That to the height of this great argument,

or,

Nor the deep tract of Hell, &c.

In the Comus, the most faultless existing specimen of English versification, examples of this and the former species of irregularity occur in one out of every eight of the nine hundred lines of which the dialogue consists.

liberal spirit, be disposed to cavil at the non-elision of the *e* in the terminal syllable of past tenses and particles; or persist in reading such words as *resolved, destroyed,* &c, as tris-syllables, contrary to the common usage of English pronunciation in reading our ordinary prose*. Objections indeed on such grounds appear singularly ill-timed in these days when we consider the excessive metrical laxity of our present most applauded versification, which will produce deplorable confusion: since no two readers will soon be able to agree how the verses of some of our highly popular poets are to be read *as verse.*

It was the translator's wish and intention to have associated his work, through the medium of a dedication, with the name of one, endeared by the remembrance of long and uninterrupted friendship—the late lamented Master of Trinity College, Cambridge. The melancholy event which cut short so noble a career, and robbed the Science and Literature of his country of so bright an ornament, has deprived him of that gratification. It is only the more incumbent therefore to acknowledge here the benefits derived from his sound and valuable criticism during the whole progress of the work down to its final completion: resulting in the correction of innumerable blemishes in the versification, and no small number of misrenderings of particular and delicate turns of expression in the Greek, which his perfect knowledge of that language enabled him to point out. That it was ever completed at all indeed has been mainly owing to his encouragement and advice, such not having been the intention with which it was commenced. To his esteemed friend Sir Henry Holland too, to whom some portion of the work has been submitted, the translator has to acknowledge obligations of a similar kind.

* In the comparatively few instances in which the termination of such words is intended to be read as a distinct syllable, it is marked with an accent thus `, as in III. v. 271, *sharp-edgèd.*

ERRATA.

BOOK	VERSE	
II.	463,	*for* clamour *read* clangour
IV.	208,	*for* Great was the grief and alarm *read* Great were the grief and alarm
V.	362,	*for* strike out at Father Zeus *read* strike at our Father Zeus
V.	464,	*for* Son *read* Sons
V.	572,	*for* withdrew *read* and withdrew
VI.	26,	*for* There fair twins *read* These fair twins.
VII.	1,	*for* Dawn in his saffron mantle *read* Dawn in her saffron mantle
VIII.	250,	*for* the feet of the altar *read* the foot of the altar
VIII.	495,	*for* to the shaft it was *read* to the shaft was it
IX.	18,	*for* hearty *read* heavy
IX.	227,	*for* lacks *read* lack
XI.	178,	*for* even *read* ever
XIII.	201,	*for* then *read* thus
XIII.	370,	*read* striding along in defiant guise: but &c.
XIII.	467,	*for* mighty *read* the Cretan Prince
XIV.	57,	*for* our *read* an
XVI.	470,	*read* Started asunder. Crashed their yoke, &c.
XVII.	66,	*for* Shouting and barking *read* Barking and shouting
XVII.	709,	*for* war *read* woe
XVIII.	265,	*for* our own town *read* our town
XIX.	71,	*for* Hardly *read* Hardly
XIX.	344,	*for* stems *read* sterns
XXI.	254,	*for* in *read* on
XXI.	351,	*for* fames *read* flames

THE ILIAD.

BOOK I.

BOOK THE FIRST.

ARGUMENT.

APOLLO at the prayer of his priest Chryses, whose daughter Agamemnon refuses to release, sends a pestilence on the Greek army. At the instance of Achilles a council is called, in which Agamemnon agrees to resign his captive, but declares his intention to seize Briseis the captive of Achilles as an equivalent. A violent quarrel ensues between the Kings. Achilles resigns his captive but withdraws his support from the cause of the Greeks. Briseis is restored to her father, and sacrifice being made, Apollo is appeased. Thetis the mother of Achilles, moved by his prayers, petitions Zeus to avenge on the Greeks the insult thus offered to her son. He consents. Hera remonstrating, receives a rebuke in presence of the assembled Gods. Hephæstus consoles her.

ILIAD. BOOK I.

SING, celestial Muse! the destroying wrath of Achilles,
Péleus' son: which myriad mischiefs heaped on the Grecians,
Many a valiant hero's soul dismissing to Hades;
Flinging their corses abroad for a prey to dogs *and to vultures*,
And to each bird of the air. Thus Jove's high will was accomplished.
Ev'n from that fateful hour when opposed in *angry* contention
Stood forth Atreides, King of men, and godlike Achilles.

Say, then! which of the Gods involved these two in their conflict?
Jove's and Leto's Son! For he, with the leader offended
Sent on his army a plague, and his people were perishing round him:
For that Atreides his *sacred* Priest had *rudely* dishonoured; (11)
Chryses, who *suppliant* came to the swift-sailing ships of the Grecians
Eager to rescue his daughter, and proff'ring unlimited ransom.
Wreaths in his hands he bore of the bright far-darting Apollo
Circling a sceptre of gold. Then thus besought he the Grecians
All; but th' Atreidæ first, the two great arrayers of nations:

"O ye Atreidæ! and you, ye bright-armed Greeks, to your *valour*
May the *great* Gods, who dwell in the lofty Olympian mansions
Grant the destruction of Troy, and a safe return to your country!
Only restore me my darling child, and accept what I offer, (20)
Ever revering the Son of Zeus, far-darting Apollo."

Then loud shouted the Greeks in assent: "*Let her go!* Let Apollo
Glorified be in his priest! Take, take the magnificent ransom!"
But Agamemnon, Atreus' son, disdained *his petition*.
Roughly he drove him forth, and sternly rebuked him *at parting*.

"Hence! Let me catch thee no more, old man, in our camp either ling'ring
Here round our hollow-keeled ships, or returning again *on thine errand.*
Scarce should *Apollo* then, or his wreath, or sceptre, avail thee.
Nó! Set her free *be thou sure* I will not! till age overtake her
There in our palace at home, in Argos; far from her country,
Weaving the web, and performing th' accustomed rites of my chamber.
Hence! I say.—Anger me not!—Thy retreat may so be the safer."
Thus spake the King: and the old man feared and shrank from the mandate.
Silent he crept by the loud-roaring sea, till far from the vessels
Then to Apollo supreme, the offspring of fair-haired Latona,
Thus *in his anguish* he prayed, with *earnest and* long supplication:—
"Hear me! Thou of the silver bow!—Thou guardian of Chrysa!
Thou who encompassest Cilla the sacred! Thou whose dominion
Tenedos trembling owns!—O Smintheus! Hear me.—If ever
Decking thy temple with festive crowns I have burned on thine altar
Thigh of the bull or fat of the goat—oh! grant my petition:
Let thine arrows requite to the Greeks these tears I am shedding."
Thus, *loud sobbing*, he prayed; and his prayer reached Phœbus Apollo.
Down from the *lofty* crest of Olympus he plunged *on the instant*,
Ire in his heart. On his shoulders his bow was slung, and his quiver
Gorgeously wrought, and the shafts clashed *loud* as he moved *in his anger.*
Down he swept, like the *presence of* night, and *approaching* alighted
Somewhat apart from the ships, and among them sent forth an arrow.
Dire was the twang of the silver bow! Then *spread the contagion*
First among mules, and the lazy dogs that prowled *round the vessels.*
Next came a piercing shaft which, *winged* with bitterer *vengeance*
Flew through the ranks; and the funeral pyres blazed fast and unceasing.
Nine days thus did the God deal forth his darts on the army:
But on the tenth, convened by Achilles, the people assembled.
Such was the course, to his mind which the white-armed Hera suggested,
Grieved as she was to behold her Greeks thus *helplessly* dying.
When the assembly was formed, and all were collected in council,
Rising before them, thus spoke forth swift-footed Achilles:
"*Surely* methinks, O Atreides! the time is come for retreating

Baffled, back to our homes; *too happy* with life but escaping,
Should the sword haply spare what the plague may leave of the Grecians.
Let us however consult some Priest or Prophet or Dreamer:
(For in *the* visions *of night* Zeus oft discloseth his counsels)
Such may reveal why Phœbus Apollo's wrath is excited:
Whether by broken vows, or by hecatombs *due but neglected:*
So that perchance by the savour of lambs and kidlings unblemished
Soothed and appeased, he may stay this plague *and cease from his anger.*"
Thus having said he resumed his seat. Then arose from among them
Calchas, Thestor's son, *far-famed* as the wisest of augurs,
One to whose mind inspired, the past, the present, the future
All were alike revealed: that Seer, whose *sage* divination
(Phœbus Apollo's gift) had guided the ships of the Grecians
Safely to Ilion's shore. And thus, complying, he answered:
"Dost thou command me Achilles, beloved of Zeus, to inform thee
Wherefore Apollo the bright far-darting King is offended?
Then must I speak. But swear to me first, and pledge me thine honour
Promptly with word and deed to support me, *whatever may happen.*
Well do I deem, my report will enrage that Prince whose dominion
Glorious o'er Argos extends, whose sway the Achaians acknowledge.
Dire is the wrath of a King when unequally matched with a subject
What though he seem to digest the affront? Yet *the pride of* the Monarch
Inwardly broods o'er revenge, and *long, long* after, will wreak it.
Weigh then the risk. Wilt thou hold me unharmed, *such danger incurring?*"
Then making answer in turn, thus spake swift-footed Achilles:
"Boldly declare what thou knowest. Whate'er thine oracle, say it!
For by Apollo, beloved of Zeus, *by the God* at whose altars
Bending in prayer, thou Calchas! *receiv'st* Heav'n's dread revelations,
None, while I live and view with these eyes the conduct of mortals,
No! not one of the Greeks, shall lay but a finger upon thee
Here in our hollow-keeled-ships: ev'n shouldst thou name Agamemnon,
Noblest and mightiest of all in our host though he vaunt his position."
Thus *reassured,* the blameless seer took courage and answered:
"'Tis for no broken vow, no hecatomb *due but neglected;*
But for his *outraged* Priest, by Atreides rudely insulted
Heeding nor ransom nor prayer, his daughter detaining in bondage:

For this cause the far-darting God hath sent and will send us
Woes *upon woes:* and heavy his hand shall weigh *on the Grecians*
Till, without ransom or price, the bright-eyed maid be conducted
Back to her father in Chrysa. Perchance, *then*, a hecatomb offered
To the offended Pow'r may disarm his wrath *and preserve us.*"
Thus having said he sate. Then in haste uprose Agamemnon
Atreus' heroic son, wide ruling o'er many a nation.
Furious he rose. In his gloomy soul o'ermastering passion
Struggled for vent, and a torchlike fire *blazed forth from* his eyeballs.
Bending on Calchas a withering scowl, at once he addressed him.
"Prophet of evil! to me thy bodings have ever been hateful.
Still doth thy *cankered* heart delight in th' announcement of mischief.
Ne'er from thy lips good words,—from thy hands good works have proceeded:
And now, *true to thy mission of ill*, the Greeks thou haranguest,
Stirring them up to believe that Apollo for me hath chastised them.
Mine, *forsooth!* is the crime, who the virgin daughter of Chryses
Lawfully kept, and her ransom refused: much longing to carry
Back to my native home, *so fair, so graceful* a maiden,
Whom Clytæmnestra herself, when I led her a bride to the altar,
Hardly in person, in temper, in mind, or accomplishments equalled.
But, if it must be so, then *let her depart*, I resign her.
Ne'er be it said that *for pleasure of mine* the people should perish.
Only forthwith prepare me a prize: that alone of the Argives
Unrewarded I go not: for that indeed were unseemly.
All of you bear me witness! My just reward I relinquish."
Godlike Achilles, swift in the race, then rose up in answer.
"Ill, O Atreides! beseems such rank with such avarice blended!
How can our generous Greeks *be taxed*, a new prize *to* assign thee?
Public store have we none where treasure is laid up in common.
Soon as a town is sacked, the spoil on the spot is divided,
Nor were it just to reclaim from the troops what once is allotted;
Yield her then, *frankly*, at once to the God, and the Greeks will compensate
Threefold and four thy loss, when the word of Zeus is accomplished,
And the embattled towers of Troy lie smoking in ruin."

Fierce *in his* royal *pride* this answer returned Agamemnon.
"Not so, brave as thou art, and of Godlike presence, Achilles!
Not so deceive thyself, nor think to beguile or persuade me.
Think'st thou unquestioned thy prize to retain? that tamely contented
I shall my own resign?—resign her too, at thy orders?
No! let the generous Greeks with fitting *and duteous* selection
Grant an *equivalent* prize, as a fair and just compensation;
All shall be well. If not, I shall seize on the prize *of another:*
Thine perchance, or the spoil of Aias or *mighty* Odysseus.
Rage he may upon whom I shall come. *I reck not his anger.*
This when the time shall better allow. Now proceed we to action.
First let a sable vessel be launched on the wide-rolling ocean
Manned with the needful rowers. A hecatomb *duly provided*
Place in her hold, and let fair Chryseis herself be conducted
Safely on board. To some chief of renown the command be entrusted,
Aias or Creta's King, or *the wisdom* divine of Odysseus,
Aye, or thyself, Peleides! most dreadful of men: that the anger
Of the far-darting God may be soothed by our prayers and our offerings."
Scornfully frowning upon him at once swift-footed Achilles
Answered him thus. "O wrapped up in insolence! blinded by lucre!
Which of the Greeks henceforth will cheerfully *arm* at thy bidding,
Toil in the wearisome march, or rush with delight to the combat?
Moved by no personal hate 'gainst Troy and her warlike defenders
Came I hither to fight; for nought have they done to offend me.
Cattle, nor steed, of mine have they seized; nor *in hostile invasion*
Swept over Phthia's *realm*, nor wasted her bounteous harvests.
Far, far parted we lie, with the roaring ocean between us,
And the o'ershadowing crests of many a mountainous barrier.
In thy quarrel, O lost to all shame! are we come; for thy pleasure
Insolent! seeking redress from the Trojans for thee and thy brother,
Thankless, and reckless of all *we have done, of all we have suffered.*
Now, *for a crowning affront*, to seize my prize thou hast threatened
Bravely and hardly won, and conferred by the Sons of Achaia!
Equal to thine no spoil hath ever to me been awarded
When to the Grecian arms some populous city has yielded.
Foremost ever in fight, and sustaining the brunt of the battle

Sword in hand am I found;—but so sure as the spoil is divided
Thine is the choice of the prey; while, some pleasing trifle accepting,
Weary and faint with toil, I bear it away to my vessels.
Now unto Phthia my course I take:—for better I deem it
Home with my ships to return, since thus dishonoured, and leave thee
Here to thy fate, *ingloriously* fighting for riches and plunder." (171)
Then Agamemnon King of men this answer returned him:
"Fly, by all means, if such be thy mind. Not ev'n for a moment
Will I entreat thee with me to remain. I lack not companions
True to *my cause and* my glory, nor Zeus for my guide *and protector.*
Hateful beyond all Princes whom Heav'n with power hath entrusted;
Nought but strife is thy soul's delight, and battle and slaughter.
Say, thou art brave! 'Tis the gift of God *which thus thou profanest.*
Fly then, I say! With thy ships and thy troops betake thee to Phthia;
There o'er thy Myrmidons rule. For know, proud prince! that I reck not (180)
Or of thine aid or thy wrath: and, *speak'st thou of threats?* thus I threaten:
Since at my hands Apollo demands the daughter of Chryses,
Forthwith let her depart. In my ship, with my escort, I send her.
Then to thy tent I shall come, and thy prize, thy lovely Briseis
Claim, and lead her away:—so that ev'n thyself shalt acknowledge
Mine the superior power, and warned by thy bitter example,
All henceforth shall dread to dispute my right or defy me."
Thus he spake; and a pang through Peleides shot. In his bosom
Shaggy and rough, his heart by conflicting thoughts was divided:
Whether at once to snatch from his thigh his keen-edged falchion (190)
Break through th' assembled chiefs and strike to the earth his insulter,
Or to control his mind and arrest *the career* of his passion.
Thus while doubtful he stood in his troubled spirit debating—
Half unsheathed while appeared the mighty sword—from Olympus
Pallas Athené came, whom the white-armed Hera commissioned
Equally both in her heart regarding, and anxious to save them.
Standing behind him, his golden locks she grasped;—and Peleides
Turned; and amazed he stood when her awful eyes he encountered,
Only to him revealed among all the heroes assembled; [200]
Startled, but yet not calmed, in impassioned words he addressed her. (200)

"And art thou come *from Heav'n*, great Daughter of Zeus to be witness
How Agamemnon, Atreus' son, both wrongs and degrades me?
Then shalt thou see—and my words *may not be long in* fulfilling—
—How, perchance with his life he shall pay for his pride and his insults."
Thus then in turn replied the blue-eyed Goddess Athené:
"*Hear me! and* calm thy passion, and *bend thy soul* to obey me!
For this cause from Olympus I come, by Hera commissioned
Equally friendly to both, and equally anxious to save you.
Cease from this strife. With thy hand draw not thy sword from its scabbard. [210]
Words be thine only weapons: and spare them not, but reproach him. (210)
For be assured—(and *ere long* my words shall be fully accomplished)
Threefold in splendor and worth shall gifts upon gifts be repaid thee
For this insolent act. But restrain thy rage, and obey us."
Then replying in turn, thus spake swift-footed Achilles.
"At such bidding, O Goddess! no choice but obedience is left me,
Grievously angered at heart though I be: for such is my duty.
Whoso the Gods reveres, his prayers will find them propitious!"
Then with a pond'rous grasp on the hilt with silver resplendent
Back in its scabbard he plunged the mighty sword; to Athené [220]
Hearkening. She meanwhile her flight to Olympus had taken, (220)
There in the mansions of Zeus rejoining her fellow immortals.
Once more now, his heart still *swelling with* anger, Achilles
Thus Agamemnon addressed, in words injurious *and bitter.*
"Drunken *with pride!* thou dog in thy look, but deer in thy nature!
When did'st thou ever *with hearty alacrity* arm for the battle,
Or to the dreadful ambush go forth with the chiefs of the Grecians?
Nought but *terror and* death in exploits like these thou beholdest.
Easier seems it and safer to plunder thy friends; through the army
Ranging at large, and seizing the share of whoe'er may oppose thee! [230]
Hah!—what a king art thou, who mak'st a prey of thy subjects! (230)
Subjects too base *to resent*:—or this were the last of thy insults.
Hear then *my fixed resolve*, and the oath I take to confirm it.
By this sceptre which torn from its parent trunk on the mountains
Blossom or bud shall never renew—by the axe of the woodman
Stripped of its branches and bark,—by this sacred sceptre I swear it;

Emblem of justice and truth, upborne by the sons of the Grecians,
Guardians of laws, protectors *of rights handed down from their fathers*,
Sanctioned by Zeus himself! (such an oath e'en to thee would be binding)
Surely with yearning of heart each Greek shall long for Achilles [240]
When beneath Hector's slaughtering *sword* thine army shall perish,(240)
Then shalt thou groan in spirit, unable to save or to help them
Self-condemned, and gnawed by remorse and rage *at thy folly*,
Shamefully thus to have used the best and bravest among them."
Thus he spake; and dashed on the ground his sceptre *in anger*
Studded with golden stars:—then sate, *defiant and scornful.*
Him with *increasing* wrath Agamemnon eyed. Up arose then
Nestor, the Pylian sage, whose eloquence, clear and persuasive
Flowed from his lips in harmonious accents, sweeter than honey.
Two generations in sacred Pylos beneath his dominion [250]
Reared to articulate speech, and o'ertaken by age had he witnessed,
Sov'reign at once and friend. Now ruled he the third in succession, (251)
Wisely *and kindly* counselling both, in these words he addressed them.
"Gods! What a weight of grief descends on the land of Achaia!
How will Priam exult, and his sons, and the host of the Trojans!
How will their souls rejoice should report convey to their hearing
This unseemly dispute, where two such chiefs are contending,
First in the councils of Greece, and her foremost leaders in battle!
Be persuaded! Remember that I am much older than either,
Aye, and in days gone by with men far braver *and greater* [260]
Long consorted on friendly terms; and they never disdained me. (260)
Ne'er have I seen—ne'er more shall I see such men as were Dryas,
Shepherd and guide of his flock; Peirithous, Exadius, and Cœneus.
These were Heroes indeed!—Nor less, divine Polyphemus,
Theseus too, great Ægeus' son, most like the immortals.
Bravest were these of all whom Earth on her bosom hath nurtured.
Bravest they were, and bravely they fought with the *fiercest of beings*,
Ev'n with the mountain Centaurs, and slew them in terrible combat.
These were my friends and associates: by these from Pylos invited
Hastening to join them I came; from afar, from the Apian country;
And by their side I fought, as best I might. But against them [271]
No man of mortal mould could avail, such as earth now produces. (271)

Yet they obeyed my word; gave willing ear to my counsels.
You, too, let me persuade: for to yield to persuasion is wiser.
Great as thou art, O Atreides! beware how thou seize on the damsel.
Leave her. Respect th' award pronounced by the sons of Achaia.
Thou, too, Peleus' son! forbear to contend with our sov'reign;
Since to no sceptred Prince whom Zeus hath delighted to honour
Loftier place or greater renown hath e'er been awarded.
Say, thou art mighty, as well beseems thy descent from a Goddess, [280]
Yet is he higher in rank; for wider extends his dominion.— (280)
Once more, Atreides! dismiss thy wrath. 'Tis Nestor entreats thee.
Urge thine opponent no more: for to whom shall we look but Achilles
In the rough chances of war, as the strength and stay of our nation?"

Then making answer replied Agamemnon, ruler of nations:
"Rightly, O *reverend* sage! on either part hast thou spoken:
But we have here a man who will dictate on every occasion;
Nought but his will must be law; and all must bend in his presence:
Yet there is one, methinks, who will yield to no such pretensions.
Grant that th' immortal Gods an *accomplished* warrior have made him [290]
Have they with this conferred an *unbounded* licence of insult?" (290)

Him interrupting, thus broke in the godlike Achilles:
"Base, indeed, should I be, and deserve the name of a coward
Were I to yield me a slave to whate'er thy caprices may dictate.
Issue thy orders to others! Command not me! for henceforward
Thee and thy cause I disown, and spurn the control of a tyrant.
This too hear me declare, and well shalt thou do to observe it:
Neither with thee nor that other in Troy will I fight for a woman.
(Since *thus meanly*, ye Greeks, ye resume the prize ye have given
Take it!) But when *thou* com'st to my ship dark frowning upon thee [300]
Nought that is mine beside shalt thou touch, with me to resist thee. (300)
Or shouldst thou dare it, come on; make trial, that all may behold it;
Quickly my spear's *broad* blade with thy streaming blood shall be purpled."

Thus with fierce words contended the chiefs by the ships of the Grecians.
Both then *abruptly* rose, and at once dissolved the assembly.
Thence to his tents and stately ships departed Achilles,
With him his faithful friend Menœtius' son and their comrades.

But by Atreides' order was launched a swift-sailing galley
Manned with twenty selected rowers; a hecatomb duly
Placed in the hold for the God; and the fair Chryseis conducted [310]
Ev'n by himself on board: and Odysseus the wise was commander. (310)
Swiftly, when all were embarked, they swept o'er the paths of the waters.
This performed, Atreides a solemn lustration commanded.
All the people were cleansed, and the sea received their ablutions.
Next, to Apollo of bulls and goats whole hecatombs offered
Blazed, in long order ranged, on the shore of the desolate ocean.
Rich was the steam that rose with the eddying smoke from the altars.
In such rites was the army engaged. Meanwhile Agamemnon
Bearing his threat to Achilles in mind, Eurybates summoned,
And Talthybius, heralds and messengers swift; and addressed them: [320]
"Haste ye both to the tent of Peleus' son, to Achilles: [322]=(320)
Claim Briseis the fair, and lead her respectfully hither.
This should Achilles refuse, I shall take her *by force*, and in person
Backed by o'erwhelming numbers; and that will be harder upon him."
Such was his order, and strict the injunction he added on parting.
Sad and reluctant they passed, on the shore of the desolate ocean,
Ev'n to the tents and ships of the Myrmidon host: and Achilles
Gloomily sitting they found in front of his tent, by the vessels.
Greeting he gave them none, for small was his joy to behold them. [330]
They, on their part, confused in his princely presence, and awestruck,
Silent remained, *nor raised their eyes*, nor delivered their errand. (330)
This when the chief perceived in his mind, he *mildly* addressed them:
"Hail! ye Heralds, messengers high of Zeus and of mortals.
Fearless and free draw nigh. Not you do I blame but your master.
Well do I know, by constraint ye come for the damsel Briseis,
And ye shall take her. Divine Patroclus! bring forth the maiden.
Hand her to these in charge. But now I call you to witness,
Now, unto Gods in Heaven and mortals on Earth to proclaim it
And to your tyrant king:—should ever henceforth by his army [340]
Need of my aid be felt, to save them from shame and destruction—
—*No! Let them die!*—while he, in the frenzied whirl of his passion (340)
Powerless alike to learn from the past or plan for the future,

Driv'n to their ships when they fight for their lives, shall be helpless to lead them."

Thus he spake: and Patroclus obeyed his friend and companion,
And from the inmost tent led forth the lovely Briseis [346]
And to their charge consigned. With womanly *fear and* reluctance (345)
Slowly she moved by their side, as they passed to the ships of Achaia.

Then retreated Achilles apart from the sight of his comrades.
Downward bent, and weeping, he sate, as he gazed o'er the ocean
Hoary with breakers ashore, but darkening *with storm* in the distance, [350]
Seaward his hands extending, *at length* he prayed to his mother: (350)
"O my Mother! since at my birth short life was ordained me,
Surely *almighty* Zeus, high thundering, throned in Olympus,
Might have enlarged it with glory. But none hath he hitherto granted.
Lo! with what *burning* disgrace Agamemnon, ruler of nations,
Brands me, wresting away the prize I won by my valour."

Thus he spake. But his mother august in the depths of the ocean
Heard his complaint, where she sate beside her reverend Father.
Swift, like a rising mist, from the hoary deep she ascended;
Sate beside him, and marked his tears: then fondly caressing [360]
Laid in his hand her own, and endearingly naming, bespoke him. (360)
"Why dost thou weep? my child: what grief hath seized on thy spirit?
Speak! Conceal not thy sorrows, but let them be common between us."

Heavily sighing, thus replied swift-footed Achilles:
"Well thou know'st. Why then should I tell thee all as it happened?
Thebé the sacred fell to our arms, Aetion's city.
This we *sacked and* plundered, and hither we came with the booty.
Fairly and justly was all disposed by the Sons of Achaia,
And to our chief Atreides the fair Chryseis allotted.
Chryses then, the Priest of the *bright* far-darting Apollo [370]
Came to our camp and the ships of the Greeks resplendent in armour, (370)
Eager to rescue his daughter, and proff'ring unlimited ransom.
Wreaths in his hands he bore of the *bright* far-darting Apollo
Circling a sceptre of gold: and he urged his suit on the Grecians
All; but th' Atreidæ first, the two great arrayers of nations.
Then with one voice loud shouted the Greeks in assent; that Apollo
Honoured should be in his Priest, and the costly ransom accepted.

But Agamemnon Atreus' son, disdained *his petition.*
Roughly he drove him forth, and sternly rebuked him at parting.
Baffled and angry, the *good* old man withdrew, but Apollo [380]
Heard the complaint of his prayer, (for he loved him well) *and avenged him.* (381)
Upon the Argives he sent a destroying shaft; and the people
Perished in heaps on heaps. Each moment *faster and thicker*
Flew through their army the darts of the God. Out spake then a Prophet
Who the Far-darter's will well knew; *and denounced the offender.*
Foremost, at once I exhorted, the God to appease: but Atreides
Took it in wrathful mood, and rising before the assembly
Uttered that *shameful* threat which now he hath *dared to* accomplish.
Ev'n while the keen-eyed Greeks are escorting the damsel to Chrysa,
Freighting with costly gifts for the God the *best of* their vessels, [390]
Heralds have come to my tent and my ships, and have seized, and are leading (390)
Brises' daughter away, my prize, and the gift of Achaia.
Now, my Mother, aid if thou can'st thy son *in his trouble.*
Speed to Olympus and there prefer to Zeus thy petition;
If thou hast ever, in word or deed done aught to delight him.
Have I not heard thee boast in my Father's palace, relating
How that the cloud-enshrouded Kronion to thee was indebted,
Thee of th' immortals alone, for his rescue from *bonds* and dishonour
Ev'n in that fearful hour when all endeavoured to chain him,
Hera, with dread Poseidon joined, and Pallas Athena? [400]
Then thou cam'st O Goddess, and freed him. Then at thy summons
He of the hundred hands, Briareus (so ye call him in Heaven, (401)
Men upon earth Ægeon) Olympus scaled, and beside him
Sate, exulting in might. Far mightier was he than his father! [405]
Him when the Gods beheld, they shuddered, *obeyed,* and desisted.
Go then; remind him of this, and his knees embracing, approach him;
Bid him be gracious and aid the Trojans to drive to their vessels, (406)
Crowded *like sheep* to the slaughter, the *recreant* Greeks; who may glory
Then, if they please, in their King—*their Atreides ruler of nations!*
While Agamemnon himself shall know, and acknowledge his frenzy,
Thus to have shamed and dishonoured the best and bravest among them."

Dropping a *pitying* tear, thus Thetis *kindly* responded: (411)
"Why, ah! why did I bear thee, my child! and rear thee *to sorrow?*
Evil, alas! was the hour when I gave thee birth in my palace.
Oh! could'st thou safe remain, withdrawn from war, by thy vessels
Tearless at least, if not long-lived; since destiny wills it.
Now must thy span of days be at once both joyless and fleeting!
Yet will I bear thy words to the Thunderer's throne, to Olympus,
Soaring aloft to its snow-crowned heights; and perchance he will hear
me. [420]
Thou meanwhile, by the swift sailing ships, in haughty seclusion
Hold thee aloof from the Greeks, nor lead thy troops to the battle. (420)
Zeus since yester-morn, on the farthest verge of the Ocean,
Honours the pure Æthiopians' *innocent* feast. At the banquet
All th' immortals attend. Twelve days *they feast;* then Olympus
Opens its bronze-paved halls to receive them. There will I enter,
Clasp his knees and beseech him,—and surely I think he will hear me."
Thus having spoken, the Goddess departed, leaving Achilles
Wroth for the loss of his captive, *the fair one so* gracefully cinctured,
Torn from *his tent* by force.
Now *happily speeding*, Odysseus [430]
Chrysa's shore had attained, the votive hecatomb bearing.
When to the haven deep they had come, and were fairly within it (430)
First their sails they furled, then stowed them away in the vessel.
Lowering next the mast, they lodged it secure on its bearing,
Smartly bringing it down by the stays: then rowed to their moorings;
Dropped astern huge sleepers of stone made fast by the hawser,
And through the breaking surf made good their footing and landed;
Then disembarked the hecatomb due to Phœbus Apollo:
Fair Chryseis, the last, from the ship to the shore they conducted.
Leading her then to the altar, the wise Odysseus restored her [440]
Safe to the hands of her Father dear; and thus he addressed him:
"Hither, O Chryses! sent by the King of men, Agamemnon (440)
Lead I thy daughter back, and a hecatomb bring, to Apollo
Due from the *suffering* Greeks, who, beneath the scourge of his anger
Bitterly groan, and *pray that* appeased *he will cease to afflict them.*"
Then to her Father gave, and he rejoicing received her.

Now, without farther delay were the victims ranged, round an altar
Solidly built *and sculptured*, in goodly array, for the off'ring.
Then with clean-washed hands they upheaved the salt and the barley,
Chryses praying aloud with arms extended to Heaven. [450]
"Hear me, thou of the silver bow! Thou guardian of Chrysa!
Thou who encompassest Cilla the sacred! Thou whose dominion (450)
Tenedos owns; since bending thine ear to the prayer *of my anguish*
Honouring thy Priest, thou hast poured affliction and woe on the Grecians;
Once more extend thy grace, and grant this further petition:
Cease from thy wrath and avert from Greece the plague which consumes her."
Thus he prayed, and his prayer was heard by Phœbus Apollo:
But when the prayer was ended, the meal on the victims they sprinkled,
Turned up their heads to heaven and slew them; flayed and divided.
Severing the thighs, they wrapped them in cauls of fat, and about them [460]
Doubled the folds, and morsels attached from each part of the carcase.
These with billets the old man burned on the altar and o'er them (460)
Poured the red sparkling wine; while youths attendant around him
Each with his five-pronged fork in hand, stood ready for service.
They, when the thighs were burned and the entrails *formally* tasted,
Cut to pieces the rest, transfixed, and skilfully roasted; [465]
Drew them *from off their forks and served them for meat to the Vot'ries.* (465)
Now was the rite concluded, the banquet spread, and they feasted
Each to his soul's content; nor lacked there abundance *or welcome.*
But when the cravings of hunger and thirst were somewhat abated,
Full to the brim with wine th' attendants handed them goblets, [470]
First having spilled a libation from each; and the youths of Achaia (470)
All through the live-long day raised high their voices in chorus;
Hymned the far-darting God, and in sweet melodious cadence
Chanted their Pæans of praise: and his soul was pleased as he listened.
Then, when the Sun was set, and darkness had fall'n on the ocean,
All retired to sleep, on the shore, by the stern of the vessel.
Soon as the mother of dawn, the rosy-fingered Aurora

Tinted the eastern sky, for the Grecian camp they departed.
Fair was the wind and *strong*, which the *bright* far-darting Apollo
Sent: and they hoisted the mast, and the white sails spread, which received it [480]
Full in the midst of their swell:—*and they bounded along;* and the waters (480)
Roared round the keel as it ploughed the dark-blue wave in its progress.
Soon to the camp they came and the long-drawn lines of the Grecians.
Then on the main-land shore their sable galley they stranded [485]
High on the beach, and supported on beams extended beneath her:
Then dispersed, and returned, each man to his tent or his vessel. (485)
Peleus' heav'n-born Son meanwhile, swift-footed Achilles
Sate by his ships aloof; and still o'er his injuries brooding
Nurtured his wrath: nor once did he join the chiefs in their council [490]
Nor to the war go forth: but pined in heart *with impatience*
Thus to remain *inactive;* and longed for the din of the battle. (490)
Day after day thus passed. With the dawn of the twelfth to Olympus
All the immortal Gods *in long procession* ascended
Zeus at their head. Then, mindful of all to her Son she had promised, [495]
Thetis rose from the waves, and soaring aloft *in the æther*
Through the wide concave of heaven, attained the heights of Olympus.
There, on the loftiest of all its bristling peaks she beheld him, (496)
Him, the far-seeing son of ancient Kronos, *exalted*
High, and apart enthroned:—and she knelt before him and suppliant
With her left hand embraced his knees, while her right she extended [500]
Raising his flowing beard; and, *seconding thus her petition,* (500)
Humbly besought Kronion, the sov'reign of Gods and of mortals.
"Father Zeus! If e'er in thy need I have brought thee assistance
Either by word or in deed here in Heav'n, oh! grant my petition
Honour my son! *If* his days indeed must be transient and fleeting,
Gild them with glory! Behold how the King of Men, Agamemnon
Shames and degrades him; claiming his prize and wresting it from him.
Wipe off the stain! Great Sire of Olympus, wise in thy counsels!
Grant unto Troy success and increase her force, till the Grecians
Haste to requite the wrongs of my son and restore him to honour." [510]

Thus she spake: but Zeus nought answered. In cloud and in silence
Long he remained unmoved. But Thetis renewed her entreaties
Clasping more closely his knees, and, *beseechingly urgent*, implored him,
"Grant, oh! grant what I ask.—Assuredly grant:—or refusing
Tell me at once. (Thou need'st no reserve.) That word shall convince me
How, among all the Pow'rs the most dishonoured is Thetis."

Zeus, compeller of clouds thus answered, touched with compassion:
"This will be matter of high dispute. Unwelcome to Heré
Must my decision appear; and bitter will be her reproaches.
Oft to th' immortal Gods unjustly I hear her complaining
That with too partial mind I assist the arms of the Trojans.
Therefore depart, lest Hera behold thee *ling'ring beside me.*
So let it be. Thy prayer is heard. Be mine to fulfil it.
Lo! in assent my head I bow. This holiest of pledges
Known to th' immortals all as the sign and seal of the future,
Faithful, never revoked, unfailing, take for assurance."

Forward his dark and awful brows he bent, and inclining
Bowed his immortal head; while deep, at the nod, o'er his features
Rolled his ambrosial locks: and Olympus shook to its center.

Thus resolved they parted; and down to the depths of the Ocean
Thetis plunged at once from the glorious heights of Olympus.
Zeus to his palace returned, where the Gods all rose at his entrance
Rev'rent before their Sire. Not one dared wait his arrival
Seated: but all stood *ranged in awed array* in his presence,
Till he assumed his throne. Then Heré, keenly remembering
How to her Consort, Thetis the silver-footed the daughter
Of the old Ocean sire had come and conferred; with reproaches
Bitter, and sharply urged, the son of Kronos accosted.
"Artful one! which of the Gods admit'st thou now to thy counsels?
Ever delighting thy plans to conceal, and maturing in secret
All thy decisions apart; unto *her most entitled to know them*
Ne'er dost thou deign to impart one word of all thou designest."

Thus then returned for answer the Father of Gods and of mortals.
"Hope not, Hera! that all my plans shall to thee be confided,

That were too hard for thy thoughts; though my throne and my couch thou partakest.
Yet be assured of this; that whate'er may be fit for thy knowledge
No one, either of Gods or of men, shall learn it before thee.
As for the rest—whate'er I conceal in the depths of my counsels
That forbear thou to ask—and *resign ev'n the wish* to discover." [550]
Raising her large majestic eyes, thus Hera responded:
"Dread and severe Kronion! what words are these thou hast uttered? (550)
Rarely indeed have I asked, or wished to partake of thy secrets.
Free wert thou ever from question of mine to plan as thou listed'st.
But now I tremble *for Greece:* for have I not seen on Olympus
Thetis, the silver-footed, the sea-god's daughter, approach thee
Clasping thy knees at dawn? Aye! and much I fear she beguiled thee;
And that the awful pledge thou gav'st was to honour Achilles,
Heaping the shore with dead, by the ships of the *suffering* Grecians."
Zeus, compeller of clouds, thus answering, sternly addressed her: [560]
"Restless ever in spirit, and too perversely suspicious!
Nought will *thy wiles* effect; but can only place thee in future (560)
Farther apart from my heart: and this will be harder upon thee.
Say! were it e'en as thou think'st:—what imports, if such be my pleasure?
Take then in silence thy seat, and respect the word of thy *Sov'reign:*
For, be assured, not all the power of the Gods in Olympus
Aught would avail in thy cause, should my anger be kindled against thee."
Thus he spake, and the Goddess august, subdued and in silence
Bent her large orbs *on the ground* and resumed her throne: and a sadness
Fell on th' assembled Gods in that celestial mansion. [570]
This to dispel essayed Hephæstus. He the contriver,
Famed for his works of toil and of art, uprose to harangue them (570)
Cov'ring *with festive speech, well-timed,* his mother's confusion.
"Here will be mischief indeed, if you two quarrel, disturbing
All the peace of Olympus with insupportable wrangling!
Let men *settle their own disputes:* for if strife and contention [575]
Reign in these halls, then, alas! farewell to the joy of our banquets. (575)
Let me advise thee, my mother (who ne'er wert lacking in prudence),
Make thy peace with my Father Zeus, lest again he upbraid thee

This time worse than the last; and our feast be spoiled by your quarrel.
Think! should the lightning flash of Olympian Zeus be directed [580]
Full upon all your thrones, ye Gods!—*I tremble to think on't!* (580)
Soothe him then with appeasing words, dear Mother! and trust me
Soon will the gracious Pow'r be pleased and restore us to favour."
Thus having spoken he rose, and filling a two-handled goblet
Held it forth to his Mother dear, and thus he addressed her:
"Patiently bear *what thou canst not mend!* and make no remonstrance,
Hard though it seem, my Mother: for sad would it be to behold thee,
Dear as thou art, struck down; while in vain I should long to assist thee.
Trust me. Full hard is the task to contend with Zeus in his anger.
Once too oft have I tried it myself, when, pressing to aid thee, [590]
Seized by the foot I was hurled from the lofty portals of Heaven: (590)
All day long did I spin through the air, and the sun was descending
When upon Lemnos I fell: and the Sintians found and restored me
Breathless and bruised as I lay: for small was the life that was left me.
Thus he spake, and Hera was cheered, and her arm *she extended*
White *as the snow*, and with smiles the cup from her Son she accepted:
He forthwith to the rest of the Gods, and to each in his order
Filled; drawing *fresh* from its urn the *delicious juice of the* Nectar;
While from them all unextinguished laughter arose, as Hephæstus
Bustling *with awkward gait* they beheld, through the halls of Olympus. [600]
Thus they feasted in bliss all day till the sun was declining: (600)
Nor was there wanting aught to *enhance the joy of their banquet*
Either of *festive* cheer, or the tuneful harp, by Apollo
Struck; while the Muses sang, sweet answ'ring, *or blending in chorus.*
But when the sun had withdrawn his glorious light and departed, [605]
Then, for needful repose each God retired to his palace, (605)
For with ingenious craft that limping artist Hephæstus
Famed for his skill, had constructed for each his separate dwelling.
Zeus ascended the couch which, whene'er he *consented to* slumber
—*Laying aside for an instant* his flaming bolts—he frequented,
There he reclined, in celestial calm reposing; and Heré [610]
Quitting her throne of gold lay *tranquilly sleeping* beside him. (611)

THE ILIAD.

BOOK II.

BOOK THE SECOND.

ARGUMENT.

IN consequence of a vision sent by Zeus inspiring him with false hopes of the immediate capture of Troy, Agamemnon assembles the leaders of the Greeks, relates the vision to them, and in pursuance of a concerted scheme for trying the temper of the army, harangues the troops, proposing an immediate abandonment of their enterprise. They prepare with eagerness to act on the suggestion; but Odysseus inspired by Pallas recals them to their duty. The assembly is resumed. Thersites makes an insolent speech and is rebuked and chastised by Odysseus. At his exhortations and those of Nestor, the Greeks prepare for battle and muster on the plain before Troy. A catalogue is given of the ships and confederate forces, specifying the contingent of each of the Grecian states and their leaders. They march towards the city. Iris in the likeness of Polites announces their approach to the assembled Trojans, who prepare for action. A catalogue of the Trojan and auxiliary forces and their leaders.

ILIAD. BOOK II.

ALL the rest of the Gods, and the crested chiefs of the armies
Slept through the night. But Zeus to the sweets of slumber inclined not.
Deeply he mused in his thoughts how best he might honour Achilles
Heaping the shore with many a corse by the ships of the Grecians.
This to his mind appeared the most effectual counsel;
Down to Atreides a baleful dream to send *and delude him.*
Thus then *the Vision* addressing he sped forth the words of his errand.
"Hie thee away, thou baleful Dream! to the ships of the Grecians.
When thou shalt reach the tent of Atreus' son, Agamemnon,
There this message declare, in the self-same words that I tell thee. (10)
Bid him, in all their force, the long-hair'd troops of Achaia
Summon to arms, and array: for now, perchance he shall capture
Troy, with her spacious streets; since divided no more in opinion
All th' immortals who dwell in the bright Olympian mansions
Yield before Heré's prayers; and woes impend o'er the Trojans."
Thus he spake, and the Dream, his command receiving, departed.
Quickly it glided down to the swift-sailing ships of the Grecians
Where reposed Agamemnon, Atreus' son, and it found him
Stretched in the couch in his tent, and steeped in ambrosial slumber.
There it stood, *and leaned* o'er his head, like Nestor in semblance (20)
Neleus' son, of the Greeks whom most Agamemnon respected:
Like *in feature and voice.* Then spake the mysterious Vision:
"Sleep'st thou, Atreides, son of the warlike tamer of horses?
Ill befits it a chief in whose care are the welfare of nations
And the high conduct of war, to devote whole nights to his slumbers.

Rouse thee at once, and attend! Fróm Zeus I bring thee a message
Who, from above *looking down*, with a fond regard for thy glory,
Bids thee, in all their force, the long-hair'd troops of Achaia
Summon to arms, and array: for now perchance thou shalt capture
Troy, with her spacious streets; since divided no more in opinion
All th' immortals who dwell in the bright Olympian mansions
Yield before Herḗ's prayers: and woes impend o'er the Trojans
Sent from *the hands of* Zeus. But do thou remember my message.
Let it not fade from thy thoughts when sleep shall have fled from thine eyelids."
Thus having spoken, the Vision departed leaving Atreides
Pictúring that in his mind which should ne'er receive its fulfilment:
Weak *and misled!* He believed that the day was come for the capture
Of the proud city of Priam; nor knew what Zeus was devising:
Knew not the griefs and woes he would heap on Greeks and on Trojans
Groaning beneath their load, in the dreadful struggle *impending*.
Starting from sleep, the celestial voice still ringing around him,
Up he sate on his couch, and a tunic drew o'er his person
Soft and fresh and fair; then his ample mantle about him
Cast, and his sandals rich to his smooth white feet he adjusted;
Slung in its belt from his shoulders his sword all studded with silver;
Grasped his paternal sceptre, enduring, *sacred and stainless;*
And to the ships went forth of the bronze-mailed sons of Achaia.
Eôs, goddess of morn, had advanced on the breadth of Olympus
Light announcing to Zeus and to all the other immortals,
When, at the king's command the shrill-voiced heralds his army
Roused, and summoned the long-hair'd Greeks to assemble in council.
Wide was the order proclaimed, and quickly the people obeyed it.
First, however, a council he held of *chiefs and of* elders
Duly convened at the ship of Nestor the Pylian sov'reign.
There, in the presence of all, this artful scheme he propounded:
"Listen! my Friends. A Vision, in night's ambrosial *silence*
Came to me while I slept, from Heaven descending; like Nestor
Noble, in form, in stature, and mien it appeared, and its station
Took near my head, and *over me leaning*, thus it addressed me:
'Sleep'st thou, Atreides, son of the warlike tamer of horses?

Ill befits it a chief in whose care are the welfare of nations
And the high conduct of war, to devote whole nights to his slumbers.
Rouse thee at once, and attend! From Zeus I bring thee a message,
Who from above *looking down*, with a fond regard for thy glory
Bids thee, in all their force, the long-hair'd troops of Achaia
Summon to arms, and array; for now, perchance thou shalt capture
Troy, with her spacious streets: since divided no more in opinion
All th' immortals who dwell in the high Olympian mansions
Yield before Heré's prayers; and woes impend o'er the Trojans,
Sent *by the hand of* Zeus. But do thou remember my message!' (70)
Thus having spoken, it flitted away. Then slumber forsook me.
Now be our care the sons of Greece to prepare for the combat.
First will I try them with words of contrary sense, as is prudent;
Bidding them man each bench of their ships, and fly *for their safety.*
You then among them dispersed, *dispel their fears and* retain them."
Thus having said he resumed his seat. Up rose then among them
Nestor, whom Pylos' sand-strown realms obeyed as their sov'reign,
Who with considerate words, falling in with the project, addressed them.
"Friends, and Leaders of Greece! Ye chiefs of experience in council
Were it by other lips that a dream like this had been told us (80)
All would pronounce it false; and all would shun the relator.
But 'tis the first of our host, the noblest and best, who has seen it.
Come then! as best we may, let us arm the sons of Achaia."
Thus he spake, and, leading the way, went forth from the council,
Followed by all the sceptred chiefs, their commander obeying;
While *in tumultuous throngs* the troops came rushing to meet them.
As when the nation of bees from the cleft rock's hollow recesses
Issues in clustering groups, out-pouring in endless succession,
Swarm upon swarm; in the vale o'er the vernal blossoms they murmur
Hovering hither and thither in dense and busy commotion: (90)
So from their ships and tents came forth the *gathering* nations
Troop after troop; and covered the shelving beach with their numbers,
Pressing towards the place. Jove's messenger, Rumour, among them
Ran like a conflagration and drove them on. In the meeting
All was eager alarm: while earth *resounding* beneath them
Groaned as they took their seats: and a clamour arose. But the heralds,

Nine in number, their voices strained, and exhorted to silence
Claiming a hearing for those whom Zeus with dominion had gifted.
Silence at length was obtained, all soon were seated in order.
Then Agamemnon rose to address them, bearing the sceptre (100)
Wrought by Hephæstus' self who with care and skill had adorned it.
This he presented to Zeus the sov'reign of *Gods and of mortals.*
Zeus to his messenger gave it, to Hermes, slayer of Argus;
Who as a king, consigned it to Pelops, tamer of horses:
Pelops to Atreus gave it, the shepherd and guide of his people:
Atreus dead, to Thyestes it came, the wealthy in cattle:
Last, on great Agamemnon's self it devolved; to be wielded
Emblem of sway o'er Argos wide and many an island.
Leaning on this, he sent forth his voice *o'er the mighty assembly.*
"Friends, and Heroes of Greece, ye valiant servants of Ares! (110)
Zeus hath entangled me sore in the toils of his heavy displeasure;
Cruel! For did he not promise, and nod from his throne to confirm it,
Ilion's tow'rs to uproot, and restore me *in triumph* to Argos?
'Twas but a planned and bitter deceit! For now he commands me
Home to return inglorious, and mourn o'er the fate of my comrades.
Such is his sov'reign will irresistible! who *when it pleased him*
Many a *proud* city's lofty defences hath humbled already,
Many a one yet will humble: for uncontrolled is his power.—
Shame! oh! shame will it seem unto all who shall learn it hereafter,
Such and so mighty a force to have warred in vain, and retreated (120)
Greeks *though they were*, with inferior numbers matched: for conclusion
Other than this see I none, *nor sign of a prosperous issue.*
Yet were a compact made to decide this quarrel by numbers,
Duly confirmed by oath; and *fairly* the warriors were counted,
Ranging on one side those who have Troy for their birthplace and dwelling;
We the Achaians collecting in groups of ten on the other,—
Then, *at our final feast* were each man for a cupbearer taken,
Many a decade of Greeks must want its Trojan attendant.
Thus, I say, do Achaia's sons out-number the Trojans,
Reckoning those in the city who dwell. But besides, there are spearmen (130)

Num'rous and brave, who flock to their aid from many a city.
These are the men who *baffle and* push me aside from my purpose,
Much as I long to destroy proud Ilion's populous fortress.
Nine long years *of mighty Zeus* have lapsed, and the timbers
Rot in our ships as they stand, and the ropes hang slack and untwisted!
While in their dwellings at home our wives and innocent children
Listlessly wait our return: and we, meanwhile have effected
Plainly and simply nothing of all we came to accomplish.
Then let us act at once! Attend to my words and obey them.
Home let us fly with our ships, and seek the dear land of our Fathers.
Never will Troy's wide streets by our conquering forces be entered.
Thus he spake, and each hearer's heart was stirred in his bosom:
All but the chiefs who knew the deep design of his counsel.
All the assembly was moved; like the waves which swell to the tempest
Far on the wide Icarian sea, when Eurus and Notus
Burst from the clouds of Father Zeus, and roll it before them.
And as the deep and full-eared corn when swept by the Zephyr
Bows to the coming blast, and waves and sways at its impulse,
So was th' assembly swayed. All rushed with shouts to the vessels,
Trampling aloft the dust which in air hung *canopied* o'er them, (150)
Each exhorting his fellows with cries to seize on the gallies
Drag them down *from the beach*, and launch them at once on the Ocean.
Soon were the channels cleared. Then the shout ascended to heaven,
"Homeward! Homeward!" and down they plucked the props that sustained them.
Then, in despite of fate had the Greeks returned to their country
Had not Hera these words addressed to Pallas Athené:
"What then? invincible daughter of Ægis-bearing Kronion!
Thus shall our Argives fly to the dear-loved land of their fathers,
Riding inglorious away on the broad-ridged waves of the ocean?
What! shall they leave to Priam the triumph?—leave to the Trojans (160)
Argive Helen herself; *that prize* for whom many a Grecian
There on the plains of Troy hath perish'd, far from his country?
Not so! Hie thee at once to the bronze-mailed hosts of Achaia,
Use thy persuasive language on one and all, and restrain them:
Suffer them not to drag to the sea their even-oared vessels."

Thus she spake: nor delayed the blue-eyed goddess Athené.
Down she darted at once from the topmost height of Olympus
And in an instant reached the swift-sailing ships of the Grecians.
There she encountered Odysseus the wise, Jove's equal in counsel.
Pierced to the heart and soul with grief he stood, nor assisted (170)
Ev'n with a touch to move his dark and well-equip't galley.—
Standing beside him, thus did the blue-eyed goddess address him;
"Heav'n-descended son of Laertes! wily Odysseus!
Shamefully hurrying to man the close-ranged banks of your vessels
Homeward thus will ye fly to the dear-lov'd land of your fathers?
What! will ye leave to Priam the glory?—leave to the Trojans
Argive Helen herself; *that prize* for whom many a Grecian
Here on the plains of Troy hath perish'd, far from his country?
Haste then! Address thee at once to the bronze-mailed hosts of Achaia;
Use thy persuasive language on one and all, and restrain them. (180)
Suffer them not to drag to the sea their even-oared gallies."
Thus she spake. But he knew the celestial voice *and obeyed it.*
Running in haste he cast off his cloak, which Eurybates watchful
Caught as it fell ('twas he who from Ithaca came, as a herald).
First, in his course encountering Atreus' son, Agamemnon,
He from the king his sceptre received, enduring *and stainless,*
Which to the ships he bore of the bronze-mailed sons of Achaia.
Trusted with this, when he chanced on some Prince or chief of distinction
Thus, arresting his speed, with persuasive words he constrained him:
"Strange! that a *man such as* thou should to panic yield, like a dastard. (190)
Take thy place, *and steady thy men*, and make them be seated.
For, be assured, thou know'st not yet the mind of Atreides.
Now he but tries, but will soon press hard on, the sons of Achaia.
What he said in the council, alone they know who were present.
Now 'twill be well if he wreak not his rage on the sons of the Grecians.
Dread is the wrath of a king who to Zeus his lineage traces,
Heav'n will maintain his honour, and Jove is his friend and adviser."
But when some trooper he found, *some base and* bellowing *miscreant*
Him with the sceptre he drove, nor spared loud words of invective.

"Madman! be seated and quiet, and hear what is said by thy betters:
'Tis not for such as thou, *such* weak and dastardly *wretches*,
Either to count in the ranks as men, or be heard in the council.
What then! must all be kings *who call themselves* Greeks, in our army?
One king, sure, is enough, and more were a curse to the nation:
One, by mysterious Kronos' son with dominion entrusted,
Sceptre and lawful rule, that he reign in might and in justice."
Thus by his voice of command was order restored in the army.
Back from their tents and ships once more they rushed to the meeting
Clam'ring; as when the wide-resounding swell of the ocean
Breaks on the long flat beach, and the sea's rough voice is uplifted.
All was quiet at length, *and* all were seated in order,
Only Thersites persisted in coarse unmeasured invective.
Filled to the throat with words of vulgar abuse, he delighted
Idly, and setting at naught all rule, to wrangle with Princes,
Scoffing at all their acts, and seizing each subject of laughter.
Ugliest was he among all the Greeks who at Ilion mustered:
Squinting; of one foot lame; and his mountain shoulders projecting
Pressed on his chest in front: while scantly peering above them
Rose to a peak his head, with thin wool sparingly sprinkled.
Such was the man! He hated Achilles most, and Odysseus.
Both he loved to revile: but now, on divine Agamemnon
Fast'ning, he screamed forth bitter abuse, which the *generous* Grecians
Heard with *impatient* wrath, and *scarce suppressed* their resentment.
Howling across th' assembly with words like these he assailed him.
"What is thy grievance now, O Atreides? What dost thou long for?
Crammed are thy tents with brass; and female slaves, whom the Grecians
Carefully choosing *from all their spoil*, have bestowed on their Leader,
There, in plenty, are found, from each town we have taken and plundered.
Hast thou a craving for gold, which some Trojan tamer of horses
Eager to ransom his son (by myself or some other Achaian
Captured and bound in fight) may lay at thy feet *from his treasure?*
Say! dost thou wish for a damsel with whom to wanton in dalliance
Keeping her close shut up for thyself? Oh! shame! that their ruler

Thus to *defeat and* mischief should lead the sons of Achaia.
Women of Greece, not Greeks! *unsexed*, disgraced, and enfeebled!
Home I say, home, let us haste in our ships, and behind us in Troia.
Leave him here to feed on his honours. So shall experience
Teach him whether he need our aid or can conquer without us:
He!—who but now Achilles, a man far *nobler and* braver,
Foully dishonoured; and holds his prize, having shamefully robbed him.
Mild is Achilles doubtless by nature, *bland and* forbearing. (241)
Well for thee, O Atreides! or that were the last of thy insults."
Thus insulting Atreides, the shepherd and guide of his people
Spoke Thersites. Him then noble Odysseus approaching
Eyed with indignant looks, and harshly reproving addressed him:
"Babbling fool, Thersites! Be still, thou noisy declaimer!
Ready of tongue though thou be; and contend not, trifler, with Princes:
For I assert that baser than thou, no mortal among us
Here can be found, of all who have come to Troy with th' Atreidæ.
Take not the names of kings in thy mouth to *soil and blaspheme them.* (250)
Cease from thy *factious* abuse, nor expect the retreat of our army.
Time and events will decide our return. Victorious or vanquished,
That to the Gods we leave, nor ask thy counsel or guidance.
Atreus' son Agamemnon, the shepherd and guide of his people
Dar'st thou sit there and revile? and vent thy spite *and thy envy.*
Grudging him all the wealth which the Heroes of Greece have awarded?
Hear what I say, and what, be assured will be fully accomplished.
Let me but catch thee raving again in this *insolent* fashion,
And may the head of Odysseus no longer rest on his shoulders,
May I never again as Telemachus' father be greeted, (260)
Tear I not from *thy carcase vile* each rag of thy garments,
Cloak, and tunic, and all, and drive thee, *naked and* wailing,
Sobbing beneath the blows I shall give thee, back to thy vessel,
Freeing th' assemblies *of Greece from the shame and disgrace of thy presence.*"
Thus Odysseus: and down on his back and shoulders the sceptre
Fell *with a sweep;* and he writhed, and the tears ran fast o'er his visage,
While on his back a tumour arose, all *livid and* bleeding,

Under the sceptre's golden *weight*. Down sate he and trembled,
Wiping the tears from his face, in doleful and piteous condition.
Shocked were the Greeks at first, but laughter gained the ascendant (270)
While each man to his neighbour turning, spoke his opinion:
"Well now! many a worthy deed hath Odysseus accomplished,
Excellent plans suggested, and roused our spirits in action.
But to have stopped this slanderer's mouth and cut short his reviling
This is the happiest boon he hath ever conferred on the Grecians.
Surely, methinks, 'twill be long ere his headstrong spirit excite him
Madly again to abuse our kings with scurrilous language."
Such was the general talk. But Odysseus, razer of cities,
Stood with the sceptre in hand, and beside him blue-eyed Athené
Like to a herald in form, commanded all to be silent. (280)
So that each man, whether distant or near, of the sons of Achaia
All that he said might hear and well consider its import.
Sagely he spoke, and these were the words he addressed to the meeting.
"*Hapless* Atreides! Now will *this act of* thine army proclaim thee
Lowest of kings, wherever the language of mortals is spoken:
Thus do the Greeks perform that oath they swore, when from Argos
Famed for its steeds they sought these shores, and promised to bring thee
Back triumphant, the razer of Troy's embattled defences!
Hear, how *with wail and with moan*, like desolate widows and orphans,
One to another they cry for home, *sweet home! and its comforts!* (290)
Yet is it grievous and hard to return *in shame and* in suff'ring.
Let but a man from his wife for a single month be divided:
Doth he not chafe and fret, when the wintry shriek of the tempest
Yells round his many-bench'd ship, and the rough sea pens him in harbour?
Therefore I blame not the Greeks, that, for nine long winters revolving
Here at their ships detained, they *weary and* chafe with impatience.
But to have staid so long, and now to retreat *on a sudden*
Empty-handed *and foiled*, were foul defeat and dishonour.
Therefore, my friends! endure *to the end*. Let us stay and determine
Whether the fates by Calchas shewn, be truth or delusion. (300)
All of you know what happened—each man here present can witness
(Each who from day to day through the chances of plague and of battle

Struggling on has survived) when at Aulis our ships were assembled
Ready on Troy and her sons to launch the weight of our vengeance,
How round the fount we gathered, and spotless hecatombs offered
To the immortal Gods, full heaped on many an altar,
Under a beauteous plane which the limpid source overshadowed.
Then was a wond'rous sign displayed! From under the altars
Glided a fearful serpent, his back all spotted with purple;
Sent up to light by Olympian Zeus: and he made for the plane-tree.
There on the topmost bough the unfledged young of a sparrow
Eight in number were lodged, close under the foliage nestling;
She, the mother herself the ninth, who had hatched *and who fed* them.
One by one, their piteous cries unheeding, he swallowed;
While round the nest kept hov'ring the mother, lamenting her dear ones,
Her too, turning his head, by the wing he seized, and devoured
Screaming. But thus having slain those fledglings all and their mother,
Fixed he remained, as a visible sign of the God who had sent him,
Suddenly changed to stone by the son of mysterious Kronos.
Wond'ring what this might mean, as we stood *all lost in amazement*,
Thus by miraculous signs to behold our rites interrupted;
Calchas at once, by Heav'n inspired, this oracle uttered.
'Why are ye mute, ye crested Greeks? *Why stand ye astonished?*
Zeus in his wisdom *and might* this prodigy sends, in its import
Slow of unfolding; late in event; undying in glory.
Ev'n as that snake devoured the nestlings eight of the sparrow,
Her too, the mother herself the ninth, who had hatched *and who fed* them,
Thus, even thus, must we war through nine long years on the Trojans,
And in the tenth their vast and stately city shall capture.'
Thus was the oracle told. Just now we behold its fulfilment.
Stay then, ye bright armed Greeks but awhile: *make one more endeavour:*
Surely the city of Priam will yield at length to your valour."

Thus he spake; and the Argives shouted aloud, and the vessels
Rattled and rang as they echoed the *jubilant* shouts of th' Achaians
Yielding tumultuous assent to the words of godlike Odysseus.
Nestor then, the Gerenian knight uprose and addressed them.
'Shame on ye all! Why talk ye like silly and impotent children
All too feeble for war and reckless of duty and honour?

What shall become of your vows? and where is the league ye have sworn to?
Into the flames are cast each high resolve and each counsel,
All the libations, the *pledged* right hands, and *the oaths* that we trusted!
Idly we war with empty words *and mutual reproaches.*
Counsel or conduct is none, though year after year hath been wasted.
But O Atreides! do thou, *in thine heart unflinching, as ever,*
Hold to thy purpose firm, and lead thy Greeks to the conflict.
Let those few seceders who dream of returning to Argos
Ere it shall clearly appear whether Zeus the great Ægis-upholder
Mean to fulfil the promise he gave, or intend to desert us,
Shrink out of sight and of mind; for success shall never attend THEM.
For I assert, such promise WAS giv'n by the mighty Kronion
Flashing from Heav'n on our right in manifest sign of approval,
On that *auspicious* day when the Greeks their swift-sailing vessels
Launched on the deep and embarked, bearing death and destruction to Troia.
Wherefore at once dismiss from your minds all thought of returning,
Ere that day when each Greek shall have seized the wife of a Trojan,
Mindful of Helena's tears from her husband torn, and her suff'rings.
Should there be one so madly bent on flight and desertion;
Let him but *grasp a rope, or* lay hands on *an oar of* his vessel,
And be the first among us to meet that doom *he would fly from.*
Now, then, bethink thee well O King! and take counsel of others,
Nor let the words I speak fall unregarded upon thee.
Let thy troops, Agamemnon, by tribes and clanships be mustered;
Tribe by tribe be supported, and clansman encouraged by clansman.
So shalt thou judge, if thus thou direct, and the Greeks shall obey thee,
Which are the dastard chiefs, and which of their soldiers a coward,
Which, too, noble and brave: for they fight in the sight of their kinsmen.
Then thou shalt know, should Troy not fall, whether Fate have preserved it,
Or the degenerate Greeks have lost their skill and their courage."
Thus making answer returned the ruler of men Agamemnon,
"Now, as at all times, wise, thou excell'st all others in council;
O! might our Father Zeus, and Apollo and Pallas Athené

Grant me but ten such men in our host, to advise and assist me,
Soon would the mighty city of Priam the King, to their wisdom
Yield, oer'mastered and ruined, a prey to our conquering armies.
Zeus son of Kronos, the Ægisbearer, however, hath sent me
Hardship and grief, and in vain contention and strife hath involved me.
Wrangling with mighty Achilles I stood, for the sake of a damsel.
Bitter, and harsh were our words: and (*own it I must*) I began it.
Should we again be friends, and in heart united, no longer
Would the destruction of Troy be deferred—no, not for an instant. (380)
Go then, ye warriors. Strengthen yourselves with food for the combat:
Each man sharpen his spear and adjust the thongs of his buckler:
Each to his swift-footed steeds give *plenty* of *nourishing* fodder.
Mindful of war's rude shock, let each look well to his chariot,
So that a long day's fight may find nought weak or deficient.
For, *be assured*, not a moment's pause *nor truce* will be granted
Till intervening night shall part the fierce rage of the heroes.
Bathed in sweat be each bosom beneath its sheltering buckler!
Each brave hand grow weary *and stiff* with grasping the jav'lin!
Whirling the polished car, each steed must pant with exertion. (390)
He, whomsoe'er I shall see, avoiding the fight *like a recreant*,
Skulking to shelter his fear in the *darksome* hold of his vessel,
Trust me, shall find it hard to escape the dogs and the vultures."
Thus he spake, and the Argives shouted aloud: as the breakers
Rave upon some steep shore when by Notus lashed into fury
Round a far-jutting crag, which the wild waves never relinquish
Drifted upon it by every wind, from every quarter.
Rising in haste they dispersed to their ships and tents; and among them
Each man kindled his fire and cooked his meal, and consumed it.
Each to the God of *his choice* preferred his prayers and *oblations* (400)
In the impending fight to guard him from death and destruction.
But Agamemnon, king of men to mighty Kronion
Offered a steer of five years age, well fattened; and summoned
Each of the noblest chieftains of Greece, her elders in council,
Nestor the first, Idomeneus next, the sov'reign of Creta;
Thither each Aias came, with Tydeus' son, Diomedes;
Sixth in order Odysseus the wise, Jove's equal in council.

But Menelaüs unbidden attended (whose shout in the battle
Rose above all) for he shared each care, each grief, of his brother.
These surrounded the steer and upheaved the salt and the barley (410)
While Agamemnon ruler of men thus prayed from amidst them:
"Zeus! most great, most glorious, who dwellest in clouds and in darkness,
Grant me, ere set of sun, ere night shall have closed on our armies,
Down to the earth to cast the high roof of the palace of Priam
Smould'ring in fire; and consume its gates with the torch of my vengeance!
Grant me to hew from his bosom the brazen armour of Hector
Shattered and torn by my conqu'ring sword; and let many a comrade
Prostrate, biting the ground, in the dust lie scattered around him."
Thus he prayed. But Kronion received not his prayer, nor fulfilled it;
Though he accepted the homage. And toil upon toil he redoubled. (420)
But when the prayer was ended, the meal on the victims they sprinkled.
Turned up their heads to heav'n and slew them; flayed, and divided.
Sev'ring the thighs, they wrapped them in cauls of fat, and about them
Doubled the folds, and morsels attached from each part of the carcase,
These with leafless billets of wood they burned, and the entrails
Fixing on forks o'er the *mounting* flames they held, and consumed them.
Then (when the thighs were burned, and the entrails *formally* tasted)
Cut into pieces the rest, transfixed, and skilfully roasted;
Drew them from off the spits, *and served for meat on the tables.*
Now was the rite concluded, the banquet spread, and they feasted (430)
Each to his soul's content; nor lacked there abundant provision.
But when the cravings of hunger and thirst at length were abated,
Nestor arose—the Gerenian knight, and thus he addressed them:
"Atreus' son, most noble! Thou king of men, Agamemnon!
Let us not waste our time in empty talk; but in earnest
Haste without farther delay to accomplish the mission of Heaven:
Now to the work! Let the heralds the bronze-mailed sons of Achaia
Summon to meet *full armed* at the ships. Then proceed we together,
Traversing all the long-drawn lines of the host, and exciting
All, with their utmost speed to prepare for desperate conflict." (440)
Thus he spake, nor delayed the king of men Agamemnon;
Soon was his order giv'n to the shrill-voiced heralds, to summon

All the array of the crested Greeks to make ready for battle.
Soon was the order announced and quickly the troops were assembled.
Then through the ranks Atreïdes passed, with the sov'reigns around him,
Stationing each in its place: and beside them blue-eyed Athené
Lifted her Ægis on high, undecaying, immortal, and precious,
Which with an hundred tassels of gold was fringed *at its margin*
Wondrously twisted and wrought, and each of a hecatomb's value.
Fiercely glaring, with this she rushed through the host of the Grecians (450)
Urging them on; and infused fresh strength into every bosom
And the determined resolve to fight to the last *and to conquer.*
Sweeter by far to their hearts was now the prospect of battle
Than to return in their ships to the dear-loved land of their fathers.
As when some forest vast on the lofty crest of a mountain
Burns with devouring fire, and lightens the regions around it;
So, as the troops advanced, from the beaming brass *of their armour*
Flashed to the sky through the air an all-illumining splendour.
Countless they came as when flocks of fowl in the marshes of Asius
Geese, or cranes, or long-necked swans, by the streams of Caÿster (460)
Wheel in uncertain flight, now here, now there, and disporting
Winnow the air with their wings, and with loud cries sweep *o'er the waters*
Till they at once alight, and the mead resounds with their clamour:
So from their ships and tents poured forth the *gathering* nations
On the Scamandrian plain. Loud groaned the earth as it trembled
Under the feet of men and of horses *must'ring for battle.*
So too by myriads they stood on the flowery mead of Scamander
Thick as the blossoms and leaves which spring pours forth *in her bounty.*
And as the *buzzing* swarms of flies that clustering hover
Chasing each other around some shepherd's pen, in the spring-tide (470)
(What time the milk is *sweet and rich, and* the pails overflowing),
Not less numberless stood the long-hair'd sons of Achaia
Eager to close in fight, and break through *the ranks of* the Trojans.
These, as some skilful herdsman his goats selects and assembles
When in a mingled crowd they spread confused o'er the pasture,
Not with less ease their leaders collect and array for the combat,
Each in his rank and place; Agamemnon tow'ring among them
Like unto thundering Zeus in his beaming eyes and his forehead;

Ares in waist; and Poseidon in breadth of chest and of shoulders.
And as a bull stalks forth in advance of his herd in the meadows (480)
Proud in his might, and in lordly strength all others excelling;
So by *the hand of* Zeus with surpassing glory invested
Stepped forth Atreides on that *great* day, supreme among heroes.
Tell me, ye Muses! Ye who the halls of Olympus inhabit—
(Goddesses are ye, and present *at each great deed*, and behold *it*.
We but gather from *vague* report, and of nothing are certain)—
Who were the Rulers of Greece, and who her commanders in battle.
Were, for the task, ten tongues, ten mouths, *ten* voices accorded
All unwearied with speech, and with brazen lungs were I gifted,
Ne'er could I count the number or name the names of her warriors, (490)
Did not the Muses, the Ægis-bearer's Olympian daughters,
Bring to my mind *the long list of* those who at Ilion mustered,
Now I recite the *ships, and the ships'* commanders in order.

The Catalogue of the Ships and Forces.

Peneleus first and Leïtus led the Bœotian squadrons,
Arcesilaus *next: with* these, Prothoenor and Clonius
Under them, those in Hyrië bred, and precipitous Aulis,
Schœnus and Scolus too, and the rough Eteonian passes,
Those whom Thespia nurtured, and Graia, and wide Mycalessus,
Those near Harma who dwelt, th' Ilesian fens, and Erythræ,
Eleôn, and those, besides, who in Hyla and Peteon harboured, (500)
Or in Ocalea dwelt, or in Medeôn's impregnable fortress,
Thisbe, famed for its breed of doves, Eutresis and Copæ,
And Coronæa's slope, and the meadows of green Haliartus;
Those who possessed Platæa and those who inhabited Glissa
And who maintained in its strength Hypothebe's fortified city;
Those of Oncastus' beauteous groves, where Poseidon is worshipped,
Those who *rich* Arne's vine-clad hills possessed, and Mideia,
Nissa's sacred shrines and Anthedon's remoter recesses.
These were transported in fifty ships, and in each of the vessels
Six-score Bœotian youths embarked for Ilion's conquest. (510)
From Minyæan Orchomenos those, and the men of Aspledon

Were by Ascalaphus led and Ialmenus, offspring of Ares,
Both by Astyoche borne to the God, who secretly wooed her
Under the roof of her father, Azeidean Actor; a virgin
Pure *until then*, and stainless.—All these, in order *embarking*,
Thirty vessels conveyed in their hollow keels *o'er the ocean.*

Schedius next to these, and Epistrophus led the Phocæans
Sons of the great descendant of Naubolus, valiant Iphitus.
All who in rock-strown Python dwelt, and around Cyparissus,
All who from Crissa the holy, from Panope came, and from Daulis; (520)
Those in Anemoræa, and those in Hyampolis nurtured,
All who inhabit the banks of the sacred river Cephisus,
All the Lilæans besides, from Cephisus' sources assembled,
Followed in forty sable ships these chiefs *to the warfare;*
And when by these arranged, and duly disposed in their order,
On the Bœotians' left in camp and in battle were stationed.

Then came the Locrians led by the swift Oïlean Aias;
Aias the less—far less than the great Telamonian Hero
Whether in stature or strength: yet small as he was (and his corslet
Quilted with linen alone) as a spearman, none could excel him. (530)
Under him sailed the men of Calliarus, Opus, and Cynos,
Scarphé and Bessa's groves, and the lovely fields of Augæa,
Tarpha, and Thronius' mead by the streams of Boagrius watered.
Locrians these from the coast beyond Eubœa the sacred,
Followed in forty sable ships in the train of their leader.

Next the Eubœan Abantes, high panting with generous ardour,
Men from Eretria, Chalcis, and rich Histæia's vineyards,
Men from Cerinthus' shore, and the rock-built city of Dion,
Those who possessed Carystus, and those who inhabited Styra,
These Elephenor led, the lord of the noble Abantes, (540)
Great Chalcodon's son, who from Ares his lineage boasted.
Swiftly rushing to battle, their long hair streaming behind them,
Charged all his followers bold, each skilled through breastplate and corslet
Driving his tough ash spear, to pierce to the heart of his foeman.
Forty sable vessels transported these o'er the ocean.

Next in order were those whom the stately city of Athens
Sent from its walls to the war—the city of noble Erechtheus,

Sprung from the teeming furrow, by Pallas, the Thunderer's daughter,
Nurtured and cherished and placed in her own magnificent temple;
There, where th'Athenian youth with bulls and lambs at her altar (550)
Pay him their annual vows, and adore him *with prayers and oblations.*
These by Menestheus, Petion's warlike son, were commanded,
Equal to whom no chief upon earth was found, in arraying
Horses and shielded troops, and disposing them sagely for battle,
None, save Nestor alone, for his years and experience were greater.
These in a squadron of fifty vessels were borne o'er the waters.
Salamis sent twelve ships with the great Telamonian Aias:
These he arranged in order beside the Athenian phalanx.
Those who inhabited Argos, Hermione, fortified Tiryns,
Eïone, Trœzene, and, famed for its vines, Epidaurus, (560)
(Cities which Asine's deep-indented inlet encircles);
Those who, Achaians by birth, possessed Ægina and Mases,
Those Diomedes, great in the roar of battle, commanded.
Sthenelus, Capaneus' son, the delight and pride of his father
Came, with Euryalus, godlike in strength, but third in precedence.
(Great Mecisteus' son, and king Talaïon's grandson.
Both commanders, both under warlike Diomed serving.
Fourscore sable ships their followers bore *o'er the waters.*
Next came the men of Mycenæ adorned with magnificent temples,
Those too of rich Corinthus, and those of stately Cleonæ, (570)
Beauteous Aræthureia's fields and the groves of Orneia,
Sicyon, where erst Adrastus reigned *in the days of his splendour*,
Fair Hyperesia's plains, and high, rock-perched Gonoessa;
Those who possessed Pellene, and those whom Ægius nurtured,
Those on the coast who dwelt, where Helice slopes to the seaward.
There in an hundred ships the Prince Agamemnon assembled
Atreus' son. In numbers surpassing all, as in valour
Mustered his force. Himself in refulgent arms and in glory
Consciously first, and proudly preëminent, moved among heroes,
Bravest *where all were brave*, and mightiest, *where many were mighty.* (580)
Warriors from wide Lacedæmon's defiles and hollow recesses,
Pharé, Sparta, and Messa where doves unceasingly murmur,
Fair Bryseia's domain, and the charming fields of Augeia,

Those in Amyclé bred, and the sea-girt city of Helos,
Those who inhabited Laas and those whom Œtylus nurtured,
These Menelaus, great in the roar of battle, commanded:
Threescore ships they filled; but they sailed apart from his brother's.
Landed, he flew through their ranks, each soul with ardour inspiring
Fierce as his own: for his heart was burning within him for vengeance,
Vengeance for Helena's tears, *from his bosom torn*, and her suff'rings. (590)
Those who in Pylos dwelt, and the beauteous plains of Arené,
Thryos, hard by the fords of Alphæus, and Æpy the stately,
Those who in Cyparisseïs and Amphigeneia were nurtured,
Pteleus also, and Helos, and Dorium; there where the Muses
Thámyris met, the Thracian *bard* from Œchalia's frontier,
Journeying *homeward* by Eúrytus' stream, and rendered him songless.
Vain of his skill, he dared defy the Olympian sisters,
Vaunting himself for more than their match in the art of the minstrel.
They, *at the boast* indignant, withdrew the gifts they had lavished,
Blasted his sight, and blotted the light of song from his spirit. (600)
These the Gerenian horseman Nestor led to the combat;
Fourscore and ten were the hollow ships which bore them to Troia.
Next came Arcadia's sons, from the skirts of lofty Cyllene
Near unto Æpytus' tomb: men prompt with their foemen to grapple;
Those from Pheneus, those from rich Orchomenos' pastures,
Ripé, and Stratié too, and the breezy heights of Enispé,
Those in Tegéa who dwelt, and in fair Mantinea's vallies,
On the Stymphalian plain, and on snowy Parrhasia's uplands;
These Agapenor led, the princely son of Ancæus.
Threescore ships they filled, and in each were Arcadian warriors (610)
Num'rous and brave, well tried in the practice of war and its hardships.
Ships *of their own they had none.* With these Agamemnon supplied them,
Fully equipt o'er the dark blue waves to bear them *in safety*,
All unused as they were to the sea, and the craft of the seaman.
Those from Buprasium next and the sacred city of Elis,
All from between Hyrminé and Myrsinus' uttermost frontier
Up to th' Olenian rock and the bounding stream of Aleisus.
These in forty ships four leaders followed, in squadrons
Ten under each, and many Epeians mustered on board them.

One by Amphimachus, Cteatus' son, was conducted, another
Thalpius, Eurytus' son and grandson of Actor, commanded;
Brave Diores the third, Amaryncus' son; and the squadron
Fourth in order divine Polyxeinus brought *o'er the ocean:*
Noble Agasthenes' son, and grandson of royal Augæas.

Those from Dulichium,—those from the sacred isles of Echinæ
Dwellers across the water, from opposite Elis divided,
Followed *the fortunes of* Meges, a warrior equal to Ares,
Son of the bold knight Phyleus, beloved of Zeus; who impatient
Under his father's control, to Dulichium fled for protection,
Whence, with forty ships, he joined the array *of the Grecians.*

Noble Odysseus led the brave Cephalenian warriors,
Those who in Ithaca dwelt and in Neritus' quivering forests,
Those who around Crocyleia and rugged Ægilips harboured,
Who in Zacynthus dwelt and the Samian isle, and the region
Ranging along th' opposing mainland coast of Epirus,
These were the men by Odysseus led, Jove's equal in counsel.
Twelve in number his ships; whose sides with vermilion were painted.

Thoas, Andræmon's son, Ætolia's forces commanded;
Those from Pleuron, from Olenos those, and those of Pylené,
Chalcis close on the sea, and Cálydon's rocky recesses.
Passed from life were the sons of magnanimous Œneus; their father
Seen upon earth no more, nor the fair-hair'd chief Meleager;
Therefore to Thoas' sway was Ætolia's sceptre intrusted:
Forty sable ships conveyed his troops *o'er the ocean.*

Next by Idomeneus led, came the *warlike host of the* Cretans.
Those from Gnossus and strong Gortynè's fortified precincts
Lyctus, Miletus too, and the white-gleaming walls of Lycastus,
Phæstus, and Rhytium, towns in wealth and in people abounding:
These and each beside of the hundred cities of Creta
Sent forth their sons, by Idomeneus led, the redoubtable spearman,
Joined with Merion, brave as the God of war *in the battle;*
Fourscore sable ships these *warriors* conveyed *o'er the waters.*

Next came Tlepolemus brave, in strength and stature excelling:
Hercules' son. Nine ships of warriors fierce he commanded
Sent by the three *confederate* Rhodian states, Ialyssus,

Lindus, and *fair* Cameirus, whose walls gleam white *in the sunbeam.*
These Tlepolemus led, that bold and redoubtable spearman.
Him fair Astyocheia bore to the might of Herakles,
Whom from the smoking ruins of many a populous city
Captive he carried from Ephyré's land, and the stream of Selleïs. (660)
Young Tlepolemus, grown to man's estate in the palace,
Straightway his father's maternal uncle, a scion of Ares
Ancient Licymnius, slew, whom his father loved; and a navy
Building in haste, escaped with an host of followers, flying
Far o'er the seas—for he dreaded the threats and wrath of his brothers,
And of their sons, and the powerful house of mighty Herakles.
Hardships many they bore, till in Rhodes they finally landed;
There, divided in tribes, three cities they built; and Kronion,
Ruler of Gods and men, looked down with favour upon them,
Prospered their handy work, and poured on them wealth in abundance. (670)

Nireus three trim gallies from Symé led o'er the ocean,
Nireus, of royal Chárŏpus born and graceful Aglaia,
Nireus! the goodliest man of the Greeks who at Ilion mustered
(Save Peleides alone, the faultless in form and in feature),
Feeble albeit in fight, and few the troops he commanded.

Those in Nisyrus who dwelt, in Crapathus also and Casos,
And in Calydna's isles, and in Cos, Eurypylus' city;
These by Pheidippus and Antiphus, warlike brothers, commanded,
Thessalus' sons,—a prince of the great Heracleidean lineage:
Thirty ships their followers bore *o'er the desolate ocean.* (680)

Now must I tell of those who dwelt in Pelasgian Argos,
Those from Alos, from Alŏpe those, and those of Trechiné,
Phthia, and Hellas famed as the land of beautiful women.
Myrmidons those, but these were Hellenes called and Achaians,
Following in fifty ships the *fortunes* of noble Achilles.
All unmindful of war were they now, and the din of the battle;
Chief was there none to marshall their ranks *and lead them to glory.*
Mighty Achilles, swift in the race, lay *aloof and indignant*,
Close in his ships; embittered by rage for the fair-hair'd Briseïs
Whom from Lyrnessus he bore; after many a *desperate* struggle (690)

Sacking the town, and destroying the walls and city of Thebé.
There Mynetes he struck to the earth and Epistrophus, spearmen
Stalwart, Evenius' sons, of the royal line of Selepias:
Now was he plunged in grief—but soon to arise in his fury.
Those who in Phylacé dwelt and in Pyrrhasus' flowery borders,
Sacred to Ceres;—Iton, the nurse of flocks *and their shepherds*,
Antron close to the sea, and the rich Pteleïan pastures,
Were by Protesilaüs, while yet surviving, commanded.
He now, alas! in the darksome earth reposed, and his widow
Tearing her hair was left, her cheeks all furrowed and bleeding (700)
There in his half-finished palace at Pylacé. First of the Grecians
Bravely he leaped from his ship, and fell by the lance of a Trojan.
Not that a leader they lacked though grieved for the loss of their chieftain.
Now they obeyed Podarces brave, a scion of Ares,
Own dear brother by birth of magnanimous Protesilaüs,
Grandson of Phylaüs wealthy in flocks, and son of Iphiclus.
Both were brave, but Protesilaüs the elder and braver:
Both were leaders of worth, and the troops with their *youthful* commander
Cheerfully served, though regretting the chief who formerly led them.
Forty sable vessels conveyed this force *o'er the ocean.* (710)
Those who in Pheræ dwelt, on the Bœbian lake, and the city
Bœbé, and Glaphyræ too, and the neat-built town of Iolchus,
These in elev'n dark ships embarked and were led by Eumelus,
Dearly beloved by his parents Admetus and heavenly Alcestis,
Fairest in feature and form of all the daughters of Pelias.
Those in Thaumasia bred, and those who dwelt in Methoné,
Who Melibœa possessed, and the rugged heights of Olizon,
These under Philoctetes, renowned for his archery, mustered;
Sev'n were the ships they filled, and in each the rowers were fifty,
Skilled with unerring aim to deal forth the shafts of destruction. (720)
He, their chief meanwhile, lay groaning in anguish *and helpless;*
Left by the Greeks on Lemnos' sacred isle, *on their passage*,
Struck *well-nigh unto death* by the venomed fangs of a serpent.
Grieving he lay: but the time was at hand when Greece should remember
Him they had left to pine, and long for their lost Philoctetes.
Yet uncommanded his troops were not, though grieved at his absence;

Medon, bastard son of Oïleus, led them to battle,
Medon, by Rhené born to Oïleus, razer of cities.
Those who from Tricca came, and the *rugged* crags of Ithomé,
Those in Œchalia born, by Œchalian Eurytus governed,
Those Podalirius join'd with Machaon, skilful physicians,
Led to the war;—two brothers, divine Asclepias' offspring.
These in a squadron of thirty ships were transported *to Troia.*
Those in Ormenium bred and around Hypereia's fountain,
Those upon Titănus' snow-clad heights and Asterium nurtured,
Were by Eurypylus led, the valiant son of Evæmon:
Him they followed, in forty sable ships *o'er the ocean.*
Those whom Argissa, those Gyrtone sent *to the army,*
Orthé, Eloné, and *thy* white-gleaming walls, Oloösson:
Those Polypœtes mighty and stern in battle commanded.
Him to Peirithoüs, son of Zeus, the renowned among women
Hippodameia bore, on the selfsame day when Peirithoüs
Routed the shaggy Centaurs, and forth from *their caves, and the forests*
Waving on Pelion's sides, unto wild Æthicia drove them.
Nor was he sole in command. Leonteus, scion of Ares,
Fought by his side, the son of Corōnus, and grandson of Cæneus:
Forty vessels their followers bore *o'er the desolate ocean.*
Twenty and two were the ships under Guneus from Cyphus assembled;
These th' Enienians filled, and the warriors bold of Peræbé,
Those whom Dodona's *oaks scarce screened from her* pitiless tempests,
Those in the region who dwelt where fair Titaresius gliding
Pours into Peneus' stream his pure and crystalline waters.
All unmixed with its silvery flood, like oil on the surface
Floating, their seaward course they pursue: for in Styx is their fountain,
Pledge of that dreadful oath *by the Gods revered and by mortals.*
Prothoüs last, Tenthredon's son, renowned for his fleetness,
Led the Magnetian bands, who from Peneus' flowery margin
Came, and from Pelion's *shaggy sides and* quivering forests:
Him they followed in forty sable ships *o'er the ocean.*
These were the Princes of Greece, and these the chief of her armies
Now, then, recite O Muse! among all who came with th' Atreidæ

Which were the bravest chiefs, and the most renowned of their horses.
Far the best of the steeds were those of the grandson of Pheres,
Those which Eumelus drove. No bird surpassed them in fleetness,
Like in colour and age, and equal in height by the level.
Mares were they both; by Apollo himself in Pieria nurtured,
Trained up to whirl the thundering car, and the terrors of Ares.
Bravest among the chiefs was the great Telamonian Aias
Now that Achilles was absent (for he was superior *in all things*,
Faultless in all: and his horses were better than those of Eumelus); (770)
He, meanwhile, in his ships all ready for sea, lay breathing
Vengeance against Agamemnon the shepherd *and guide* of the people,
Atreus' son; while his troops o'er the beach were scattered; in pastime
Hurling the quoit, or the jav'lin *darting*, or *aiming* the arrow.
Drooping and spiritless now each courser stood by his chariot,
Leisurely feeding on lotus and parsley leaves from the marshes.
Carefully mantled, the cars of the chiefs stood *useless and idle.*
They through the camp, now here, now there, went listlessly wand'ring,
Longing to join in fight and deploring their Prince's *inaction.*
Now, like a fiery deluge, devouring the earth in its progress (780)
Swept on their march the Greeks, and the plain *resounding* beneath them
Roared, as in answer to thundering Zeus, when *the bolts* of his anger
Smite on th' *accursed* soil where Typhœus *writhes in his torment*,
Whelmed and entombed (so fame declares) beneath Arimé's *mountains.*
Thus re-echoed the earth to their *measured* tread, as advancing (785)
Quickly they cleared the space *which divided the camp from the city.* [785]
Iris, swift as the wind, from Ægis-bearing Kronion
Now to the Trojans was sent, and dread were the tidings she carried.
Old and young were met in the porch of the palace of Priam
Counsel to take. Th' assembly was formed and the meeting was open'd, (790)
When, in Polites' shape, and his voice assuming, among them [790]
Iris appeared, and at once as the son of Priam addressed them,
Who from the summit of old Æsyetus' tomb was observing
Watchful, *each move of* the Greeks, *and alert, to announce on the instant*
When from their ships they advanced; to his fleetness trusting for safety.
Such was the form she took, and these were the words that she uttered.

"Old and revered as thou art, here sitt'st thou fondly debating
Ev'n as if all were peace;—while war comes *thick'ning* around thee!
Many a *muster of troops, and many a* fight have I witnessed:
Yet did mine eyes ne'er view so vast, so mighty an army. (800)
On they sweep, like leaves in the woods, like sand on the sea-beach [800]
Swarming o'er all the plain and making straight for the city.
Hector! (for thee I chiefly advise) let this be thy conduct:
Many and brave are th' auxiliar troops in our city assembled,
Various the tongues they speak and various the races they spring from;
Each to its own *accustomed* chief let these be entrusted:
Thou shalt thyself our native pow'r array for the combat."

Thus she spake: nor did Hector mistake the celestial accents;
But the assembly dissolved. All rushed to arms at his orders.
Wide were the gates thrown open; and forth the multitude issued (810)
Footmen and horse; mid the clash *of their arms* and the rattle *of chariots.*

Far on the plain of Troy, but straight in front of the city,
Rises a lofty mound, unfenc'd and open on all sides,
Known as the hill Bateia, when named in the language of mortals,
But among Gods as the tomb of the deftly-bounding Myrinné.
There did the Trojans with all their allies make ready for battle.

Hector, lord of the waving plume, commanded the Trojans,
Son of *old* Priam *their king.* With him was the strength of the army;
Spearmen, num'rous and brave; each skilled in the use of his weapons.

Next came the Dardan force, by Æneas, son of Anchises (820)
Led to the fight. Him Venus bore to his father Anchises, [820]
Woo'd in fair Ida's groves, and mingling in love with a mortal.
Joined with him in command, the two brave sons of Antenor
Acamas came and Archilochus, chiefs of experience and conduct.

Those at the foot of Ida who dwelt, on the plain of Zeleia
Teeming with wealth, and who drank thy turbid water, Æsepus,
Trojans by nation, were led by the valiant son of Lycaon,
Pandarus, gifted by Phœbus' self with his bow *and his quiver.*

Those who possessed Adresté, and those of rural Apæsus,
Those of Piteia, those from the tow'ring heights of Tereia, (830)
These Adrastus, and he of the corslet of linen, Amphius, [830]
Sons of Percosian Merops, led. Their father forbade them,

Skilled as he was in prophetic lore, to go forth with the army,
Tempting their fate in destructive war. But vain was his warning,
Vain his command: for the darksome paths of death were before them.
Those who around Percóté, and Practius dwelt, and Arisbé,
Sestos, and *those of the close-confronting shore of* Abýdos,
Asius, Hyrtacus' son, and a Prince among heroes, commanded:
Asius, proud of his large and fiery steeds from Arisbé,
Borne by their might *in his car* from the flowery banks of Selleïs. (840)
Next by Hippothous led were the fierce Pelasgian warriors, [840]
Those of the tribes who Larissa's fertile region inhabit.
He with his brother Pylæus was joined, a scion of Ares,
Grandsons of Teutamus both, and sons of Pelasgian Lethus.
Warriors from Thracia's bounds, by the swift-flowing Hellespont bordered,
Flocked to the standard of Acamas bold and the hero Piroüs.
Under Euphemus, son of the heav'n-descended Trœzenus,
Grandson of Ceas, marched the brave Ciconian spearmen.
Armed with their crooked bows the Pæonians came, from Amydon;
These by Pyræchmes were led, from afar, from the wide-flowing Axius, (850)
Axius, the fairest stream *which the Sun beholds in his circuit.* [850]
Stern Pylæmenes led the Paphlagonian warriors
Who from Enitia came, where mules run wild in the pastures.
Those who possessed Cytorus, and those whom Sesamus nurtured,
Those who the far-famed towns by Parthenius waters inhabit,
Cromna, Ægialus too, and the slopes of steep Erythina.
Hodius the Halizonians led, and Epistrophus, quitting
Alýbe's distant realm, in mines of silver abounding.
Chromis the Mysians led, with Ennomus, famed as an augur:
Yet whom no bird by its flight could warn of impending destruction, (860)
Destined, alas! to fall by the hand of mighty Achilles, [860]
Rolled to the sea by Scamander's flood, with many a Trojan.
Phorcis and godlike Ascanius led the Phrygian warriors
Eager and panting for fight, from far Ascania's frontier.
Mesthles and Antiphus led the brave Mæonian forces,

Raised where Tmolus rears his wide o'ershadowing summit;
Both were Talæmĕnes' sons, by a nymph of the Lake Gygæa.
Nastes the Carians led, of a rude and barbarous language,
Men from Miletus, Phtheira with forests crown'd, and the margin
Green of the clear Mëander, and Mycălé's steep; with his brother [869]=(870)
Joined in command, Amphimachus. Both were sons of Nomíon, [871]
Both were brave: but Amphimachus decked with gold like a maiden
Rode to the fight; and his glitt'ring gauds availed not to save him
Or to avert black death: by the hand of mighty Achilles
Slain in Scamander's flood, and his gold was the spoil of the victor.
Last, but not least in fame were Sarpedon and Glaucus the blameless.
Leading the Lycian bands from the banks of eddying Xanthus. (877)

THE ILIAD.

BOOK III.

BOOK THE THIRD.

ARGUMENT.

THE Greek and Trojan armies advance to battle. Paris challenges the bravest of the Greeks. Menelaüs comes forward to oppose him, at sight of whom Paris retreats: but being rebuked by Hector for his cowardice, declares himself ready to meet him in single combat. The terms of the combat are agreed on. Priam and the nobles of Troy assemble on the walls and are joined by Helen at the summons of Iris. At Priam's request she points out the principal Greek leaders to him. Priam being called on ratifies the terms of the combat. They fight. Paris is worsted; but saved by Aphrodité, who carries him to Troy, where he is joined by Helen; to whom the Goddess reconciles him. Paris having thus quitted the field, Agamemnon claims the fulfilment of the terms of the treaty.

ILIAD. BOOK III.

NOW was each host arrayed by its leader's care for the combat.
On came the Trojans like birds in a flock, with shouting and clamour,
As, from the sky loud clanging, the cranes set forth on their voyage,
Leaving behind them the storms and the ceaseless rain of the winter;
Winging their noisy flight to the utmost verge of the ocean;
Bearing death and destructive war to the race of the Pygmies
When, as at early dawn, like a cloud they descend on the region.
Breathing *united* force the Greeks pressed forward in silence,
Firmly resolved, each man, to stand *to the death* by his comrades.
As when Notus hath breathed his mist o'er the crest of the mountains,
Held by the shepherd in dread; more welcome than night to the robber;
Hardly so far as a stone may be flung can aught be distinguished;
Thus in an eddying whirl of dust both armies advancing
Swept o'er the plain; and at speed the space between them was traversed.
Now, ere they closed in fight, each rapidly nearing the other,
Foremost in front of the Trojans outstept from the ranks Alexandros,
Godlike *in feature and form:* a panther's skin o'er his shoulders
Flung, with his crooked bow, and his sword. Two lances he brandished
Pointed with bronze, and loudly defiant, he challenged the Grecians,
Vaunting himself a match for the best and bravest among them.
Him no sooner beheld the indignant chief Menelaüs
Strutting in insolent guise thus boldly in front of the armies,
Than, as a hungry lion o'er some rich quarry rejoices,
Some great stag with branching horns, or goat of the mountain,

When with a spring he seizes, and tears it down, and devours it;
Reckless of dogs *fierce baying around* or *the shouts of* the hunters:
So Menelaüs rejoiced, that form divine and those features
When with his eyes he beheld, most hateful. Then of his vengeance
Certain at length, he leaped to the ground full-armed from his chariot.
Him when now Alexander beheld advancing to meet him, (30)
Struck to the heart *with terror and shame*, at once he retreated,
Plunging amid the host of his friends and shunning destruction.
As when a *traveller, deep* in the tangled brake of a mountain
Comes *unawares* on a snake; with trembling knees *and in horror*
Back he recoils with a start, and a paleness spreads o'er his features.
Thus shrank back Alexander among the magnanimous Trojans,
Dreading *the sight of the man he had injured, fell* Menelaüs.

This when Hector beheld, with reproachful words he assailed him:
"Paris! *too fatally* fair! seducer of women! deceiver!
Would thou hadst never been born, or died ere thine *ill-omened* nuptials. (40)
That would I rather have seen: and that for thyself had been better,
Than to stand forth, the scandal and scorn of the hosts who behold thee.
Well may the long-hair'd Greeks break forth in *these shouts of* derision,
Looking for martial deeds from *so gay*, so handsome a hero:
Looking in vain! for strength thou hast none, nor spirit within thee.
How could'st thou dare, being such as thou art, to set forth on thy voyage
(Manning thy sea-going ships with the choicest youth of our city),
Prank it in foreign courts; and elope with the fairest of women,
Widow and consort of martial chiefs in the Apian country;
Making thyself a curse to thy father, thy city, and nation; (50)
Triumph and joy to thy foes; to thyself a reproach and abasement?
Had'st thou but dared one moment to stand and confront Menelaüs,
Soon thou hadst learned what manner of man *should be* Helena's husband!
Then would thy harp nought avail, nor the gifts of *bright* Aphroditè,
Nought thy *fair* ringlets rolled in the dust, nor *the grace of* thy figure!
Were but the Trojans true to themselves, ere this we had seen thee
Wrapped in thy last dark mantle of stone for the woes thou hast wrought them."

Thus then replied Alexander the Godlike in form and in feature:
"Just, O Hector, indeed, *though severe*, are the words thou hast spoken.

Firm is ever thine heart and unworn, like the axe which the ship-
wright
Drives through the *knotted* oak when he shapes some beam for his
vessel;
True to his hand, and seconding well the strength that impels it:
Such is the firm and constant mind which dwells in thy bosom.
Yet undervalue thou not the gifts of bright Aphrodité.
Beauty and valour alike as the Gods' rich gifts should be honoured,
Granted *to whom they love:* not yielded to *prayer or to* longing.
Yet woulds't thou have me advance, and stand committed to combat?
Halt thy troops and let all, both Greeks and Trojans, be seated.
Place me at once in the midst, confronted with grim Menelaüs.
Here *on the spot* will we fight it out, for the dame and the treasure.
He who shall prove the better man and shall conquer the other,
His be the spoil, and Helen *the fair*, and home let him bear them.
Then be a treaty by oath confirmed. So shall ye, O ye Trojans,
Dwell on your fertile fields in peace; and the Greeks shall revisit
Argos famed for its steeds, and Achaia the land of the lovely."

Thus he spake. But Hector rejoiced when he heard the proposal.
Stepping in front of his troops he repressed their ranks, with his jav'lin
Levelled and held by the middle *athwart*, and made them be seated.
Instantly many a bow was drawn by the long-hair'd Achaians,
Many a spear was aimed, and stones came flying around him,
But Agamemnon the king from afar loud shouted his orders:
"Hold! *on your lives.* Not a spear be hurled, ye sons of Achaia!
Crest-waving Hector stands forth, having somewhat to say. Let us hear
him."

Thus he spake: and the Greeks restrained their assault and were
silent.
Hector then, advancing between both armies, addressed them:
"Listen! ye Trojans all, and ye bright-greaved sons of Achaia,
What Alexander, with whom began this quarrel, proposes.
Greeks and Trojans alike lay down your glittering weapons
Here on the *grassy* plain *and await the issue in silence;*
While, *in the sight of all*, himself and brave Menelaüs
Singly *and hand to hand* shall fight for the dame and the treasure.

Whoso shall prove the better man and shall conquer the other,
His be the spoil, and Helen *the fair*, and home let him bear them:
Then be a treaty by oath confirmed, and let peace be between us."
Thus he spake: and all maintained a reverent silence
Till Menelaüs, great in the roar of battle, responded:
"Hear me too: for 'tis I who am injured; mine is the suff'ring.
Fain would I see this strife composed, and the Greeks and the Trojans
Parted as friends: for many and great are the woes ye have suffered
In this quarrel of mine, for the outrage of mad Alexandros. (100)
Which of the two shall fall—let fate *and prowess* decide it.
One must die. Then peace be proclaimed and the armies be parted.
Now then, ye Trojans! bring two lambs; a male and a black one
Due to the Earth; to the Sun a white and a female. Another
We will for Zeus provide. And bring ye Priam in person
All to confirm by oath (for his sons are false and o'erweening),
So that the truce of Jove by no reckless hand may be broken.
Ever the spirit of younger men is fickle *and headstrong;*
Only from reverend age *which links the past with the future*
Looking before and after, can justice and faith be expected." (110)
Thus he spake. Both Greeks and Trojans rejoiced when they heard him,
Hoping at length for peace and respite from war and its labours.
Reining back his steeds to the *foremost* ranks *of the footmen*
Each *brave chief* from his chariot sprang, and each with his soldiers
Doffed their *resplendent* arms and laid them closely in order,
Small being the space around. Then Hector despatched to the city
Heralds in haste to provide two lambs, and Priam to summon.
King Agamemnon the while Talthybius sent to the vessels,
Bidding him there select an *unblemished* lamb for the offring.
Forth he sped, and with small delay was his errand accomplished. (120)
Iris now to the white-armed Helena came with a message,
Like her fair sister-in-law Laodicé daughter of Priam,
Loveliest of all his daughters; the wife of Prince Helicaon,
Son of *the sage* Antenor: and Helen she found in her palace,
Weaving an ample web, in whose close and tapestried texture,
Gorgeous with many a hue, were displayed the feats of the heroes,

Horse-taming Trojans and bronze-mailed Greeks who had fought in her quarrel,
All they had dared, and all endured from the ruler of battles.
Standing beside her, thus then spake the swift-footed Iris:
"Haste, dear Lady! with me, and behold a sight will surprise thee;
Horse-taming Trojans and bronze-mailed Greeks *desisting from conflict*,
They, who so oft in the field have closed in mutual slaughter,
(Cause of *full many a* tear) and rejoiced in the horrors of battle,
Now sit *peaceful and* silent, each man on his buckler reclining.
Plunged are their spears in the ground, and the *clamour of war* is suspended,
While on the space between, Alexander and fierce Menelaüs
Wield their long spears in fight; and thyself, the prize they contend for,
Henceforth art doomed to be called the wife of him who shall conquer."
Thus spake the Goddess; and sweet, *sad* longings inspired in her bosom.
Country—parents—her former Lord, all rushed on her fancy.
Dropping a tender tear she arose, and forth from her chamber
Hasted, her *beauteous form* in a *snow*-white mantle involving,
Not unattended; for two *fair* handmaids close on her footsteps
Æthra, Pittheus' daughter, and large-eyed Clymené followed.
Soon to the Scæan gate they came, where already assembled
Priam she found, and the sages of Troy around him; Thymœtes,
Panthoüs, Clytius, Lampus, and, offspring of Mars, Hicetaon,
Near him Ucalegon sate and Antenor, prudent in council,
Elders both of the people: *all loved by Priam and trusted:*
Warworn chiefs who no longer fought—yet eloquent speakers,
Garrulous: like the cicadæ that people the pine in the forest,
Chirping their shrill and musical song as they bask in the sunbeam;
Such were the Trojan chiefs who sate looking forth from the rampart.
These, when Helena now they beheld, on the rampart approaching,
Thus in an under-tone exchanged their thoughts with each other:
"Who can *wonder* or blame that the bright-armed Greeks and the Trojans
Year after year for so *glorious* a woman have fought and have suffered?
Lo! where she comes, like a Goddess immortal in face and in person!

Albeit, fair as she is, Heav'n grant her speedy departure!
So shall *destruction and* woe be spared to ourselves and our children." (160)
Thus they whispered; but Priam, to Helena calling, addressed her:
"Come, dear child! advance to the front and seat thee beside me,
Where thou may'st see thy former spouse, thy friends and relations.
(Thee by no means I blame. To the Gods alone I attribute
All the destructive war which the Greeks are waging against me.)
Come then: name me that portly chief so distinguished among them,
Him thou see'st in the front; that tall and vigorous leader.
Ne'er did mine eyes behold so majestic a man, or so goodly.
Others indeed are there who in strength and stature surpass him:
That man *however excels them all, for he moves* like a sov'reign." (170)
Helena then these words returned, the divine among women:
"Shrinking with rev'rence and fear, dear Father-in-law, I approach thee.
Would I had rather the bitterest death preferred to forsaking
Friends, and my wedded lord, and my darling child, and the playmates
Dear of my *innocent* youth, to follow thy son o'er the ocean.
So was it not to be! and in grief and in tears I bewail it.
Yet what thou seek'st to know, *as in duty bound* will I tell thee.
There thou behold'st Atreides, the wide ruling King Agamemnon,
Statesman and warrior; good as a prince and brave as a captain.
Once (it seems like a dream) he called me shameless———his Sister."
Helena ceased, and admiringly thus old *Priam* responded: (181)
"Happy Atreides! Blest in thy birth, *thrice* blest in thy fortunes,
Blest in the subject Greeks who in such vast numbers obey thee!
Once to the Phrygian land I came—the land of the vineyard.
There I beheld that countless host of the Phrygian horsemen
Swift as the wind; the troops of godlike Mygdon and Otreus
Camped on Sangarius' banks: and mine were numbered among them,
Join'd in friendly alliance; what time came down to oppose us,
Rivals in courage of men, the fierce Amazonian squadrons.
Yet far fewer were these than the bright-eyed sons of Achaia." (190)
After a pause the king resumed, beholding Odysseus:
"Tell me I pray thee now, dear child, the name of the warrior
There whom I see; in stature less than tall Agamemnon;
Broader however in shoulders and chest. This well I distinguish

Since he hath doffed his armour, and there on the ground it is scattered.
Stately and slow meanwhile, like a ram, through his soldiers he passes.
Aptly, methinks indeed, to a thick-fleeced ram I compare him
Ranging through some great flock of snow-white sheep in the pastures."
Helena thus, from Zeus descended, replied to his question:
"That is *the wise* Laertes' son, much-scheming Odysseus,
Nurtured in Ithaca's realm—rough *nurse for so shrewd a contriver*,
Practised in every wile, and prudent in every counsel."
Sage Antenor took up the word, and thus he addressed her:
"Lady! thy word is truth itself. *Right well I remember*
When in thine own behalf, by Greece commissioned, Odysseus
Came to propose some terms to Troy with brave Menelaüs;
How to my lot it fell to receive them both in my palace.
Thus did I clearly discern the genius of each, and his temper.
When with th' assembled Trojans they came, together, in council,
Standing indeed, Menelaüs by head and shoulders o'ertopped him,
Sitting however, Odysseus appeared more grave and majestic.
When in the presence of all they unfolded the web of their purpose,
Arguing the matter in hand,—Menelaüs was *eager and* hurried,
Brief, and sparing of words, yet clear; and direct to his object
All that he said; not loquacious, nor wild in his talk, though the younger.
But when Odysseus rose, that man of many devices,
Fixing his down-cast eyes on the ground he stood: nor his sceptre
Swayed, either this way or that like a practised speaker; but held it
Motionless, ev'n as a man unskilled in the arts of persuasion.
One would declare him mute with passion or wanting in judgement.
But when he spoke, when his powerful voice went forth from his bosom,
Issuing in words which fell like flakes of snow in the winter,
Surely no mortal man might hope to compete with Odysseus.
Lost in wonder *we sate:* but not, as before, at his manner."
Aias beholding, thus, for the third time questioned the monarch:
"Name me, I pray thee, now, that mighty and vigorous chieftain,
Tow'ring o'er all the Greeks by his head and th' expanse of his shoulders."
Thus did the long-robed Helen reply, the divine among women:
"That is the mighty Aias, the bulwark and strength of Achaia.
There, on the other side, Idomeneus stands with his Cretans,

Like to a God; and around him the chieftains of Crete are collected.
Often to brave Menelaüs an honoured guest, in our palace
Kindly received and welcomed, he came, and sojourned among us.
Others, and many there are of the keen-eyed eyed sons of Achaia
Whom I could name by name; for well I remember their features.
Two, however, in vain I seek, two princely commanders,
Both my own brothers, both from my own dear mother descended;
Castor the horseman bold; Polydeuces unmatched with the cæstus.
Have they, perchance not followed their friends from fair Lacedæmon?
Or if indeed with the rest they have ploughed the wave in their vessels (240)
Hold they aloof from the host, and refuse to join in the contest,
Dreading the stain and reproach of a cause so foul as their sister's?"

Thus she spake. But both th'all-fostering earth in her bosom
Long had received, in the land of their birth, their lov'd Lacedæmon.

Now were the Heralds arrived who the offerings bore through the city,
Both the lambs, and generous wine, earth's genial produce,
Sealed up in goatskin flasks: and a bowl the herald Idæus
Bore, *of* resplendent *silver*, and goblets of gold, for libation.
Taking his station beside the king, this summons he uttered:
'Reverend son of Laomedon! rise. The chieftains expect thee, (250)
Horse-taming Trojans and bronze-mail'd Greeks. They attend thy arrival
There in the field below, to confirm with an oath their agreement.
Then shall thy son Alexander and Mars-beloved Menelaüs
Meet with protended spears, and fight for the dame and the treasure.
He who may conquer shall take them both, and in peace shall possess them.
We, thenceforth, who the compact accept and with oaths have confirmed it,
Here in our fertile Troia will dwell; while they shall revisit
Argos famed for its steeds, and Achaia the land of the lovely."

Thus Idæus; and shudd'ring, the summons he heard, and the horses
Straightway bade yoke to the car. This soon th' attendants accomplished. (260)
Mounting at once, the reins he seized. Antenor beside him
Stood in the beauteous chariot; and forth they sped, and the horses

Flew through the Scæan gate to the plain where the chiefs were assembled,
Trojans and Greeks. When now they were come to the place of assembly;
Down from the chariot *fair* on the fruitful earth they alighted,
And to the midst advanced, both hosts *making way to receive them.*
Straightway arose from his seat the king of men Agamemnon,
Up rose Odysseus the wise. And now th' illustrious heralds
Brought together the *mutual* pledges, and duly commingled
Wine in the bowl. Then water they poured on the hands of the sov'reigns;
Next Agamemnon drew with his hands a sharp-edged poniard
Which from the mighty sheath of his sword hung ever suspended,
Cropping with this their wool from the heads of the lambs: and the heralds
Handed it round, a portion to each of the Princes assembled.
Loud then prayed Agamemnon, his hands uplifted to Heaven:
"Father Zeus! most great, most glorious, ruling from Ida;
Thou, too, all-seeing Sun! who hear'st our words *and rememb'rest;*
Fountains and Streams! Thou Earth! and ye Pow'rs beneath it, who punish
Perjur'd mortals beyond the grave! I call you to witness.
Hear what we swear, and sanction the league we make in your presence.
Should it befal that in fight Alexandros slay Menelaüs,
Helena then be his own. We yield all claim to the treasure.
Forthwith then in our sea-going ships we take our departure.
But should the yellow-hair'd chief Menelaüs slay Alexandros,
Helena then and the treasure shall Troy restore to the Grecians;
Adding moreover a fine, whate'er shall be just and sufficient.
This shall remain to the Greeks, nor shall after ages dispute it.
This should Priam and Priam's sons refuse, *or evade it,*
(*In fair fight* Alexander being slain) *the war shall continue.*
I myself will remain with my troops, and fight for the ransom;
Fight to the end, and till all be paid, *and the debt be acquitted.*"
Ending, with cruel blade the throats of the lambs he divided,
Down on the earth their bodies he flung, all bleeding and panting
In the last gasp of life, for their strength had ebbed from the death wound.

Into the cups from the bowl the wine they poured, *and receiving*
Drank, and devoutly prayed, each Pow'r immortal invoking.
Then might be heard such words as these from Greek and from Trojan:
"Hear us! Zeus most great, most glorious, and all ye Immortals.
He who shall dare this treaty to break, and the oaths ye have witnessed,
Oh! may his blood on the ground be spilled, like yonder libations,
His and his children's too, and his wife to a stranger be captive."
Thus they prayed—(but Zeus refused to hear their petitions).
Then Dardanian Priam addressed the leaders assembled:
"Hear me ye Trojans all, and ye bright-greaved sons of Achaia!
Home will I now return to my wind-swept Ilian fortress.
How can mine eyes endure this dreadful struggle to witness
Where my dear son shall contend for life with fierce Menelaüs?
Known unto Zeus and th' immortal Gods alone is the issue,
Which of the two *shall survive, and which* must fall in the conflict."
Thus spake the Godlike man, and laid the lambs on his chariot,
Mounted, the guiding reins he grasped. Antenor beside him
Stood in the beauteous car. And *sadly and slow* to the city
Back they returned, *deep musing on what might chance in the combat.*
Hector the son of Priam now, with the noble Odysseus
Carefully measured the ground for the fight. This done, in a helmet
Glitt'ring with burnished brass they cast *two* lots to determine
Which of the heroes *twain* should first deliver his jav'lin.
Then might words like these have been heard from Greeks and from Trojans,
Lifting their hands in prayer, and the Gods immortal invoking:
"Father Zeus! most great, most glorious, ruling from Ida,
O! may the man who has caused these woes to ourselves and our nations
Slain and cut off, sink down to the *darksome* mansions of Hades.
So may we part as friends, and peace be for ever between us."
Thus they prayed; but Hector, averting his eyes, in the helmet
Tossed up the lots, and the lot of Paris leaped forth on the instant.
Down sate the troops, each man in his rank and place, and beside them
Chariot and horse stood arrayed and the ground gleamed bright with their armour.
Then Alexander divine, the fair-hair'd Helena's husband,

Sprang to his feet where he sate, and donned his beauteous armour.
First to his *well-turned* legs his glittering greaves he adjusted
Burnished and richly wrought, and clasped with buckles of silver;
Next (for it fitted him well) he braced round his bosom a corslet
Worn by his brother Lycaon; and slung *by a belt* o'er his shoulder
Pendent, his sword of bronze, in a sheath all studded with silver;
Slung, too, *ready for use*, his broad and ponderous buckler;
Placed on his stately head his helmet of proof, with a horsetail
Crested; and dreadfully nodded the waving plume to his movements,
As with familiar grasp he poised his quivering jav'lin.
Soon too, bold Menelaüs in arms stood ready for combat.
Now when they both were armed, each forth from the ranks of his comrades
Strode *with undaunted step*, and advanced in front of the armies.
Fiercely glaring they strode, while *breathless suspense and* amazement
Seized on the gazing hosts, both Greeks and Trojans around them.
Near, and nearer they drew in the measured list, and their lances
Wrathfully shook, each bending an angry scowl on the other.
Then Alexandros first his long-forth-shadowing jav'lin
Hurled: and full on the midst of the smooth round shield of Atreides
Harmless it rang, nor pierced the bronze; but back from the buckler,
Blunted and bent, recoiled. Then next in turn, Menelaüs
Rose as in act to throw—but first preferred his petition:
"Zeus supreme! O, grant me revenge on the man who has wronged me;
Grant me to slay with my hands this impious wretch Alexandros.
So shall each future guest take warning, and tremble to render
Wrongs in return for friendly deeds, and betrayal for welcome."
Thus he prayed and dismissed his long-forth-shadowing jav'lin:
Full on the smooth round shield of the son of Priam it lighted;
Thoro' the shining bronze it forc'd its impetuous passage,
Then through the corslet rich its course pursued, and descending
Glanced by his flank aside; and his vest was torn by the weapon.
Swerving, however, with dextrous skill, black death he eluded.
Straightway Atreides drew forth his sword all studded with silver,
Raised it aloft and dealt on his crest a stroke: but the falchion

Splintered, and crackling, flew from his hand in shivers around him.
Casting on heav'n an *upbraiding* glance, then groaned he *in anger:*
"Zeus! *Thou hatest me now.* No god more bitterly thwarts me!
Else, ev'n now had I slain this wretch, and his villainies punished.
See how my faithless sword hath snapped in my grasp, and my jav'lin
Flown from my hand in vain, nor drunk the blood of my foeman."
Thus exclaiming, he rushed on his foe, and the crest of his helmet
Seizing, he grappled him close and dragged to the ranks of the Grecians,
Struggling, and well-nigh choked by the broidered thong of the helmet
Tightened beneath his chin in the deadly grasp of Atreides.
Then had he dragged him down, immortal glory securing,
Had not *bright* Aphrodité perceived the distress of her fav'rite,
Daughter of Zeus. And she burst that strong bull-hide and released him.
Nought but the empty casque remained in the hand of the victor.
This with a *scornful* toss to the Greeks he whirled, and his comrades
Raised it from where it fell, *and preserved the glittering trophy.*
Then rushed on Menelaüs again, all eager to slay him
With his *recovered* spear. But once more *bright* Aphrodité
Came to his aid, and in mist involved, with ease she conveyed him
(Such was her pow'r) to his chamber fair, perfumed and luxurious.
Helena then she sought, to call her away: and she found her
There on the rampart high, by the dames of Troia surrounded.
Lightly approaching she plucked her fragrant robe, and addressed her,
(Taking the form of an ancient crone much lov'd by her mistress;
One who *in days long since gone by*, in *fair* Lacedæmon
Combed out the fleecy wool, and plied in her chamber the distaff,)
Like in feature and voice, thus spake divine Aphrodité:
"Come with me home! Alexandros calls, and impatient awaits thee
There, in thy chamber *fair*, on thy polished couch, he reposes
Glowing with *youthful* charms, and in splendid attire. Thou would'st deem him
Not from a *desperate* fight returned; but gaily preparing
Either to dance, or withdrawn for a while from the whirl of the dancers."
Thus she spake; and a tumult wild within Helena's bosom

Rose, as th' allbeauteous neck and the lovely breast of the Goddess
Now she perceived, and her flashing eyes: and *a thrill of* amazement,
Mingled with dread, through her frame ran *swift*, while thus she addressed her:
"Dreadful one! why dost thou practise on me thine arts of seduction?
Am I then next to be hurried to some *fresh scene of delusion*, (400)
Fair Mæonian town, or populous Phrygian city,
Where some fav'rite of thine *perchance may sigh for a Helen?*
Or dost thou grudge to let Menelaüs carry me homeward,
(Hateful albeit in his eyes I seem), as the prize of his conquest?
Is it for that thou comest and seek'st once more to beguile me?
Go thou to Paris and sit by his side, renouncing thy godhead.
Teach thy own feet to forget those paths that lead to Olympus.
Watch him, *and tend him; rejoice with his joy* and mourn *with his sorrow.*
So perchance shall he make thee his wife:—peradventure his handmaid!
Never again will I see him, for that were shame and confusion! (410)
Never again will I honour his couch! Each woman of Troia
Thenceforth would hold me in scorn, and my days were for ever embittered."

Then divine Aphroditê, incensed, this answer returned her:
"Insolent! Dread to provoke me more; lest in wrath I forsake thee,
Singling thee out for a hate more marked than the love I have shewn thee;
Lest in one general wreck I involve both the Greeks and the Trojans
Battling with *tenfold* rage; and a horrible fate be thy portion."

Thus she spake: and the daughter of Zeus, fair Helena trembled.
Silent, her white transparent robe close gath'ring around her,
Led by the goddess, unmissed by the Troian dames, she departed. (420)
When to the princely palace they came where dwelt Alexandros,
Both her attendants resumed their accustomed tasks *in the household.*
She, the divinely fair, to his lofty chamber ascended,
Where Aphroditê, Goddess of smiles, *advancing before her*
Placed in his presence a *stately* seat, and beckoned her to it.
Seated, *in pride*, the daughter of Ægis-bearing Kroníon,
Deigned not a look; but averting her face thus taunted her husband:
"So! thou art come from the wars! Oh! would that there thou hadst perished,

Slain by the conquering sword of the hero who once was my husband.
Where is thy *empty* vaunt that the great, the brave MENELAÜS
Thou, with thy sword, thy spear, and thy strength, would'st surpass in the combat?
Go then! attempt it again: and challenge that fierce MENELAÜS
Once more to fight it out. *But hear my word; for* I warn thee,
Keep on the prudent side; nor that fair-hair'd chief MENELAÜS
Tempt to the fight unadvised, nor his force confront; shouldst thou dare it,
Quickly his spear's broad blade in thy streaming blood shall be purpled."
Then Alexander replied, and in words like these he addressed her:
"Cease, most lovely of women, to sting my soul with reproaches.
What though for once, by Athené's aid Menelaüs have conquered:
My turn will one day come—for I too have Gods who befriend me.
Still let us love, *whatever befal, and set fate at defiance.*
Why should'st thou change, and why upbraid? MY love is unaltered.
Am I not still thy Paris who first from fair Lacedæmon
Bore thee *in triumph* away? *Or e'er have I ceased to adore thee?*
Not when in Cranaë's isle *thou gav'st consent to our union*
Lov'd I thee half so well. *And surely thou dost not abhor me!*"
Thus he spake; *and Helen repented her words and forgave him.*
Such was the power of Love, and such was her joy for his safety.
But Menelaüs like some wild beast *deprived of his victim*
Raged round the field, and sought in vain through the crowd Alexandros.
Readily all the Trojans and all their auxiliar squadrons
Opened their ranks and allowed his search. Not one would have screened him.
All would have eagerly pointed him out to fierce Menelaüs
Had they but seen him pass: for like black death was he hated.
Thus then to all out-spake the king of men Agamemnon:
"Hear me ye Greeks, ye Dardans, and all ye allies of the Trojans!
Victory now hath declared for Mars-belov'd Menelaüs.
You then, ye Trojans! yield to us Helen the fair and the treasure,
Pay down the ransom too; such fine as befits the occasion;
This to the Greeks shall belong and in after years to their children."
Ended the king, and shouted aloud in assent the Achaians.

THE ILIAD.

BOOK IV.

BOOK THE FOURTH.

ARGUMENT.

THE Gods assemble in debate on the issue of the combat. Zeus declares the victory to be on the side of Menelaüs, and proposes the fulfilment of the treaty. To this Hera and Pallas object, and Zeus reluctantly agrees to their proposal to break it by an act of treachery on the Trojan part. Pandarus, at the instigation of Pallas, aims an arrow at Menelaüs, who is wounded, but cured by Machaon. The Trojans then advance to battle. Agamemnon goes through the army, exhorting, encouraging and reproving the several leaders. The Greeks then advance. The armies meet and the battle commences, Pallas sustaining and encouraging the Greeks, and Ares the Trojans.

ILIAD. BOOK IV.

ALL the gods in the presence of Zeus were assembled in council,
Each on his golden throne, while Hebé, the honoured, among them
Poured forth the nectar in golden cups. And they pledged one another,
Quaffing the *sacred* juice, and their eyes on Ilion bending.
Forthwith Kronos' son, delighting to irritate Heré,
Taunted her thus with sarcastic words and covert reproaches:
"Two of th' immortal pow'rs, great goddesses, aid Menelaüs,
Argive Hera herself and Alalcomenean Athené.
Yet, methinks, they seem to enjoy that spectacle yonder,
Sitting *inactive* apart; while the goddess of smiles, Aphrodité,
Still on *her fav'rite* attends, and saves him from death and destruction.
See! how but now she hath snatched him away when fate was impending.
Truly the victory now hath declared for brave Menelaüs.
Counsel we then, what turn unto these events shall be given.
Say! shall we rouse once more fierce war, and the tumult of battle?
Or shall we rather unite both sides in peace and in friendship?
Could we but all be agreed and accept this simple conclusion,
Priam the king might continue to reign and his people to prosper;
Argive Helen return with her conquering Lord *to Achaia*."
Thus he spake. But Athena and Heré murmuring heard him
Side by side as they sate, dire woes for the Trojans devising.
Silent Athené sate, nor uttered her thoughts; but her bosom
Swelled with bitter despite, and rage at the words of her Father.

Not so Hera, whose wrath broke forth in angry reproaches:
"Terrible son of Kronos! what word is this thou hast uttered?
How dost thou ever delight to destroy the fruits of my labours,
Frustrating all my toil! Myself and my coursers are weary,
Hurrying to gather the hosts, and to heap destruction on Priam!
Do as thou wilt: but *expect* not *that* I or the gods shall approve it."
Grievously angered, Zeus the cloud-compeller responded:
"Madly perverse! 'gainst thee what offence hath Priam committed,
He, or his sons, that implacably thus thou long'st to destroy them;
Prostrate to hurl in the dust fair Troy's embattled defences?
Couldst thou but enter her gates, and *range the wide sweep of* her precincts,
There to devour alive both Priam, his sons, and his people,
This, *and no less than this*, would assuage thy craving for vengeance.
Do as thou wilt, however; lest this be a subject between us
Now and for ever, henceforth, of strife and bitter contention.
One thing, howbeit, I tell thee; and well shalt thou do to observe it:
When some city shall seem in mine eyes to merit destruction
Peopled *by favourites of thine*—by men thou lov'st and regardest—
Seek not to stay me, nor come between my wrath and its victims.
Take now the boon *thou hast asked*, though most reluctantly granted:
Since, where the sun and the stars of heav'n look down on the nations,
Dwellers on earth's wide region, through all her inhabited cities,
Ilion's sacred town hath ever been first in my favour;
Priam, and Priam's sons, and the stalwart spearmen of Troia.
There without ceasing mine altars blaze; nor e'er have been lacking
Savoury steams sent up, and libations poured in mine honour."
Rolling her large majestic eyes, thus Hera responded:
"Three great cities rejoice in my dear regard *and protection*,
Argos, Sparta the fair, and the wide-wayed town of Mycenæ.
These, should they chance to offend thee, destroy them all *in thine anger;*
Nor will I grudge their ruin, or take one step to avert it.
Well do I know, howe'er reluctant, whatever my efforts,
Thine is the stronger power, and nought 'twould avail to oppose thee.

Now *let my wishes prevail;* nor make thou my labours abortive.
Was I not born a goddess—my race thine own, and my lineage—
Ev'n as thyself from mysterious Kronos sprung; and distinguished
Not by my birth alone, but as thy companion and consort,
Sharing thy throne and thy rule o'er all the other immortals?
This, then, in mutual compliance concede we one to another,
Thou unto me, and I unto thee: so shall all the immortals
Yield their assent. Now lose no time, but commission Athené
Thither to haste where the Trojans and Greeks in order of battle
Stand, all ready for fight: and bid her contrive that the Trojans,
Treach'rously breaking the truce, shall wound some noble Achaian."

Thus she spake, and the father of Gods and of mortals assented,
Forthwith addressing in swift-winged words *his commands to* Athené:
"Hie thee at once to the battle-array of the Greeks and the Trojans,
There, where they stand, all ready for fight; and contrive that the Trojans,
Treach'rously breaking the truce, shall wound some noble Achaian."

Thus he spake, and Athena the welcome mandate accepted.
Down, at once, from the lofty heights of Olympus she darted;
As when a meteor, sent by the son of mysterious Kronos,
Glides through the air, a portentous sign to fleets and to armies,
Scatt'ring abroad unnumbered sparks *from its fiery tresses.*
Thus sped Pallas Athena *from Heav'n* to the earth, and alighted
Full in the midst of the host: and amazement seized the beholders,
Horse-taming Trojans and bronze-mailed Greeks. And thus to his neighbour
Each imparted the *anxious* thought *which arose in his bosom:*
"Now full soon shall we learn what Zeus in his might hath determined,
What yon sign in the sky may portend: whether war and its horrors,
Battle and strife shall revive, or peace at length be established."

Thus spake the Trojans, and thus the Greeks, *with uneasy foreboding.*
Pallas, the while, in mortal form, through the host of the Trojans
Strode, like the spearman brave, Laodocus, son of Antenor,
Looking for Pandarus, godlike *chief*, if perchance she might find him.

Soon she discovered Lycaon's son, the brave, and the blameless,
Stationed *there at his post;* and around him the ranks of his warriors,
Bucklered men, who had followed their chief from the streams of Æsepus.
Taking her stand by his side, in swift-wing'd words she addressed him:
"Wilt thou give ear to my words, O warlike son of Lycaon?
Venture a wingèd shaft at *the breast of* brave Menelaüs.
So shalt thou win both favour and fame at the hands of the Trojans,
One and all: but chiefest and best from prince Alexandros.
He, be assured, for thy deed with the choicest gifts shall requite thee,
When on his funeral pile outstretched he shall see Menelaüs,
Atreus' son, *his deadly foe,* struck down by thine arrow.
Now then at once take aim, and speed thy shaft to his bosom,
First, however, addressing a vow unto Lycian Apollo,
Lord of the bow, when to holy Zeleia the fates shall restore thee,
There to provide him a hundred firstling lambs for an off'ring."
Thus she spake, and his reckless mind persuaded *to mischief;*
Straightway his polish'd bow he uncased. Of horn was it fashioned,
Borne long since on the armèd head of a goat of the mountain
Which, from its cave forth bounding, he struck to the heart from his ambush,
Aiming up from beneath: and it rolled from the crag *in its death-pang.*
Sixteen palms from its head grew forth its horns, which the artist
Skilfully joined, and shaped to a curve, and polished them smoothly,
Then with a knosp of gold *each tapering point* he completed.
This having bent, he held it inclined, and pointing obliquely
Down to the earth; while his comrades true their bucklers extended,
Screening him; lest that the Greeks beholding should rush to assault him
Ere he had slain their warlike chief, their brave Menelaüs.
Lifting the lid of his quiver next, he drew forth an arrow
Fresh from the maker's hand, and, wing'd with fate and with mischief,
Forthwith the *keen and* bitter shaft to the chord he adjusted,
Praying the while, and vowing a vow unto Lycian Apollo,
Lord of the bow, when to holy Zeleia the fates should restore him,

There to provide him a hundred firstling lambs for an off'ring.
Seizing the notch of the shaft on the chord, he strained; and the bowstring
Drew, till it touched his breast; and the bow the steel of the arrow
Just received on its circling curve; *then aiming he loosed it.*
Twanged the *great* bow, and the chord rang loud; then leapt forth the arrow
Pointed and keen, and impatiently urged its flight through the armies.
Then, Menelaüs, th' immortal gods forgat not to guard thee:
Chiefest the daughter of Zeus, resplendent with spoil *and with conquest.*
She, interposing, averted the death, and guided the arrow
Lightly aside in its course from a mortal part; as a mother (130)
Wafts from her infant a fly, while in gentle sleep he reposes.
There she directed the shaft where the belt round his waist was united
Firmly with golden clasps o'er the thick-lined plates of his armour.
Full on the *clasps of the* belt that piercing weapon alighted,
Straight through the rich-chased metal it forced its impetuous passage,
Then through the gorgeous corslet drove; through the part of its fabric
Safest and surest of all to protect its wearer in battle—
That on which most he relied for defence; and this too it entered
(*Weaken'd however in force*); yet it tore the flesh of the hero,
Razing the skin: and a stream of blood gushed forth on the instant. (140)
As when, *with delicate hand*, some Mæonian or Carian paintress
Stains with purple an ivory boss for the bit of a warhorse:
Safe in her chamber stored she keeps it;—and many a horseman
Longs to possess it;—in vain! for a sov'reign alone can obtain it,
Grace to his steed to impart, and worship to win for the rider:
So, Menelaüs! thy fair white skin with blood was impurpled,
Streaming adown thy well-formed thighs, thy legs and thy ankles.
Shuddering horror seized on the king of men, Agamemnon,
When from the wound forth-streaming he saw the blood *of his brother.*
Shudd'ring at first Menelaüs himself *recoiled for a moment,* (150)
Ta'en unaware: but his spirit was roused, and he gathered assurance,
When he perceived outstanding the barbs and thong of the arrow.

Heaving an anguished sigh meanwhile Agamemnon addressed him,
Grasping his hand, amid groans *of terror and rage* from his comrades:
"Oh! my brother, now have I wrought thy death by our treaty,
Placing thee singly there as a mark for the host of the Trojans.
Lo! they have slain thee; trampling in dust the faith of their treaty.
Yet let them fear! Not vain are their oaths and the blood of their victims,
And the libations poured, and the clasped right hands that we trusted.
Ev'n should Olympian Zeus for awhile delay to avenge us, (160)
Yet will he bring it to pass; and a dire and fearful destruction
On their devoted heads shall fall; on their wives and their children.
Yes! full surely the day shall arrive, right well I perceive it,
Clearly revealed to my *inmost* soul, when *prostrate in ruin*
Ilion shall perish, and Priam, and all the host of his spearmen.
Zeus himself from his heav'n where he dwells high-thron'd shall his Ægis
Frowningly shake o'er them all, *and whelm them in* darkness and *horror*,
Wroth at a crime so foul. All this shall indeed be accomplished,
Yet no less shall I bitterly mourn thy loss, Menelaüs.
Here should'st thou die, here close thy career of life *and of glory.* (170)
Then will the Greeks bethink them of home, while, *thirsting for vengeance*,
Back to his sun-burnt Argos their king disappointed shall lead them.
So shall we leave to Priam the prize—to the Trojans abandon
Argive Helen. Thy bones, meanwhile, shall moulder in Troia,
There, in that *hated* soil which *beheld* thy work unaccomplished.
Then will some insolent Trojan *exult*, on thy sepulchre leaping;
Spurning *with scornful feet that dust which was once* Menelaüs:
'Such be the fate of *all whose cause* Agamemnon *espouses!*
Such be his victories! such his success!' will he say, 'who the Grecians
Vainly led hither, and *shamefully* fled to the land of his Fathers (180)
Back with his ships:—and HERE he left his superb Menelaüs.'
So will he vaunt. Then *yawn*, wide earth, *and* cover Atreides!"
Cheeringly then responded the fair-haired chief Menelaüs:
"Take thou courage, and spread not alarm in the ranks of the Grecians.
Not to a vital part hath pierced this dart. Interposing,

Deadened its force my broidered belt; and the waistband beneath it
Aided; and (thanks to my armourer's skill) the strength of my breast-plate."
Then making answer replied the wide-ruling king Agamemnon:
"Thus Heav'n grant it may prove, Menelaüs! my friend *and my brother;*
Now let a *skilful* leech thy wound explore, and assuaging
Ointments and herbs apply which may soothe thy pain and restore thee."
Then Talthybius, herald divine, he called and commissioned:
"Speed thee, Talthybius! summon Machaon at once to attend us,
Him, Æsculapius' son, that pure and perfect physician.
Brave Menelaüs requires his aid, the Prince of the Grecians,
Whom some Trojan or Lycian marksman hath pierced with an arrow:
Triumph indeed to him, but to us sad grief and misfortune."
Thus he spake: nor a moment the herald delayed, having heard him.
Forth he sped through the ranks of the bronze-mailed sons of Achaia,
Looking around for the hero Machaon. Soon he perceived him
There *at his post* where he stood; his brave troops mustered around him,
Bucklered men who from Tricia's meads had followed their chieftain.
Closely approaching, he thus delivered the words of *his message:*
"Haste! Æsculapius' son. Agamemnon *sends me to* call thee.
Brave Menelaüs, a Prince of the Greeks, requires thy assistance,
Whom some Trojan or Lycian marksman hath pierced with an arrow:
Triumph indeed to him, but to us sad grief and misfortune."
Great was the grief and alarm these words in Machaon excited;
Soon through the host they passed, and the broad array of the Grecians.
When they were now arrived at the spot where stood Menelaüs
Wounded and bleeding—(around him had gathered the bravest Achaians,
Forming a ring; himself, that godlike man, in the centre)—
From the embroidered belt he forthwith wrenched out the arrow,
Tugging amain, and the pointed barbs bent back with the effort.
Next he *unbuckled and* loosed that gorgeous belt, and beneath it
Stripped off the waistband broad, and the corslet's elaborate fabric.
Then, when the wound he saw where the bitter shaft had alighted,

Sucking the blood, he applied that soothing balm which his father
Knew to compound, by Chiron taught, his friend and preceptor.
Thus while the *anxious* chiefs were gathered around Menelaüs, (220)
On came rushing the Trojan host, *with spear and* with buckler,
All having donned their arms, and eagerly roused them to combat.
Then might'st thou not have seen Agamemnon sleeping or idle;
Quailing; with fear unnerved; or shunning the glorious battle:
Welcoming rather the war, and rejoicing to mix in the conflict.
Nor did he use his panting steeds, or his glittering chariot.
These to Eurymedon's care he consigned, his faithful attendant,
Old Ptolemæus' son, himself the son of Piraïs,
Bidding him hold them well in hand till the time he should need them,
Wearied with visiting all, and deliv'ring his orders in person. (230)
Then, proceeding on foot, he traversed the ranks of the heroes.
Such as he found alert, and urging their steeds to the combat,
These with encouraging words he cheered: and thus he addressed them:
"Argives! *be true to your fame, and* remit no spark of your ardour!
Father Zeus will ne'er stand forth an abettor of falsehood.
Those who have trampled on oaths and set the example of treach'ry,
Vultures, *be sure*, shall feast on their dainty flesh, and *in triumph*
Home shall we bear their dear-loved wives and innocent children,
Loading our ships *with spoil*, when their city shall smoke in its ruins."
Those whom ling'ring he found, and shunning the dangers of battle, (240)
Such he reproved with taunting words and angry reproaches:
"Argives, *forsooth! no better than* bowmen! shame on ye, recreants!
Why do ye stand, like hunted fawns, all *scared and* astounded,
When with fatigue *and terror* exhausted *they huddle together*
Gazing around, while strength there is none, nor courage within them?
Thus do ye stand amazed, and thus ye shrink from the battle.
What! will ye wait till the Trojans advancing *seize on* your vessels
There, where their prows stand ranged on the surf-beat shore of the ocean,
Trusting that Zeus will then stretch forth his hand for your rescue?"
Thus, with words of praise and of blame, through the ranks of the heroes (250)

Passing, at length to the Cretans he came, where the throng was the densest;
Where, round Idomeneus, armed for fight, his troops were collected:
He in their van conspicuous, in might like the boar of the forest;
While in the rear Meriones urged them on and encouraged.
Pleased was the king of men when he found them ready for action,
And from his lips there fell *such* words *as to heroes are* sweetest:
"Noble Idomeneus! first of the swift-horsed sons of Achaia,
Thee do I honour, alike in battle, in council, and conduct,
And at the festal board when the choice red wine is o'erflowing.
There, while our bravest chiefs by measure drink, *and in order*, (260)
Ever thy cup stands full, like mine own, *unstinted, beside thee,*
Freely to quaff, as thy soul inclines, *or abstain if it list thee.*
Such, among all our crested Greeks, *is the meed of thy valour.*
Now then maintain thy fame. March on! and be first in the combat."
Thus then Idomeneus answered, the *warlike* chief of the Cretans:
"Atreus' son! depend on me for a trusty supporter
Now and henceforth: for such was my promise—such was our compact.
Go now! excite the rest of the crested Greeks in the battle
Bravely to fight; since the truce is void by this act of the Trojans.
Death *to the perjured race! Let the curse that rests on the vanquished* (270)
Cling to the men who have spurned their oaths and trampled on treaties."
Thus he spake: and Atreides rejoicing went on his progress.
Next to th' Aiantes he came; and these, full armed and appointed,
Ready for fight he found, and a cloud of footmen around them.
As when from some commanding cliff, looking forth on the waters
Lowering and borne from afar, some goatherd sees in the distance,
Driv'n by the blast of zephyr, a storm-cloud sweep o'er the ocean;
On it comes, with the blackness of pitch, and the hurtling of whirlwinds:
Shrinking he views its advance, and hides his flock in a cavern,—
Dark'ning thus, and in threat'ning array, with spear and with buckler (280)
Bristling, marched to the fight the banded youth *of the Locrians*

Serried in phalanx; eager for war; at the call of the heroes.
This with delight beheld the wide-ruling Prince Agamemnon,
Nor was his joy concealed, but in swift-wing'd words he addressed them,
"*Glorious* Aiantes! *worthy* to lead our bronze-mailed Achaians!
You it becomes not me to exhort or with words to encourage.
Ready, aye ready, I find you to lead your troops to the battle.
Oh! may our Father Zeus, and Apollo, and Pallas Athené,
Kindle in every Grecian breast such courage and ardour!
Then full soon shall we see the royal city of Priam (290)
Bow to its fall, by our arms subdued, and scattered in ruin."
Thus having said, the Locrians he left, and the Pylian legions
Sought, where Nestor he found, their sage and eloquent leader,
Wisely arraying their ranks, and by words exciting their ardour.
Pelagon, Chronius, Alastor, were nigh, *receiving his orders*,
Hæmon the prince, and Bias, the shepherd and guide of his people.
Foremost the horsemen he placed with their steeds and chariots in order;
All the best of his foot, the strength and support of the battle,
Num'rous and brave, in the rear; while between them the wav'rers were driven,
Leaving them no retreat, no choice, but to fight like their comrades. (300)
First to the charioteers he gave this pressing injunction:
Well to rein in their steeds, nor confound their cars in the tumult.
"Hear me!" he cried, "let none, whate'er his skill or his courage,
Push in advance of the rest and singly charge on the Trojans.
Neither let any one lag; for *to break your line* is destruction.
He who, erect, in his chariot an adverse car shall encounter,
Thrust with his lance where he stands. 'Tis the surer way, by our fathers
Practised:—heroes whom nought could resist, nor city nor fortress.
This was their rule of fight, and from this they never departed."
Thus that ancient chief, from his long experience in battles. (310)
Him Agamemnon rejoicing heard; and, *cordially greeting*,
Warmly his feelings spoke; and thus in words he addressed him:
"Oh! what a fire yet glows in that dear old heart! Would to heaven
Strength to match it were thine, and youthful limbs unexhausted!

Age, however, the lot of man, weighs heavily on thee.
Would that a younger might bear thy load, and could give thee his vigour!"

Nestor then, the Gerenian knight, this answer returned him:
"Would, great Atreus' son! that again I might be *for thy service*
Such as of yore I was, when I slew the brave Ereuthalion.
But the blest Gods all at once their gifts on mortals bestow not. (320)
Then was I young, but now am old; yet still shalt thou find me
Here at my post, with my horsemen brave, commanding and cheering;
Fighting with skill, not weapons; for such is the war of the aged.
Those let the *ardent and* young, who rejoice in the bloom of their vigour
Wield *with effect:* for to such belongs the brunt of the battle." [325]

Thus he spake, while onward passed Agamemnon rejoicing.
Mnestheus, Peteos' son, then he found at the head of his horsemen;
Round him stood the Athenian bands, far famed for their war-cry.
There too Odysseus he saw, that man of many devices,
Must'ring his Cephallenian troops—no nation of cowards (330)
They: but not yet had they heard th' advancing shout of the Trojans
Rushing to fight, nor perceived that the Greeks were preparing for battle.
Therefore inactive they stood, *nor closed their ranks;* as expecting
Others to lead the way and commence the fight with the Trojans. [335]
This when Atreides saw, he was vexed, and in words of reproval,
Uttered *with warmth, and in haste,* the sov'reign of nations addressed them:

"Offspring of Peteos brave, that prince the fav'rite of heaven;
Thou too accomplished in artifice keen, still seeking thy profit!
Why do ye stand thus cow'ring aloof and waiting for others?
You had it better beseemed to have led the way, and have ventured (340)
Foremost; flinging yourselves on the fiery front of the battle.
Is it for deeds like this that first to our feasts ye are bidden
When in our presence the banquet is spread for the chiefs of Achaia?
THERE ye delight to gorge the *savoury* roast, and unstinted [345]
Goblets to drain of the luscious wine, *first choice of the vintage:*

HERE would ye gazing stand, while troop upon troop of the Grecians
Swept to the war in your very sight, and left you behind them."
Sternly regarding him, thus then answered the godlike Odysseus:
"Ha! what a word hath escaped from between thy teeth, O Atreides!
I from the conflict shrink? Let the onset come, and the Grecians (350)
Down on the Trojans pour with the fearful weight of their vengeance:
Then shalt thou see (if thou care in such scenes to mix) *this intriguer*
—*Me*—Telemachus' Father—the first in the deadly encounter.
Pass on thy way! Thy words, like the empty wind, *I regard not.*" [355]
But when he saw that Odysseus was wroth, *and resented his chiding,*
Quickly he made amends, and at once retracting the insult,
Smilingly thus in turn replied the Prince Agamemnon:
"Godlike son of Laertes! most wise and inventive Odysseus!
Think not I mean severely to chide, or censure thy conduct.
Sure I am that the heart in thy inmost bosom admits not (360)
Aught save that which is friendly and right—for our thoughts are in common.
Come! *dismiss we the subject now.* We can quarrel at leisure.
Yet, if aught wrong hath been said, may the great Gods render it harmless."
Thus having spoken, he left them there, and proceeded to others.
Next he encountered Tydeus' son, the proud Diomedes, [365]
Standing among the steeds and the strong-built cars of his horsemen.
Near him Sthenelus stood, great Capaneus' son: whom beholding
Ready indeed for fight, but not yet moving to action,
Sore displeased, in reproachful terms Agamemnon addressed him:
"Why, O Tydeides! son of the fierce subduer of horses, (370)
Why dost thou cower and anxiously scan the lines of our battle?
Tydeus *thy sire* was not thus wont to shrink and to tremble:
Foremost ever he rushed on his foes in advance of his comrades.
Those who have seen him fight thus *wond'ringly* tell of his onset:
Bravest of men! ('tis from fame I speak, for I never beheld him)
Once indeed to Mycenæ he came, with divine Polyneices,
Aid *and alliance* to seek, while preparing for war with the Thebans,
Trusting their sacred city to capture. Much they besought us
Well-tried troops to provide, *and to bear our part in the warfare.*

We on our side were willing, and troops *and arms* had been furnished
Gladly: but Zeus with dire portents forewarned us of evil.
Thus they departed, *their end unaccomplish'd*, journeying homewards
Back to the rush-grown banks and the grassy meads of Asopus.
Thence, as an envoy, sent from th' Achaian states, *unto Thebê*
Tydeüs came, and he found the Cadmeäns in joyous carousal,
Banqueting high in the regal halls of their Prince Eteocles.
He, not a whit dismayed *nor bashful;* alone, and a stranger,
Ent'ring; *a guest unexpected*, among so many Cadmeäns,
Challenged them all to contend in athletic sports—and he conquered
Easily every man. Such aid did Pallas afford him.
They however, rough-riding men, *vowed vengeance, and* choosing
Fifty *adventurous* youths, his path beset as he journeyed
Homeward, his errand performed. Two leaders headed the onset,
Mæon the son of Hæmus, of godlike valour and fierceness,
And Lycophontes, Autophonus' son, unflinching in combat—
All were by Tydeus slain. Foul death upon all he inflicted.
Mæon alone he spared and dismissed *unharmed*, by an omen
Warned: and home he returned *to relate the fate of his comrades.*
Such was Ætolian Tydeus.—Here is his son: as a warrior
Hardly so great as his sire, though much the better declaimer."

Thus he spake. But the brave Diomedes answered him nothing:
Such was the rev'rence he paid to the dread rebuke of his Sov'reign.
Not so Cápaneüs' son, who thus retorted, (*his anger*
Roused by the taunt) "Atreides! thy words are false: and thou know'st it.
Better by far are we, and braver men than our fathers.
Fewer in number than they, that Theban city we captured,
Marched through its sev'n-fold gates, and levelled its haughty defences,
Strong in the might of Zeus, and trusting the signs that he gave us.
They by their own misconduct failed *where their sons have succeeded.*
Say not then that our fathers were better than we, or more glorious."

Then with a frown of stern reproof Diomedes addressed him:
"Silence! my good old friend. Suppress thy wrath and obey me.

How can we blame Agamemnon, the shepherd and guide of his people,
When he excites the Greeks, and stirs them up to the combat?
His will the glory be, and the gain, should the might of Achaia
Conquer our Trojan foes and lay their city in ruins:
His too the grief and shame should we fail, and the Grecians be vanquished.
Come then! think we of nought but of martial deeds and of glory."
Thus having said, on the ground, full armed, he sprang from his chariot.
Dire was the clash of the brazen scales on the breast of the hero (420)
Striding along. Right brave were the heart that unmoved could have heard it.
As on the loud-resounding shore the broad waves of the ocean
Driv'n by the Zephyr's force roll on in unbroken succession,
Far at first in the offing they swell to a crest, and arriving
Burst on the beach with thundering crash: each rock that obstructs them
Curving aloft, they whelm, and spit forth the foam from their eddies:
Thus in succeeding ranks moved on the troops of the Grecians
Ceaseless, line upon line, to the fight: each chieftain among them
Heading his own array. All silent they marched. Had you seen them
Such and so vast a force, in their noiseless order advancing, (430)
Speech you had thought denied them, or lost in awe of their leaders;
While as they moved their various arms glanced bright in the sunbeam.
Thus they advanced. But the Trojan host, as sheep, who by thousands
Ready to milk in the fold of some rich man are collected,
Hearing the cries of their lambs, reply with bleating incessant,
Thus with tumultuous shouts came on. Confused was their war-cry,
Various their language. Nations remote were banded together,
Joining in one wild scream, and rending the sky with their clamour.
These were by Ares inspired, but those by blue-eyed Athené.
TERROR was there, and ROUT, and STRIFE insatiably raging: (440)
STRIFE, dread sister and constant attendant on murderous Ares,

(Small she springs up at birth, but soon *gigantic in stature*
Stalks she abroad, her feet upon earth, her head in the heavens),
Wide through the mingling mass she flung forth *the seeds* of contention,
Fost'ring the fires of hate, and deep'ning the groans of the heroes.
Now when at length the hosts *were* met *and were hurled on* each other,
Clashed together their spears and the tough bull-hides of their bucklers,
Breast against breast and might against might they drove, and the bosses
Round, of their shields, met *rude*, and dire was the crash *of their meeting.*
Then to the sky broke forth loud shouts and groans of the heroes (450)
Slaying and slain. Then streamed with blood the ground *that they trampled.*
As when two torrents, deep in the hollow ravines of a mountain,
Each from a plenteous source, and swollen by the rains of the winter,
Foam where they meet, and boil in the rocky pool that receives them:
Far o'er the echoing hills their roar is heard by the shepherd:
Thus rose the shouts and shrieks from the mingling hosts of the warriors.
First of the Trojans slain was Teleúsiäs' son, Echepólus,
Bravely leading their van. From Antílochus found he his death-wound.
He on his crested helm received the spear; and it entered,
Tearing the cone in its course: then, piercing the bone of the fore-head, (460)
Fixed itself deep in his skull. So darkness gathered around him.
Down he sank, with a crash, like a falling tow'r *in a tempest.*
Him when he fell, Elephenor seized by the feet; Elephenor,
Great Chalcódon's son, brave chief of the fiery Abantes,
Hast'ning to drag him beyond the reach of the darts, and despoil him,
Stripping his arms at once. But brief was the moment allowed him.
Mighty Agenor beheld him dragging the dead, and his jav'lin
Drove (as he stooped, and his side displayed, by his buckler unguarded)
Furious between his ribs. His knees gave way, and his spirit
Fled, *while his life-blood ebbed.* Then arose a fiery conflict (470)
Over the dead, where Trojans and Greeks like wolves were contending,

Closing, man upon man, and dashing themselves on each other.
Then Telamonian Aias, Anthemion's son Simoeiseus
Slew, in the opening bloom *of his bright young days;* whom his mother
Gave to the light on Simoïs' banks, what time with her parents
Down from Ida she came to inspect their flocks. And she called him
Hence Simoeiseus by name. Ah! sad return for her fondness.
Brief, too brief was the span of his life: for *merciless* Aias
Brandished aloft his *mighty* spear, and cut short his existence.
Bravely in youthful pride he came on, but the spear of the warrior (480)
Pierced his right breast in the pap, and forced its way through the shoulder.
Down he dropped, and rolled on the earth in the dust. As a poplar
Grown upon some wide watered mead, *at the meeting of rivers,*
Smooth in stem, and with branching boughs displayed *to the breezes,*
Yields them at length to the keen and ruthless axe of the wainwright;
Destined to form the circling curve for the wheel of a chariot.
Prostrate and with'ring it lies on the banks of the stream *that it shaded.*
Thus sank young Simoeiseus, a prey to conquering Aias,
Spoiled of his beauteous arms. Then Antiphus, offspring of Priam,
Gay in his varied corselet, his sharp spear hurled at the victor: (490)
Aias it missed; but Leucus, Odysseus' friend and companion,
Struck in the groin while dragging aside the corpse, and upon it
Down he sank, relaxing his grasp, *and darkness involved him.*
Dire was Odysseus' rage when he saw the fall of his comrade:
Forward he rushed, resplendent in arms, to the front of the battle,
Close to the Trojans he came, and warily looking around him,
Hurled in their midst his lance. They shrank from the blow and retreated,
Dreading his aim. Yet not in vain was the weapon delivered.
Hapless Demòcöon, Priam's son, was destined to feel it,
Who from Abydos came, where the steeds of Priam were nurtured. (500)
Him through the temples pierced that deadly spear, by Odysseus
Forcefully hurled, in vengeance dire for the death of his comrade.
Down he sank on the earth, and darkness gathered around him,
While in his fall, with a pond'rous clash, loud rattled his armour.
Then gave back ev'n Hector himself, and the line of the Trojans:

Shouted triumphant the Greeks, as they dragged forth the dead *to despoil them*,
Then rushed forward amain *for a fresh assault.* But Apollo,
Wrathful, from Ilion saw them, and, shouting, encouraged the Trojans:
"Rouse ye! Horsemen of Troy. Stand firm, nor yield to the Grecians.
Nor are their bodies rocks, nor of steel their flesh, that your lances
Back should recoil when ye strike them home. Remember! Achilles,
He that chief whom ye dread, the *unconquered* offspring of Thetis,
Fights no more. In his ships withdrawn he broods o'er his anger."
Thus spake the dreadful God from Pergamus' height. But Athené
Jove's Tritonian daughter, resplendent in glory, the Grecians
Urged and inspired, pervading their ranks and exalting their ardour;
Quick'ning the loitering foot, *and nerving the arm of the valiant.*
Then fell Diores brave, Amarynchus' son, whom the Thracian
Peiröus, Imbrasus' son, who the warriors of Enos commanded,
Struck with a jagged stone. On his dexter ankle it lighted,
Crushing the bone, and relentless tearing the sinews asunder:
Such was its headlong force. Supine he fell, and expiring
Stretched forth both his hands to his comrades dear. But the victor
Following up the blow, with his spear rushed forward and plunged it,
There in the dust as he lay, in his navel, deep, and his entrails
Gushed forth at once *from the wound*, and darkness closed o'er his eyelids.
Him *in his turn* Ætolian Thoas pierced with his jav'lin
Straight through the chest—and deep in his lungs the weapon was buried.
Close approaching, he then tore forth the spear from his bosom,
Tugging amain; and, unsheathing his sharp *and glittering* falchion,
Dealt him, athwart, a deadly gash, and his spirit forsook him.
Yet became not his arms the victor's spoil: for his comrades,
Tufted Thracians, with spears advanced, surrounded the body,
Forcing him, great as he was and renowned for his strength and his valour,
Back from his prey *reluctant*, and step by step he retreated.
There in the dust now lay those *rival* heroes extended,
Leaders both; of the Thracian host and the bronze-mailed Epeans,
Side by side; and with many a warrior slaughtered around them.

None who had looked on that day's work, had he passed through the combat
Safe and unharmed by sword or lance, by Pallas Athené
Led by the hand secure, *and impartially scanning its conduct*,
Aught had beheld to reprove, *or deed unworthy of heroes.*
Trojans and Greeks alike had he seen struck down and expiring,
Prone in the dust,—their wounds in front; partakers in glory.

THE ILIAD.

BOOK V.

BOOK THE FIFTH.

ARGUMENT.

THE battle continues. Diomede and his exploits. Though wounded by Pandarus, he is sustained and invigorated by Pallas, and fights more fiercely than before. Æneas and Pandarus join to attack him. He slays Pandarus, and wounds and would have slain Æneas also but for the intervention of Aphroditê, who carries him off. At the instigation of Pallas he pursues and wounds her. She drops Æneas, and retreats to Olympus. Apollo saves him from Diomede's renewed attack, heals his wound, and restores him to the fight. The Trojans under Hector, Sarpedon and Æneas advance anew to the combat, led on by Ares. Their exploits. Diomede and the Greeks are checked. Hera and Pallas descend and encourage the Greeks. Pallas supports Diomede, who meets and wounds Ares, who retreats to Olympus. The two Goddesses then quit the field.

ILIAD. BOOK V.

NOW upon Tydeus' son Diomedes, Pallas Athené
Valour and might bestowed; that the foremost man of the Argives
Proud he should stand distinguished, and glory and fame be his portion.
Flashing afar, with restless gleam, from his shield and his helmet
Streamed forth a fire, like that which the bright star flings in the autumn,
Fresh from its ocean bath when *renewed* in splendour it rises.
Such was the dazzling light that played round his head and his shoulders,
While, by the Goddess impelled, he plunged through the thick of the combat.
One of the Trojans, a wealthy and blameless priest of Hephæstus,
Dares by name (so it chanced), two sons had sent to the army,
Phegeûs, Idæus, both to all kinds of fighting accustomed.
These in advance of the line in their car came rushing upon him,
Drawn by two fiery steeds, while Tydeides on foot was advancing.
Nearing each other thus, when now small space was between them,
Phegeûs first dismissed his long-forth-shadowing jav'lin.
False to his aim, his mark he missed; and the glittering weapon
Over the chief's left shoulder passed. In turn, Diomedes
Darted his spear. This flew not in vain from the hand of the hero.
Full in his chest it struck, and hurled him prone from his chariot.
Down from the beauteous car Idæus sprang; nor adventured,

E'en for a moment, to stay and protect the corse of his brother.
Yet not thus, not thus had he shunned black death *and its horrors*,
Had not Hephæstus been nigh, and snatched him, in mist, from destruction,
Saving from utter bereavement his old *and desolate* parent.
Seizing the steeds and the car, the son of magnanimous Tydeus
Gave them in charge to his faithful friends, to the ships to conduct them.
But when the Trojans beheld those two *brave* children of Dares,
One betaken to flight, and one lying dead by his chariot,
All their hearts with alarm were filled. Then blue-eyed Athené,
Grasping his hand, these words addressed to the ruler of battles: (30)
"Ares! Ares blood-stain'd! destroyer! subverter of ramparts!
Shall we not leave these Trojans and Greeks to contend for the mast'ry?
Leave to our Father Zeus to decide on the issues of battle,
We on our part retiring obedient, shunning his anger?"
Thus she spake, and led fierce Ares forth from the combat,
Seating him quietly down on the grass-grown bank of Scamander.
Then did the Greeks prevail, and the Trojans fled. From among them
Each of the Argive chiefs chose forth his man. Agamemnon
Hodius, the Halizonian prince, first hurled from his chariot.
Ev'n as he turned him to flight, the spear through his back found a passage, (40)
Ent'ring between his shoulders and issuing forth through his bosom:
Down he fell with a crash, and his arms loud rattled around him.
Slain by Idomeneus' hand was the son of Mæonian Borus,
Phæstus, who came to the war from the fertile *region of* Tarné;
Him, with his long protended spear, the prince of the Cretans [45]
Through the right shoulder pierced, in the act of mounting his chariot:
Down he fell from the car, while darkness gathered around him.
On went the prince, and his followers spoiled the corse of its armour.
Next, Scamandrius, Strophius' son, delighting in wood-craft,
Fell to the tough ash spear of Atreus' son, Menelaüs. (50)
Artemis self had taught him *the craft and lore of the hunter:*

How to transfix, *or ensnare* each beast that roams in the forest.
This time Artemis aided him not—nor aught might avail him
Shafts and bow, or the skill which the huntress Queen had imparted;
For, as he fled, Menelaüs' spear through his back found a passage,
Ent'ring between his shoulders, and issuing forth through his bosom,
Prone on his face he fell, and his armour rattled around him.
Slain by Meriones' hand was Pherécles, son of the artist
Harmonides, much favoured and loved by Pallas Athené; [60]
Famed, *like his sire*, for dext'rous skill and the lore of the craftsman.
Built by him were the ships which bore Alexander to Argos; (61)
Ill-fated ships! Dire source of mischief and woe to the Trojans,
And to himself:—for he knew not the fates, *or their warning neglected.*
Him, as he fled, Meriones reached with his lance, and he struck him
Through the right hip from behind. The point passed straight through the bladder,
Grazing the bone: on his knees he dropped, all piteously shrieking.
Death with its mantling pall enwrapped at length, and released him.
Then fell Pedæus, the great Antenor's son, whom a stranger
Gave to his love; and the *gen'rous* care of the noble Theano [70]
Like her own children nursed, through fond regard for her husband.
Meges, Phyleus' son, o'ertook him *in flight;* and he smote him (71)
Right through the nape of his neck at the back of his head; and the weapon
Cut through his tongue, and between his teeth *stood forth:* and, expiring,
Down he sank in the dust, the cold steel in his agony biting.
Slain by Eurypylus next was Hypsenor, son of Dolopíon,
Godlike son of a haughty sire, a priest of Scamander;
Ev'n as the God *he served almost* by the people regarded.
For as he ran *with the rest*, the valiant son of Evæmon, [79]
Foll'wing him up in his headlong flight, with his sword on the shoulder
Dealt him a sweeping blow, and his arm cut sheer from his body. (80)
Down fell the bleeding limb on the plain; while sinking in darkness
Death and resistless fate in their purple shadow involved him.
Thus while the chiefs toiled on through the roar and rage of the battle,

Hard 'twere to say to which of the hosts belonged Diomedes;
Now in the Trojan rout involved, now mixed with the Grecians.
Wide o'er the field he rushed, *with the headlong force of* a torrent
Swoln by the wint'ry rain, when *it bursts its banks, and* in ruin
Bridges uptorn are hurried away; and the dykes that confined it
Swept from the shores and engulphed in swift and sudden destruction.
All the wealth of the smiling fields disappears in a moment: (90)
Vanish the works of man, and the husbandman's hopes are extinguished.
Thus did Tydeides sweep *from the field* the hosts of the Trojans,
Scatt'ring in flight. Not one among all their numbers would face him.
Pandarus, brave Lycaon's son, *indignant* beheld him
Driving before him the Trojan ranks, in rout and disorder.
Straightway his bow he drew, as the chief rushed on, and the arrow
Sped to its mark direct, and the brazen plate of the corslet
On his right shoulder struck. Through the plate it went, and beneath it
Pierced *to the bone;* and the blood gushed forth and streamed o'er the corslet. [100]
Pandarus shouted aloud, and *exulting* called to the Trojans: (100)
"Forward! Heroes of Troy. Goad on your steeds to the combat,
Slain is the bravest Greek: for that stout shaft which I sent him
Surely he cannot survive; or in vain from my Lycian city
Phœbus, the son of Zeus, will have sent me hither to aid you."
Vauntingly thus he spake. But the shaft had failed of its purpose.
Back for a space the chief withdrew, and in front of the horses
Standing, Sthenelus thus, *great* Capaneus' son, he accosted:
"Sthenelus! give me thine aid, my friend. Dismount from the chariot;
Lend thine hand, and extract this bitter dart from my shoulder."
Thus he spake. Then Sthenelus sprang from the car; and, alighted, (110) = [111]
Stood by his chief, and the deep-fixed shaft plucked forth from his shoulder.
Straightway the blood gushed forth in a stream through the mail of the corslet.

While the brave hero prayed aloud to Pallas Athené:
"Daughter of Ægis-bearing Zeus, invincible! hear me. [115]
If to my father e'er thou hast giv'n thine aid and protection
In the dire straits of war: to his son, great Goddess! extend them,
Now *in his utmost need.* Oh! bring within range of my jav'lin—
Grant me to slay—this *cowardly* vaunter, who from a distance
Out of my reach, unawares, at my life hath aimed, and who boasts him,
Fool that he is, that the sun shall rise no more on Tydeides." (120)
Earnestly thus he prayed—and his prayer reached Pallas Athené;
All his strength she renewed, and lightened each limb *for the combat;*
Standing beside him then with inspiring words she addressed him:
"Now, Diomedes be bold! Renew thy assault on the Trojans.
All thy intrepid father's fire have I kindled within thee, (125)
Such, as *when* shaking his *blazing* shield, *he mounted his chariot.*
Purged henceforth be the sight of thine eyes from the mist that obscured it:
Gods shalt thou now discern from men, when perchance thou shalt meet them
Mingled with either host, and lending their aid to the warriors.
These when thou see'st, thy rage control, and forbear to assail them. (130)
Strike at all else. But should fair Aphrodité mix in the struggle,
Daughter of Zeus though she be, let her feel the point of thy weapon."
Soon as these words were said, from his side Athena departed;
While once more to the front of the battle flew Diomedes.
Keen if before he had been, and eager to fight with the Trojans,
Now with a threefold force did his ardour burn. As a lion
Whom, o'erleaping the fold, some shepherd hath grazed with an arrow,
Grazed, but not hurt, when his fleecy charge he pens in the pasture.
This but the more inflames his rage. Then flies their protector,
Hiding himself in the stalls, while in terror they huddle together, (140)
Heaps upon heaps, and bleeding sink, while he revels in carnage.
Sated at length and exulting, he bounds o'er the fence to his forest.
Thus Diomedes mixed with the Trojan host, and consumed them.
Then were Astynoüs slain, and Hypeiron, a prince of the people,
One through the breast he pierced, above the pap, with his jav'lin;
Next with his mighty sword the shoulder and arm of the other,

Just where the bones unite, from the neck and back he divided.
Leaving them dead, on Abas he rushed and brave Polyeides,
Sons of Eurydamas old, that sage expounder of visions.
Vision was none vouchsafed him to tell their fate: by Tydeides
Destined together to fall, and resign their spoils to the victor.
Xanthus and Thoon, Phœnops' sons, were the next he encountered,
Dearly belov'd, and *the only joy of* their age-stricken parent.
Hope had he none of other sons his wealth to inherit—
Both by Tydeides' arm were of life bereft; and their father
Left in his grief and despair *to mourn o'er the loss of his children.*
Ne'er shall he more receive them *with glory* returning from battle!
Nought remains but to die, and to leave his possessions to strangers.
Chromios then and Echæmon, sons of Dardanian Priam,
Both in one chariot borne he *grappling* seized—as a lion
Bounding forth from his forest lair on some pasturing heifer
Breaks its strong neck *and crushes it down.* Thus vainly resisting,
Struggling with impotent force, he tore them both from their chariot,
Hurling them prone to the earth; and stript their arms; while their horses,
Duly consigned to his comrades' care, he despatched to the vessels.
Him when Æneas beheld thus wasting the ranks of the Trojans,
Swift through their host he sped, through the clash of spears and the battle,
Pandarus seeking, Lycaon's son, if perchance he might find him.
Soon he perceived where stood that brave and godlike commander,
Whom, in his presence arrived, with words like these he exhorted:
"Pandarus! where is thy bow? Where now thy death-winged arrows?
Where thy unrivalled skill? Is there here one man of the Trojans,
Aye, or in Lycia's realm can one be found, to surpass thee?
Come now! send him a shaft! this man who lords it among us
Working us all this ruin, and heaping the ground with our heroes
Many and brave. But first unto Zeus prefer thy petition,
Lest that perchance some God this be with the Trojans offended
For some neglected rite, who wreaks such vengeance upon us."
Then in his turn replied the valiant son of Lycaon:
"Noble Æneas, distinguished alike in fight and in council!

This, if each mark deceive me not, is the brave Diomedes.
Well do I know the blaze of his shield and his towering helmet;
Those are his steeds. Yet a God it indeed MAY be in his likeness.
But if a man, and the man I name, Diomedes *in person*,
Then be thou sure some God stands nigh, cloud-veiled, to inspire him,
Urging him on to deeds of frantic *and desperate* daring;
Blunting, or turning aside the shaft full aimed at his bosom.
'Twas but this moment a dart I sped, which full on his shoulder
Lighted, forcing its way through *the stiff-wrought plate of* his corslet.
Surely I then would have sworn that to Hell's deep shades I had sent him.
There, however, unharmed he stands. Some God must be angry!
Horses here have I none, nor chariot to bear me to combat.
Chariots eleven stand in the halls of my father Lycaon,
Handsome and new, fresh plated and wrought, and each with its mantle
Shrouded around; and beside them, in pairs, stand ready for harness
Idle steeds, who consume white spelt, and *fatten on* barley.
Much did my sire exhort me, that aged warrior Lycaon,
Ere I to war set forth,—in the regal halls of his palace,—
Forth with chariot and horses to *fare, and* lead on the Trojans
Mounted, and borne on high in my car through the rage of the combat.
Would I had ta'en his advice—for that *I perceive* had been wiser.
There however I left them, and marched with the footmen to Ilion.
Thinking to spare my coursers, and dreading the cost of their forage
Likely to fail in a city so thronged:—(they, accustomed to plenty).
So to my bow I trusted, and feebly indeed has it served me.
Two, their bravest and best, have felt my shafts. Menelaüs
First I struck—*then* Tydeus' son; and blood undissembled
Streamed from them both. *In vain!* for their wounds but served to enrage them.
Luckless indeed was the day when I took my bow *and my quiver*
Down from the peg *where they idly hung* and to Ilion bore them,
Leading the troops of Troy, in the cause of glorious Hector.
Sure as I ever again set eyes on my wife and my country,
Sure as once more I behold that grand *old* house *of my fathers*,

So may some stranger's hand strike off this head from my shoulders,
Break I not up *this worthless toy*, this bow, *and these arrows,*
Fit for nought else but to feed the flames; where then I shall cast them.

Thus then Æneas replied, the warlike chief of the Trojans:
"Cease this *needless* harangue! Let us both unite to attack him.
This is our only course. Nought else will avail. In the chariot
Shield against shield, and lance against lance, let us meet him in combat:
Mount then at once, and mark how bravely my coursers will bear us,
Sweeping across the plain, now here, now there, now advancing,
Fierce to the charge—now swift in pursuit—now haply retreating.
Should the decrees of Zeus give conquest and fame to Tydeides,
These, *in the worst event*, will secure our return to the city.
Take thou the whip and the varnished reins. Myself o'er the horses,
Planted in front, will receive his assault: or do thou, if it please thee,
Face him *with spear and shield*, and mine be the care of the chariot."

Thus then in turn replied the valiant son of Lycaon:
"Take thou the reins, Æneas, and guide thy steeds. They will bear us
Better, beneath a hand they know, in thy car, to the combat:
Or, should the foe prevail, retreat more safely and swiftly.
Missing thy well known voice and thy touch, *in some perilous moment*
Restive, they might refuse the rein, *and entangle the chariot:*
So should we fall a prey to Tydeides' lance, and the victor
(One and the other being slain) drive off thy coursers in triumph.
Look thou then to the steeds and the car, while I with my jav'lin
Pointed and keen, advanced, confront this *scourge of our armies.*"

Thus resolved, they desisted from words, and, mounting the chariot,
Down on Tydeides bore at the utmost speed of their horses.
Sthenelus then, brave Cápaneus' son, who beheld them advancing,
Promptly these warning words addressed to his chief Diomedes:
"Friend of my heart, belov'd and revered, great Tydeus' offspring!
Lo! where two mighty chiefs approach, both eager to slay thee,
Both of transcendent force. The first I know for the archer
Pandarus, proud of his birth as heir of royal Lycaon:

With him Æneas comes, brave son of the pious Anchises,
Claiming a loftier descent as the child of bright Aphrodité.
Therefore *in time* retire. Come! mount thy car, and no longer
Headlong rush through the fight, where death and destruction await
thee."

Bending upon him a scornful frown, thus spake Diomedes:
"Talk not of fear or flight to me: such counsel is wasted.
'Tis not for hearts like mine to skulk or shudder at danger,
Nor is my strength subdued, or nerves unstrung *for the combat.*
Shameful I hold it to mount yon car. On foot will I meet them,
Here as I stand: for Pallas Athena forbids me to tremble.
Both these warriors 'scape not hence by the speed of their horses.
One by this hand shall fall, though the other to flight may betake him.
But should the wise decrees *and the pow'rful aid* of Athené
Give me the glory to slay them both, then, list what I tell thee:
Bear it in mind. Detain these steeds which hither have borne thee,
Fast'ning the reins to the rim of the car. Then *lose not a moment,*
Spring to Æneas' place, and, seizing the reins of his horses,
Drive them at once from the Trojan host to the camp of the Grecians.
They from *celestial* sires their race derive, which the Thund'rer
Gave as a prize to Tros for the loss of his son Ganymedes.
None that the circling sun beholds can match them in fleetness.
Stol'n was the breed through *earthly* mares, by royal Anchises
Furtively brought to Laomedon's stalls. Six colts were the produce,
Foaled in Anchises' palace, and nursed with care: who, retaining
Four for himself, this matchless pair bestowed on Æneas;
Trained from their birth to war, and inured to the terrors of battle.
These could we capture, rich were the *spoil, far richer the* glory."

Thus while the two communed, *and the Prince stood ready for action,*
On came *rattling* in full career the car of his foemen.
Nearing him, thus then spake the redoubted son of Lycaon:

"Brave as thou art, great Tydeus' son, *prepare to defend thee!*
What though my keen and biting shaft once failed of its purpose,
Sharper and surer now shalt thou find the point of my jav'lin."

Ceasing, his long-forth-shadowing spear he hurled: and the weapon
Full on Tydeides' shield struck *sharp,* and straight through the buckler

Forc'd its impetuous way, till its point just short of the corslet
Reached; and exulting shouted aloud the son of Lycaon:
"Now thou art slain outright! Thy flank is pierced, and the moments
Numbered thou hast to live! And mine is the triumph and glory."
Undismayed, Diomedes then this answer returned him:
"*This time too* thou hast failed. Unhurt I stand. But expect not,
Living, ye both shall quit this field. Hurled down from your chariot,
One or the other shall glut with his blood insatiate Ares."
Ending, he darted aloft his spear, which Athena directed (290)
Full upon Pandarus' face, 'twixt the nose and eye: and the weapon
Crashed through his ivory teeth and clave his tongue, and descending
Stood forth, *gleaming and bright*, from beneath his chin. And he tumbled
Headlong down from the car, and his bright arms rattled around him.
Started aside with *unwonted* fear those swift-footed coursers;
While, as he lay, his strength ebbed forth and his spirit forsook him.
Swift from the car Æneas sprang, with spear and with buckler,
Eager to guard the dead, lest the Greeks should seize *and despoil* him.
Round him he stalked in his might, like a lion defending his quarry;
O'er him his dreadful spear and his shield's vast shadow extending (300)
Ready to slay whoe'er might advance; right fearfully shouting.
Then Diomedes a huge rough stone upheaved. But to raise it
Two strong men, such as men now are, would be tasked. Yet he swung it
Easily round, the enormous mass! Then full at Æneas
Hurled it amain. On his hip it fell; just there where the thigh-bone
Plays, at the hip, in its socket-joint (so called): and it lighted,
Crushing the joint, and rending the strong-knit sinews asunder,
Stripping the skin with its rugged points. Down sinking *in anguish*
Knelt he; his hand on the ground sustained: and the flittings of darkness
Gathered before his *reeling* sight, *as his senses forsook him.* (310)
Then for ever had closed the gates of death on Æneas,
Had not bright Aphrodité, with watchful care for the offspring
Whom to Anchises she bore, when his herds were ranging on Ida,
Seen his distress. Her belov'd in her snow-white arms she enfolded,

Wrapping around him her shining veil to *conceal and* protect him,
Lest in the *rush of* the Danaän horse and *storm of* the jav'lins
Some stray weapon his heart should pierce, and cut short his existence.
Stealthily thus Aphroditè conveyed her son from the battle.
Capaneus' son meanwhile, his lord's injunction rememb'ring—
That strict charge *so lately* received from brave Diomedes— (320)
First, aside from the tumult his own good steeds and his chariot
Drew, and the reins made fast to the rim: then, quickly returning,
Seized and guided the long-maned steeds *and the car* of Æneas
Forth from the Trojan host to the bright array of the Grecians:
These to Deipylus gave, his own true friend and companion,
One like himself in heart, whom most he trusted and honoured,
Bidding him drive them away to the ships. And now to his chariot
Springing, the *whip and the* varnished reins he seized, and the horses
Swift o'er the plain with thund'ring hoofs sought out Diomedes.
He meanwhile with relentless spear pursued Aphroditè; (330)
Well did he know how weak her force in the combats of heroes,
Unlike those dread Pow'rs who sway the *wild tempest of* battle,
Pallas *with Ægis and spear*, or the dire, wide-wasting Enyo.
Her through crowded ranks, *through the clash of arms and the tumult*,
Tydeus' son pursued, and with lance outstretched overtook her,
Then with a bound rushed on, and her *soft* hand pierced with his weapon.
Through the ambrosial veil it passed, which the Graces had woven,
Razing her snow-white skin where the palm to the wrist is united.
Streamed forth at once from the wound the pure rich blood of the goddess,
Ichor, such as celestial veins may pour. For th' immortals (340)
Bread neither eat, nor drink they the dark red wine. And we deem them
Bloodless, therefore, undying, *and freed from decay or corruption.*
Wounded, however, a piercing shriek sent forth Aphroditè,
Casting her son from her arms. Him rescued Phœbus Apollo,
Safe in a cloud involved, and bore, unseen by the Grecians,
So that no weapon his breast might pierce and cut short his existence,
While in a thundering voice thus spake incensed Diomedes:

"Daughter of Zeus! retire from scenes of blood and contention,
Go! and beguile weak women—a part which better befits thee.
Well do I deem, if in battles thou mix, fresh terrors await thee
Such as henceforth at the name of war shall teach thee to shudder."
Ended the chief. Confused and o'erwhelmed the goddess departed,
Iris the swift sustaining and leading her forth from the tumult,
Fainting with pain: her lovely cheek all livid with terror.
Ares she found, on the left of the field, withdrawn from the battle,
Seated: his horses and arms in mist involved and in darkness.
Low at his knee to her brother she bent, and besought that his chariot
Bright, and his gold-reined steeds he would lend, to Olympus to bear her:
"Dearest brother! Grant me a kindness. Lend me thy horses
Back to Olympus to bear me, the home of the blessèd Immortals,
See! what a wound I bear, by the hand of a mortal inflicted,
Tydeus' son, who would strike out at Father Zeus *in his madness.*"
Thus she spake. And Ares the gold-bitted horses accorded,
Sad was her heart *and faint her step* as she mounted the chariot:
Iris beside her grasped the reins, *and guided the horses,*
Lashing them on, and they flew with right good will on their journey.
Soon to Olympus they came, high home of the blessèd immortals.
There *they alighted, and* Iris the swift, unyoking the coursers,
Led them away to their stalls, and fed with ambrosial fodder.
Then on her mother Dione's knees divine Aphrodité
Flung herself, *drowned in tears.* She fondly embracing her daughter,
Soothed with *caressing* hand, and endearingly naming, bespoke her:
"Which of the Pow'rs, my child, so foul an outrage hath wrought thee,
Ruthless, as if in revenge for some wrong openly done him?"
Then *complainingly* answered the goddess of smiles, Aphrodité:
"Wounded *thou see'st me* by Tydeus' insolent son Diomedes,
As from the flight I bore my darling son, my Æneas,
Grievously hurt: for dearly beyond all others I love him.
This is no war of Greek against Trojan. *Daring and impious,*
Lo! they assail th' immortal Gods, *and contend with Olympus.*"
Calm and serene, *to her daughter's plaint* Dione responded:

"Patience, my child! whate'er thy griefs. *Complaining is useless.*
Woes and affronts from the sons of men too oft have we suffered,
Dwellers albeit on high. They, in turn, by the gods are afflicted.
Ares himself, held bound by Otus and stern Ephialtes,
Strong Aloæus' sons, lay groaning in fetters *and darkness.*
Thirteen moons, immured in a brass-barred dungeon they held him.
There well-nigh had he groaned forth his soul; but fair Eriboea,
Consort of Zeus, his woes beheld, *and came to his rescue.*
Hermes she sent, who with dext'rous craft deceiving his gaolers (390)
Carried him off, more dead than alive: for the chain had subdued him.
Deep was the wound and fierce the pangs which imperial Hera
Felt, from a shaft thrice barbed, *and drenched with the venom of Lerna,*
In her right breast infixed by the hand of the son of Amphitryon.
Wing'd by the selfsame hand, such a shaft the rude bosom of Hades
Pierced, in his own dark halls of the dead, in the gate of his palace,
High on his throne where he sat supreme, and plunged him in torments.
Up to the light at once, to the dwellings of Zeus in Olympus,
Groaning with anguish he came (the shaft still rankling and rooted
Deep in his *iron* shoulder), *beseeching Apollo to aid him.* (400)
Pæon with healing balms his pains assuaged, and restored him
Whole as before: for nought that could die pertained to his nature.
"Rude and presumptuous man! could nought restrain thee from outrage,
Nought withhold thy arms from assailing the pow'rs of Olympus?
(Pallas alone, my child, could have urged him thus to assault thee.)
Knows he not, blind as he is, that whoe'er with the blessed immortals
Measures his feeble strength, his date of existence is shortened?
Him no lisping welcome awaits, returning from warfare;
Climbing a father's knees, no fond group gathers around him.
Let him beware, this Tydeus' son, lest a mightier than thou art, (410)
Brave though he be, cut short his career, *and confound his presumption.*
Now, even now, methinks I hear the shrieks of his consort
Starting from broken slumbers, and rousing her faithful attendants,
Wild with despair and grief, and filling her palace with outcries,
Calling on him she shall see no more, her lost Diomedes."

Thus she spake, and wiped the blood from the hand of her daughter.
Healed was the wound, and assuaged the pain. But Athena and Heré,
Standing together apart, looked on *disdainfully smiling*,
Angering Zeus with their *whispered* taunts and sarcastic reflections.
Pallas at length outspake, and in words like these she addressed him:
"Father supreme! may I speak, nor dread by my words to offend thee?
Cypris, methinks, has been tempting some Grecian dame, and beguiled her
One of her Trojan fav'rites to follow: (so dearly she loves them!)
Doubtless she then, while smoothing her robes and sweetly caressing,
Wounded that delicate hand with the golden clasp of her girdle."
Thus as she spake, with a smile the Father of Gods and of mortals,
Bright Aphrodité called to his side, and thus he addressed her:
"Thee it befits not, my child, to mix in the horrors of battle,
Rather be thine the care to unite fond lovers in marriage;
Leaving the ruder tasks of war to Athena and Ares."
Such were the scenes that passed, and such the discourse *in Olympus*.
While Diomedes rushed with resounding shouts on Æneas.
Nought recked he (though he knew full well that Phœbus Apollo
O'er him his mighty arm stretched forth to protect), in his fury
Panting for slaughter, and longing to strip the spoils of his foeman,
Forward thrice did he rush, in headlong charge, on Æneas;
Thrice dashed back was his blazing shield by the hand of Apollo.
But when his wond'rous strength for a fourth assault he collected,
Dread was the menace, stern the rebuke which broke from the Godhead!
"Tydeus' son, be wise! Retire! nor dream with immortals
Earth-born force to compare. Too wide is the space that divides thee,
Creature of dust! from the deathless race *that rules in Olympus*."
Thus he spake. And Tydeides a few short paces receded,
Dreading to meet the wrath of the bright far-darting Apollo:
Phœbus, the while, the fainting chief from the crowd and the conflict
Bore to his own high fane in the sacred city of Priam.
There in that mighty shrine, by Leto and Artemis tended,

Healed were his wounds, and he stood restored *in strength, and* in glory.
Then by the God of the silver bow was a phantom created,
Like to Æneas in *size, in form, in feature, and* armour.
Over the shadowy form *and* around *it* the Greeks and the Trojans,
Bosom to bosom, *and foot to foot*, confronted and struggling,
Clashed the broad orbs of their shields, and the light defence of their targets.
Phœbus, the furious god of war then sought, and addressed him:
"Ares! Ares, bloodstained! destroyer! o'erturner of ramparts!
Wilt thou not meet this *insolent* man and away from the battle
Tear him by force? who would fight with our Father Zeus *in his madness.*
Cypris he first assailed, and pierced her hand *with his jav'lin*,
Then on myself he rushed, with might scarce less than immortal."
Thus having said, for Pergamus' lofty seats he departed.
Ares fierce, meanwhile went rousing the host of the Trojans
All through their ranks, like Acamas swift, the chief of the Thracians,
Thus bespeaking the sons of Priam, the favour'd of heaven:
"Son of the glorious Priam—that prince the favour'd of heaven,
Say! How long will ye suffer the Greeks to slaughter your armies?
Up to your very gates shall the carnage spread? And *Æneas*,
Mighty Anchises' son, great Hector's equal in glory,
Here will ye leave, struck down *and trampled, a prey to the spoiler?*
Forward! Bear we his honoured remains away from the tumult."
Then with a martial zeal was each Troian bosom dilated.
Then by Sarpedon words of reproof unto Hector were spoken:
"Hector: where is thy valour, thy wonted prowess in battle?
Didst thou not boast that, alone and unaided, thou and thy brethren,
Kithe and kin, would the city defend, nor need our assistance?
Now not a man can mine eyes discern of your vaunted relations.
Crouching afar, like dogs they cow'r when the lion is rampant.
While, when it comes to fighting, 'tis we, your allies, who must combat.
Hither, in aid of your cause, have I brought my Lycian squadrons,
Summoned from realms remote, from the banks of eddying Xanthus,
Leaving behind my dear-loved wife with her babe at her bosom.
Leaving my rich possessions, the envy of all *who behold them.*
Here, however, thou see'st me, my Lycians heading and ready

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E'en with that man to fight, though my stake is nought *in your quarrel:*
Nought have I here, to swell the spoils of the *conquering* Grecians.
And canst thou here inactive stand, nor exhort thy companions
Bravely to hold their ground, and protect their wives and their children?
Look to it now! lest around you they tighten their toils, and like hunters
Closing upon their prey, make an easy prize of your weakness,
Whelming your city and all it holds in destruction and ruin.
This be thy daily care and thy nightly thought: to encourage (490)
All your friends and allies, by *example and* earnest entreaty,
Bravely to persevere and dismiss all rival pretensions."
Thus Sarpedon: and bitterly fell the reproof upon Hector.
Down to the earth at once he sprang, full armed from his chariot,
Brandishing *two* sharp spears: and he passed through the ranks of the Trojans,
Rousing their courage afresh, and filling their bosoms with ardour.
Quickly they formed once more in line, and advanced on the Grecians.
They, on their part with unshaken front, awaited the onset.
As when the winnowing winds from the sacred floor of the thresher,
Drift the light-whirling chaff by the labouring hind toss't heav'nwards, (500)
While from the golden grain Demeter the husk is dividing,
Heaps upon heaps it whitens around:—on *the helms of* the Grecians,
Thus, *and their glitt'ring arms*, white settled the dust, that on all sides
Rose to the tramp of steeds, and the chariot-wheels, and in eddies
Rolled 'neath the brazen vault of Heav'n. Back rushed they to battle,
Pushing amain; straight on. Fierce Ares, aiding the Trojans,
Thickened the gloom, and veiled with a *death-like* shadow the combat.
All through their host he went, and fulfilled the commission of Phœbus,
Lord of the golden sword, to inflame their rage and excite them,
Boldly to charge on the foe; for now, withdrawn from the contest, (510)
Pallas Athena no more he beheld supporting the Grecians.
Phœbus himself meanwhile, from his gorgeous shrine in the city,
Sent forth Æneas, valour infusing and might in his bosom.
Shouted his brave companions in arms to receive him among them,

Him, their Prince, *their leader in fight*—in life, and in safety
Whole, and strong as before. Unquestioned however he joined them.
Other *and sterner* work discourse forbade; by Apollo,
Ares, scourge of mankind, and insatiate Eris, appointed.
Then did each Aias, then did Odysseus and brave Diomedes,
Cheer on their Greeks to the fight. They, indeed, recked nought of the Trojans,
Holding in equal scorn their assault, and their boisterous outcry.
Fixed they remained, like clouds which around the crest of a mountain
Motionless hang, while Boreas sleeps; by the word of Kronion
Hushed into calm; and the shrill-voiced blasts that would scatter their shadows,
Drifting them far and wide o'er the plain, lie sunk into silence:
Brooding, in solemn array, they expect the awakening tempest:
Thus stood the Greeks, expecting the Trojan attack. But Atreides
Hast'ning from rank to rank to the troops thus issued his orders:
"Now, my friends! be men. Keep up your hearts in the struggle,
Strive to out-do each other, and each be to each an example.
Safety nor fame e'er waits upon him who flies; while the valiant,
Nobly fighting, secures his life in the chances of battle."
Thus he spake, and swift at the word forth darted his jav'lin,
Striking Deicoön, Pergasus' son, a chief of distinction,
Comrade and friend of brave Æneas; honoured in Troia,
Next to the sons of Priam:—for aye was he eager in battle,
Foremost to fight. Agamemnon's spear struck full on the buckler,
Pow'rless to check its force; for it went straight through, and his girdle
Pierced; nor arrested its course till deep infixed in his belly:
Down he fell, with a crash, and his armour rattled around him.
Then did Æneas slay two valiant chiefs of the Grecians,
Crethon and Orsilocheus, both sons of wealthy Diocles.
He, their father, dwelt in the strong-built city of Pheré,
Tracing his high descent from the God of the river Alphæus,
In the wide-watered realms of the Pylian land. From Alphæus
Sprang the first Orsilocheus, wide ruling many a people;
Thence, in the next descent, the sceptre passed to Diocles.
These were his twin-born sons, well train'd in the practice of warfare.

Crethon and Orsilocheus, sent forth in prime of their manhood,
Who upon Ilion's shore from their sable ships, with the Argives
Landed, seeking revenge for Atreides their king and his brother.
Honour to win *in the fields of fame while fondly expecting,*
Death cut short their career, and o'ershadowed *the dawn of* their glory.
As when two mountain lions which, reared in the den of their mother,
Deep in the tangled woods, *break forth for ravage and slaughter,*
Down they rush on the herds and the fatt'ning sheep and the herdsmen
Tear from their shelt'ring stalls; *till vengeance is roused, and,* o'ermastered,
Far from their native woods they fall by the spears of the hunters.
Thus by Æneas' hands these two lay slain and extended
Side by side; like pines *laid low by the axe of the woodman.*
Pitying their fall, Menelaüs, refulgent in glittering armour,
Rushed at once to the front, loud shouting his terrible war-cry,
Shaking his spear he advanced; urged on and tempted by Ares,
Longing to witness his fall by the strong right hand of Æneas.
This perceiving, Antilochus, Nestor's son, for the issue
Trembling (should great Menelaüs, the shepherd and guide of his people
Suffer defeat, and all be lost), rushed eagerly forward.
Close by his leader and prince his stand he took: as the heroes,
Each advancing on each, made ready for fight, and their lances
Poised in their hands, *each bending an angry scowl on the other.*
But when Æneas beheld these two combined to oppose him,
Brave as he was, he *refused such odds,* withdrew *from the contest.*
Then from the press the dead they drew to the ranks of the Grecians,
Passing their sad remains to the faithful hands of their comrades,
Then to the front returned, and mixed once more in the combat.
Next fell Pylæmenes, chief of the Paphlagonian warriors,
Godlike in fight, and leading a noble band. Menelaüs,
Atreus' warlike son, that spearman famed, with his jav'lin
Dealt him a deadly stroke where the neck unites to the shoulder.
Mydon, Atymnus' son, his brave and faithful attendant,
Fell by Antilochus' hand in the act of turning his horses.
Struck by a *huge rough* stone on the arm, from his paralysed fingers

Dropped the white-ivory-broidered reins. *As he stooped to regain them,*
Forward Antilochus sprang, with his sword deep gashing his temple.
Headlong he pitched from the gorgeous car, and gasped forth his spirit.
Plunging he fell, and fixed in the dust, on his head and his shoulders
Stood for a while, sustained by the heapy sand, till the horses,
Restive and trampling, cast him down: and Antilochus, mounting,
Lashed them to speed, and drove them *swift* to the ranks of the Grecians.
Hector beheld, as he looked through the *thick'ning* fight, and upon them
Shouting aloud he rushed; and the serried array of the Trojans
Followed their chief. With him came Ares and dreadful Enyo;
OUTRAGE, CONFUSION, unbridled FURY, attended the Goddess.
Ares now before Hector advanced, and in front of his onset
Shook his tremendous spear, now stalked in his terrors behind him.
Then came a thrill of dread o'er the manly heart of Tydeides.
Just as a trav'ller, threading a lengthened maze, and uncertain
Whither his path may lead, *unawares* encounters a river
Rolling to seaward in foam, and at once his steps he retraces,
So drew back Diomedes, and thus addressed his companions:
"Friends! no wonder we view with amaze the prowess of Hector,
How like a god he appears! how brave, how noble in combat!
One of the gods is ever at hand and attends on his safety.
There, by his side, in person, in form like a man, I behold him.
Therefore be wise. Retire! But keep your front to the Trojans;
Here we cannot prevail. 'Tis madness to fight with th' immortals."
Thus he spake. But the Troian host was already upon them.
Hector at once two warriors slew, distinguished for valour,
Both in one chariot borne—Anchialus brave and Menesthes.
Pitying their fate rushed forward the great Telamonian Aias
Close to the Trojan ranks, and hurled his glittering weapon.
Selagus' son, Amphius, it struck, whom Fate had conducted
Far from Pæsus, his native town; from his lands and his riches
Aid to afford to Priam and Priam's sons, *and to perish.*
Him through the belt transfixed the great Telamonian Aias.
Deep in his body was planted the long-forth-shadowing jav'lin.

Crashing he fell: and to seize his spoils illustrious Aias
Rushed on amain. But the Trojan spears came show'ring upon him
Gleaming and sharp, till their bristling shafts stood thick on his buckler.
Pressing his heel on the corpse, his brazen spear he recovered.
Nought could he more; for to strip from its shoulders the glittering armour
Time and his force sufficed not. Beset with foemen on all sides,
Swords, spears, close-compacted shields came crowding around him,
Wielded by stalwart forms, both many and fierce: and unwilling,
Great as he was, renowned, and brave, they forced him before them.
Struggling, indignant, with might and main, o'erwhelmed, he retreated.
Thus did they toil, and in deadly fray thus struggled the heroes.
Fate meanwhile the mighty Tlepolemus, son of Heracles,
Godlike Sarpedon, offspring of Zeus, urged on to encounter.
Forth *in front of the ranks* they strode, approaching each other,
Grandson and son as they were of cloud-compelling Kronion.
Silence first Tlepolemus broke, and this was his challenge:
"What, O Sarpedon! great in thy Lycian senate, in warfare
Feeble and slight, can have brought thee hither to quail and to tremble?
False is their tale, who say that Zeus, the great Ægis-upholder,
Thou for thy sire may'st claim. How far were those thy superiors,
They who in olden time such lineage rightfully boasted!
Such was my own great sire, th' invincible might of Herakles,
He who the soul of a hero bore, and the heart of a lion.
Hither he came, in the war for Laomedon's steeds, unsupported,
Six were his ships, no more! and few the troops that he mustered;
Yet he subdued yon city, and filled its dwellings with widows.
As for thyself, thy spirit is mean, thy nation decaying:
Small is the aid, and poor the support thou bring'st to the Trojans,
Leaving thy Lycian realm. And wert thou nobler and braver,
Yet should my spear dismiss thy soul through the portals of Hades."
Thus to his boasts responded the Lycian prince, Sarpedon:
"*Rightly,* Tlepolemus! smote thy sire yon Ilian city.
Harsh were the words and rude the taunts by Laomedon uttered,
Prompted by evil counsel (ungrateful return for his friendship),
When he refused the steeds by Herakles justly demanded.

This for the past. But now *swift* doom and destruction await thee,
Here at my hands. By this lance shalt thou fall, and add to my glory,
Yielding thy soul to the rider of death's *black* steed, Aïdoneus."
Thus Sarpedon. His tough ash spear Tlepolemus brandished.
In the same instant flew from their hands both weapons. Sarpedon's
Lighted full in the midst of his foeman's throat, and *the windpipe*
Pierced with the deadly point straight through; *and he sank overpowered,*
While the thick shades of *eternal* darkness closed o'er his eyelids.
But *with less skilful aim dispatched,* Tlepolemus' jav'lin (660)
Smote the left thigh of the Lycian prince, and, forcing a passage,
Grated across the bone. But Zeus forbade his destruction.
Rushed to his aid the friends of the wounded chief, *and they* bore him
Forth from the fight—sore hurt by the long spear dragging behind him,
For in their eager haste to place him secure on a chariot,
None gave a thought to extract that tough ash spear from the suff'rer;
Such was the press around, and such the toil and the danger.
Dead Tlepolemus too by the bright-greaved Greeks, his companions,
Off from the field was borne. This fired the soul of Odysseus
Vengeance to take: for his heart was grieved and his wrath was excited, (670)
Doubtful awhile he stood, and perplexed in spirit, debating
Whether to follow and slay the retiring son of the Thund'rer,
Or to spread havoc and death through the vulgar throng of the Lycians.
Not to his lance howe'er was decreed the fall of Sarpedon,
Son of immortal Zeus. *That, fate had reserved for another:*
And on the Lycian host Athena directed his fury.
Koiranus first he slew. Then Chromius fell, and Alastor,
Halius next, Nöemon, Alcander, and Prytanis perished.
More of the Lycian host had Odysseus hurled to destruction,
But that the piercing glance of crest-waving Hector observed him. (680)
And to the van he advanced, all sheathed in glittering armour,
Struck were the Greeks with dread.—When Sarpedon beheld him approaching
Cheered was his heart, though his voice was faint, as thus he addressed him:

"Leave me not, Priamus' son, here stretched, a prey to the Grecians,
Rescue me! Let me expire within the walls of your city:
There full fain would I breathe my last, since fate hath forbid me
Ever again to behold my native land, and returning
Gladden the hearts of my dear-loved wife and innocent children."

Thus Sarpedon, offspring of Zeus. But Hector replied not.
Waving his lofty plume, on the Greeks he rushed, to disperse them
Eager; and longing to dye the plain with the blood of their bravest.
Under a beauteous beech meanwhile, to the Thunderer sacred,
Borne from the press with care Sarpedon's comrades had laid him;
Pelagon, trusty and brave, his much-loved friend and companion,
Then from his thigh wrenched forth that tough ash spear: and his senses
Left him at once, and his swimming sight dark mists overshadowed.
Yet he revived, *and his strength returned*, as the breezes of Boreas,
Life to his frame, and breath to his panting bosom imparted.

Now before Ares fierce, and mail-clad Hector, the Argives
Neither advanced nor fled. Their sable vessels they sought not,
Nor could they hold their ground; but backwards ever recoiling,
Step by step they retreated: for Ares, they heard, was against them.

Now let the Muse recount who first, who last of the Grecians
Fell by the conquering hands of Hector, and panoplied Ares!
Teuthras, the godlike, Orestes brave, the reiner of horses,
Trechus, the famed Ætolian warrior; bold Œnomaüs:
Helenus, Œnops' son; Oresbius intent upon profit,
Vain, albeit, of his broidered belt. From his mansion in Hylé,
Bord'ring on fair Cephísus' lake, he came, where his kinsmen
Fat Bœotia's soil maintained in lazy abundance.

Hera, the white-armed queen of Heav'n, indignant beheld them
Scattering death through the Argive host; and to Pallas Athené
Turning, in words of impatient wrath accosted the goddess:
"What then! invincible daughter of Ægis-bearing Kronion,
Thus, shall our pledge be vain which we gave to the brave Menelaüs,
Troy's proud walls to subvert and restore him in triumph to Argos.
Thus shall we suffer insulting Ares to rage and to slaughter?

Not so! Join with me now, and bear we our part in the combat."
Thus she spake: and blue-eyed Pallas, *rejoicing*, obeyed her
Hastily; then imperial Heré, daughter of Kronos,
Braced on th' immortal coursers their frontlets of gold and their harness;
Hebé the brazen wheels then fixed to the car, on an axle
Wrought out of *polished* steel. Eight spokes each bore, and the felloes
Flamed resplendent of gold indestructible. Round them were fastened
Tires of brass, close-binding, a wondrous work. But the chariot
Hung suspended on bands of silver and gold, and a border
Gracefully curving in two-fold swell projected before it.
Silver were both the naves, and the pole of silver refulgent
Stood forth in front, and received the yoke which she fastened upon it,
Splendidly wrought of gold. Then Heré led forth the coursers,
Placed on their necks the yoke, and the reins attached and conducted
Back to the car; then mounted, all eager and panting for battle.
Pallas Athené, daughter of Ægis-bearing Kronion,
Then let fall on the floor of her father's palace the mantle
Gloriously wrought which the skill of her own fair hands had embroidered.
Then in the arms of cloud-compelling Zeus she arrayed her,
Donning his corslet for dreary war *and the horrors of battle.*
Broad o'er her shoulders slung was the dreadful Thunderer's Ægis,
Serpent-fringed, whose sculptured orb pale TERROR encircled,
FLIGHT, PURSUIT, o'erwhelming FORCE, and bloody CONTENTION;
While in the centre glared Jove's dire portent of the Gorgon,
Monstrous and ghastly; *a sight which none might survive who beheld it.*
Raised on ridges of gold four plumes o'ershadowed her helmet,
Rich with the spoil of a hundred towns and the forms of their warriors.
Armed, on the fiery car she sprang, firm grasping her jav'lin,
Stubborn and huge, with whose pond'rous force uplifted in anger,
Child of a mighty sire, she quells the array of her foemen.
Forthwith Hera the scourge applied and excited the coursers.
Clanging, self-open'd, the gates of Heav'n flew wide, by the Horæ

Guarded, to whom are entrusted the portals of Heav'n and Olympus;
Or to roll back their veil of cloud, or wrap them in darkness.
Urged to their utmost speed through these the celestial coursers
Bore them to where Kronion they found, apart and secluded,
Thron'd on the loftiest of all the bristling peaks of Olympus.
Him when the white-arm'd Hera *beheld*, her steeds *she* arrested,
Proff'ring her prayer unto Zeus in words of complaint and of question:
"Father supreme! shall thy vengeance sleep o'er these murders of Ares?
Lo! what crowds of my noblest Greeks he hath hurled to destruction,
Reckless alike of law, and of thy command, and my sorrow.
Cypris the while, and the God of the silver bow, are delighted,
They! who let loose his frantic rage and enjoy it in quiet.
Father! oh! Father, wilt thou be wroth if I wreak upon Ares
Vengeance and painful wounds, and drive him forth from the battle?"
Thus to her prayer responded the cloud-compelling Kronion:
"So be it done! Let Athena, delighting in spoil *and in conquest*,
Punish him. Many a time hath she wrought him affliction and anguish."
Thus he spake: and Hera, rejoicing to hear the permission,
Lashed her steeds; and with right good will they flew through the ether
Spread forth between this earth and the star-strewn concave of Heaven,
Clearing, at ev'ry bound, such space as the eye of a gazer,
Seated on some commanding cliff on *the verge of the ocean*,
Views, o'er the wine-dark sea, to the utmost haze of the offing.
Soon on the plains of Troy they arrived, where, mingling their waters,
Simois *clear* and Scamander *swift* roll on *to the ocean*.
There did she draw the rein, and arrest the speed of her coursers.
Loosed from the car, and wrapped in *a veil of canopied* vapour,
Free upon Simoïs' bank they cropped ambrosial pasture.
Thence with the darting flight of doves *when the hawk is pursuing*,
Hasted th' immortal pair to give aid and support to the Argives;
Soon they arrived where at bay they stood: their best and their bravest,
Wedged in a close compacted mass round brave Diomedes,

They, like a troop of devouring lions who gloat upon carnage,
Stood; or like boars in their native wilds, untameably savage.
Mingling among them, the goddess her voice uplifted and shouted,
Taking the form of Stentor the brazen-throated, whose war-cry
Loud as the shout of fifty men could be heard o'er the tumult:
"Shame on ye Argives! noble forms, but pitiful soldiers!
'Twas not thus when mighty Achilles went forth to the combat,
Then did the Trojans cow'r; nor before the gates of their city
Dared they advance: for they dreaded the sweep of his conquering jav'lin.
Far from their ramparts now they threaten your camp and your vessels."
Thus as she spake each bosom imbibed fresh vigour and courage.
Blue-eyed Athené then sought out the brave Diomedes,
And by the chariots the Prince surrounded she found, and the horses,
Tending the rankling wound which Pandarus' shaft had inflicted.
Oozed forth the sweat in streams from beneath the broad belt of his buckler.
Fainting, with painful effort his wearied hand he uplifted,
Raised up the belt from his breast, and wiped the black blood from his shoulder.
Pallas approached, and the chariot-yoke she touched and addressed him:
"Tydeus' offspring his sire renowned but little resembles.
Tydeus indeed in person was small, yet *great as* a warrior.
He, when I bade him abstain from war, nor rush to the conflict,
When on a peaceful mission to Thebes he went, unattended,
'Mong the Cadmean chiefs, no aid at hand from the Argives;
Scorning to take his ease, and accept the delights of their palace,
Goaded on by that fiery heart which never forsook him,
Challenged them, one and all, the Cadmean youth, and in combat
Easily overcame them all—such aid did I grant him.
Thee too I aid and beside thee stand, thy help and protection,
Bidding thee *summon thy strength and* bravely rush on the Trojans.
Say! Do thy limbs, o'erlaboured and faint, refuse to support thee,
Or is it heartless fear that unmans thy soul? Must I deem thee,
Not the true offspring of Tydeus, and not the grandson of Œneus?"

Then in his turn replying, thus spake the brave Diomedes:
"Goddess! I know thee, daughter of Ægis-bearing Kronion:
Nor will I aught conceal, but speak to thee frankly and truly.
Fear nor sloth is the cause that restrains and holds me inactive,
'Tis but thine own command, which I bear in mind and obey it.
Didst thou not bid me respect th' immortal Gods in the tumult—
Strike at all else; but should bright Aphrodité mix in the combat,
(Daughter of Zeus though she be), let her feel the point of my weapon?
For this cause have I ceased from fight, and gathered around me
These brave Greeks—*if haply our ground we may hold*—for against us
Ares himself I perceive, in person, leading the Trojans.
Thus Tydeides: and thus the blue-eyed Athena responded:
"First in my dear regard and protection, brave Diomedes!
Dread not this Ares, dire as he is. Fear none of th' immortals,
Here while Pallas beside thee stands to strengthen and aid thee.
Urge thou at once upon Ares thy prancing steeds, and attack him,
Closing upon him, hand to hand. Respect not his Godhead,
Him—the outrageous,—faithless ally—promoter of mischief.
Did he not promise myself and Hera to fight in our quarrel,
Aid to bring to our Argive friends, and war to the Trojans?
Now to the winds such oaths he casts, and combats against us."
Thus she spake, and Sthenelus seizing, down from the chariot
Dragged him back to the ground; and he rushed from the spot in amazement;
While to his place in the car, by the side of brave Diomedes,
Sprang the excited Goddess. Then groaned the ponderous axle
Under the weight of a Pow'r so dread, and so mighty a hero.
Seizing the whip and the falling reins, she lashed on the horses,
Urging them forward in full career, direct upon Ares.
Periphas huge and strong he had just struck down in his fury,
Son of Ochesius, bravest and best of Ætolia's warriors
Murd'rously slain. Then Pallas assumed the dark helmet of Orcus,
Shrouding her form in gloom, lest the God, beholding, might know her.
Soon as the fierce destroyer perceived divine Diomedes,

Leaving unspoiled the mighty corse of the prostrated warrior,
There on the spot where he just had fall'n and breathed forth his spirit,
Fiercely he rushed on the vent'rous chief *who dared to confront him.*
Nearing each other thus, when now short space was between them, (850)
Ares, forward advanced o'er the yoke and reins of his horses,
Darted his long-protended spear, all eager to slay him,
Vainly! for Pallas Athena the weapon seized and diverted
Wide of its aim, from the car far borne where stood Diomedes.
He in his turn with a shout dismissed his glittering jav'lin,
Which in its flight the blue-eyed Pallas guiding, directed
Full on the furious God. Through his belt it pierced and, *his body*
Entering, rent his groin *with a ghastly wound.* Diomedes
Sprang with a bound from his lofty car and recovered his weapon.
Then with a brazen roar loud bellowed the God *in his anguish,* (860)
Loud as the shout of ten thousand warriors closing in battle.
Dread was the panic *and dire which* seized both hosts *when they heard him,*
Greeks and Trojans alike—*and they paused in their work of destruction,*
Trembling with *deadly* fear at the roar of discomfited Ares.
As when a *column of* cloud by the burning blasts *of the desert,*
Whirled aloft through the stifling air *soars high in the ether,*
Thus, *gazing up,* Tydeides beheld infuriate Ares
Rise *with a swirl,* and mix with the *dark rolling* clouds that received him.
Soon to Olympus he came, high seat of the blessed immortals,
There in the presence of Zeus sat down, and murmuring loudly, (870)
Shewed the immortal blood fast flowing: and thus he bespake him:
"Father Zeus! canst thou view such deeds nor care to avenge them?
Still must celestial Pow'rs complain of wrongs that they suffer,
Each at another's hands, while favours they heap upon mortals?
Thee do we all accuse. She is thine, this infuriate daughter,
Ever delighting in evil deeds and bent on destruction.
All the Olympian pow'rs beside delight to obey thee.
Each, for himself, in thy rule rejoicing, seeks but thy pleasure.
Her dost thou ne'er reprove, nor put forth thy hand to restrain her,
Freely indulged in all, as thine own peculiar offspring. (880)

Lo! where she urges on this insolent offspring of Tydeus,
Madly to rage, and measure his strength with the pow'rs of Olympus.
Cypris approaching he first attacked, and her wrist with his jav'lin
Pierced; then rushed on myself with might scarce less than immortal.
Well for me that my flight was swift! *else*, groaning in anguish,
There had I lain, o'erwhelmed by the dreadful piles of the slaughtered;
Shorn of my strength by wounds and dragging a wretched existence."

Sternly frowning replied the cloud-compelling Kronion:
"*Faithless!* Shifter from side to side! Why sit'st thou complaining?
Hateful beyond all Gods whom mine eyes behold in Olympus,
Discord is ever thy soul's delight, and battle, and slaughter.
Thine is thy mother Hera's perverse, unbearable temper,
Whom by words *alone* I can scarce restrain *from rebellion.*
She by her evil guidance hath wrought thee the pain thou endurest.
Yet it delights me not to behold thee wounded and suff'ring.
Offspring of mine thou art, and to me thy mother hath borne thee.
Hadst thou, reckless destroyer! some other God for thy parent,
Lower than ev'n that *hated* Uranian crew had I plunged thee."

Thus spake Zeus, and Pæon he called and commanded to heal him,
Who to the wound some pain-assuaging balsam applying,
Healed it at once: for nought that could die pertained to his nature.
Swift, as the curdling milk with the fig's rich juice intermingled
Fixes, a liquid before, and collects *on the hand of* the mixer,
Closed up the flesh; and Ares again stood forth in his vigour.
Hebé a bath prepared; and in robes of festive adornment
Clothed, he resumed his seat near Zeus, exulting in glory.

Then too returned once more to the sacred dome of Olympus
Argive Hera herself and Alalcomenean Athena,
Ares at length being quelled and his deeds of slaughter arrested.

THE ILIAD.

BOOK VI.

BOOK THE SIXTH.

ARGUMENT.

THE battle continues, victory now inclining to the side of the Greeks. Hector by the advice of Helenus returns to Troy to order offerings and supplications to be made to Pallas. Meanwhile Diomede and Glaucus meet, and recognizing a tie of ancient hospitality between their fathers separate amicably, exchanging armour. Hecuba and the Trojan matrons go in procession to the temple of Pallas and offer prayers, presenting a robe. Hector proceeds to the palace of Paris whom he finds with Helen, and who at his summons arms and prepares to follow him to the field. Hector returning meets Andromache his wife with her infant child; and unmoved by her entreaties to remain, takes an affectionate leave of her and, being now joined by Paris, returns to the battle.

ILIAD. BOOK VI.

NOW *by the Gods* abandoned, the Greeks and Trojans contended.
Wide o'er the plain, now here, now there, the battle was raging,
Troop upon troop advancing with levelled spears on each other
All between Simoïs' flood and the rolling waters of Xanthus.
Foremost, the bulwark of Greece, the great Telamonian Aias,
Broke through the Troian array and admitted the light for his comrades.
Acamas down he struck, Eussórus' son, of the Thracians
Bravest and best—a chief renowned, and mighty in stature.
Close to the ridge of his crested helm where it rose from the convex
Entered the spear, and pierced the bone, and deep in his forehead (10)
Fix'd, stood forth. He fell, and darkness closed on his eyelids.
Next fell Axýlus, Teuthras' son, by brave Diomedes
Reft of his life; who in fair Arisbe's fortified city
Lived at his ease, in wealth and beloved by all; for he welcomed
All by his gates who passed: and close on the path was his dwelling.
Now not a friend was near to save him from cruel destruction
Meeting, or warding the blow. Himself and his *faithful* attendant
Old Calesîus, who stood by his side and guided his horses,
Both to the earth were hurled, and a common grave was their portion.
Dresus, Euryalus next, and Opheltius slew. Having slain them, (20)
Then on Æsepus he rushed and Pedasus, youths whom the Naiad
Fair Abarbárea bore, and their birth concealed; by Bucolîon
Pregnant, mighty Laomedon's son, of unblameable lineage,

Eldest born of his sire; whose sheep while tending he met her
Oft in the *flowery* fields, and in love's soft bands they consorted.
There *fair* twins she produced *and reared*, the fruit of their union.
Great Mecistheus' son their strength subdued, and their armour
Stripped from their stalwart limbs, *and left them a prey to the vultures.*
Then too by brave Polypœtes' hand Astýalus perished.
Godlike Odysseus pierced with his spear the Percosian leader
Pídytus. Teucer slew the redoubted chief Aretaon.
Mighty Antilochus, Nestor's son, with his glittering jav'lin
Laid Ablérus low; and the king of men, Agamemnon,
Elatus, who, on the banks of Satnóïs' stream, where it washes
Rock-built Pédasus, dwelt. Brave Leïtus' weapon arrested
Phýlacus flying. Melanthius fell by Eurýpylus' jav'lin.
Brave Menelaüs, great in the roar of battle, Adrestus
Captured alive; for his steeds o'er the plain while rushing bewildered,
Caught in a tamarisk's root, o'erturned his chariot, and struggling
Tore off the yoke from the broken pole, and away to the city
Hurried, and joined the terrified rout which there was collecting.
He from the chariot headlong tossed lay *bruised and defenceless*,
Prostrate, his face in the dust: while o'er him stood Menelaüs,
Atreus' son, with his mighty spear uplifted to slay him.
Thus then, clasping his knees besought him wretched Adrestus:
"Spare my life, O Atreides! and take the ransom I offer,
Untold wealth in my father's house is stored. In abundance
Gold he possesses and brass and steel well-tempered and burnished.
All he hath, without stint, will he lay at thy feet for my ransom,
Soon as he hears that his son survives at the ships of the Grecians."
Thus he prayed, and Atreides was touched at heart with compassion,
And would have bidden his faithful attendant lead him a pris'ner,
Far away to the Grecian ships: but *stern* Agamemnon
Up came running in haste, and with loud reproaches addressed him:
"*Weak* Menelaüs! soft-hearted! Have these such claims on thy pity?
Glorious works these Trojans have wrought for thee and thy household,
That thou should'st spare them! Perish they all in headlong destruction!
None shall escape our hands. Not the babe in the womb of his
mother

Borne; nor the wretch who flies. Who bears the name of a Trojan,
Down with him! There let him lie, dishonoured, unwept, and unburied."

Thus admonished, a change came o'er the mood of his brother;
Back with his hand he thrust the suppliant chief. Agamemnon
Ruler of men, *then raised* his spear *and* deep in his entrails
Plunged *it with deadly force:* and he writhed *on the earth.* But Atreides
Planted his heel on his breast and the tough ash weapon extracted.

Nestor then the Achaian troops, loud shouting, exhorted:
"Friends and heroes of Greece! ye valiant servants of Ares!
Stay not now to despoil the dead. Not one of you linger,
Greedily bent on prey and increasing his store in our vessels.
Think ye of nothing now, but to slay your foes: and, the battle
Won, when in heaps they lie, ye shall strip their arms at your leisure."

Thus as he spake each heart imbibed fresh courage and ardour.
Then had the weakness of Troy to the martial force of the Grecians
Yielded the day, and the Trojans to Ilion fled *in confusion,*
Had not Helenus, Priamus' son, the wisest of augurs,
Taken his stand by Æneas and Hector, thus to address them:
"Hector! Æneas! On you repose the conduct and guidance
Both of the Troian and Lycian hosts. On ev'ry occasion,
Whether for council or war, ye are best and bravest. *Attend then.*
Haste through the ranks and rally our men and close them together,
Making a stand before the gates, that they fly not for refuge,
Home to their wives' embraces, a scorn and jest for our foemen.
When ye have cheered our troops and restored our order of battle,
Here will we stay, *resolved and firm,* and maintain our position,
Wearied albeit and worn. We must fight *or die, and we know it.*
Hector! do thou meanwhile to the city proceed, and our mother
Seek—thy mother and mine.—Bid her call our matrons around her,
And on our holiest hill, at the fane of blue-eyed Athené,
Ope with her key those sacred doors, and, forth from her treasures
Choosing a mantle, whiche'er she may deem her fairest and amplest,
That which Athena may best approve *and accept as an off'ring,*
Spread it across the knees of the fair-haired Goddess, and suppliant
Vow twelve heifers, firstlings, untouched by the goad, in her temple

And on her altars to burn: and implore with earnest entreaties
Pity for Troy, for her matrons *chaste* and innocent children.
So may she turn from Ilion's walls *this scourge of our armies*
Tydeus' son, this warrior fierce, this lord of the battle.
Greatest of all the Achaian chiefs and bravest I deem him.
Not more dread was Achilles' self, that noblest of mortals
And, as they say, from a goddess sprung: for he rages in fury (100)
Wild beyond all control; nor can one be found to resist him."
Thus spake the seer: and Hector obeyed the command of his brother;
Armed as he was, at once to the ground he sprang from his chariot.
Brandishing two sharp spears he passed through the host of the Trojans
Rousing their flagging force, and inflaming their zeal for the combat.
Quick they rallied and turned, and again confronted the Grecians;
These in their turn gave way and retired, desisting from slaughter,
Deeming that down from the starry skies some God had descended,
Aid to their foes to bring: so nobly they rallied and faced them.
Hector then cried aloud and thus exhorted the Trojans: (110)
"High-minded sons of Troy, and renown'd confederate warriors;
Shew yourselves men, dear friends! nor forget your prowess and valour.
While I to Ilion wend, and exhort our elders and sages,
Bowed with the weight of years, and our wives, *to flock to the temple,*
There to propitiate Heav'n with prayer, and hecatombs promise."
Crest-waving Hector spake, and to Troy his course he directed.
Slung behind him, his bossy shield on his neck and his ankles,
Clashed at each step as he strode, with its tough black margin of leather.
Now between both the hosts advanced, preparing for combat,
Glaucus, Hippolochus' valiant son, and the might of Tydeides. (120)
While they approached each other, and now small space was between them,
Great Diomedes spake, and thus addressed his opponent:
"Bravest, *or rashest* of mortal men, say! Whence, and who art thou?
Ne'er did mine eyes thy form discern in the glorious battle:
Bold must thou be, and daring beyond all others, who vent'rest

Thus to confront the force of my long-forth-shadowing javelin.
Sons of unhappy sires are those who meet me in combat!
If thou be one of th' immortal Gods come down from Olympus,
Pass on thy path: for, know with celestial might I contend not.
All must have heard how great Lycurgus, offspring of Dryas, (130)
Lived not long, not long survived that impious conflict,
When he, in Nysa's sacred groves surprised, and on all sides
Scattered the nursing nymphs of the frantic god Dionysus.
Each on the ground her grape-twined thyrsus cast, by Lycurgus
Slayer of men, with a goad pursued and pierced. Dionysus
Plunged in affright 'neath Ocean's waves, in the bosom of Thetis
Cherished and safe: for the shouting was fierce, and he trembled with terror;
Then was the wrath declared of the blissful Gods, and Kronion
Smote him with loss of sight. Nor long survived *the insulter*,
Thenceforth ever pursued by the hatred of all the immortals. (140)
Warned by his fate, the blessed Gods I dread to encounter:
But if a mortal thou be,—if the fruits of the field be thy nurture,
Then come on! Full soon shalt thou pass through the gates of destruction."

Thus to his speech the son of renowned Hippolochus answered:
"Why dost thou, noble Tydeides! enquire my *nation and* lineage?
Man's generations flourish and fall, like the leaves *of the forest*.
Leaves on the earth by winds are strown, yet others succeed them,
Ever renewed with returning spring. So fares it with mortals:
One generation decays and its place is filled by another.
Yet wouldst thou learn my descent, then list the tale I shall tell thee, (150)
Widely already diffused by fame through many a nation.
Deep in a gulf retired of Argos, famed for its horses,
Ephyré stands. There Sisyphus dwelt, the wiliest of mortals,
Sisyphus, Æolus' son, and himself the father of Glaucus.
Next in descent Bellerophon came, the brave and the stainless;
Beauty of form and graceful strength in him were united,
Gifts of the Gods. Him Prœtus hated and planned his destruction.
Forth from his country he drove him, (for Prœtus ruled o'er the Argives

Highest in power and place, since Zeus dominion had giv'n him,)
For that his wife Antæa, by lawless passion excited,
Burned to attract Bellerophon's love; but failed to persuade him,
Pure as he was and blameless; *and all her charms he resisted.*
Then did she poison Prœtus' mind with false accusations:
'Die thyself, O Prœtus! or slay this presumptuous traitor,
Him, who thy chaste Antæa would tempt to swerve from her duty.'
These *insidious* words when he heard, his anger was kindled.
Slay him indeed he might not: his soul revolted at murder:
Therefore, to Lycia's realm he sent him, bearing a tablet
Sealed, for Antæa's father, dark hints containing and symbols,
Fraught with suggestions dire: thus leading him on to destruction.
Forth he fared, by the Gods conducted, pure *in his conscience,*
And unto Lycia came, to the streams of *eddying* Xanthus.
There by the prince of Lycia's region wide was he welcomed,
Feasted for nine full days. Nine oxen smoked on the altars.
But when the tenth revolving dawn with her roseate fingers
Tinted the eastern sky, the prince demanded his errand,
Claiming to see the missive of Prœtus, spouse of his daughter.
Then, when the fatal tablet the youth produced, and he read it,
First he enjoined him the fierce Chimæra's rage to encounter.
Dire was her strength: untamed, not gender'd on earth, but celestial,
Lion before and dragon behind, she-goat in the middle,
Breathing flames *from her dreadful jaws* in bickering volumes.
Yet with miraculous help he sought this monster and slew her.
Next with the fierce Solymæan hosts he fought, *and subdued them.*
(This among all his trials, himself confessed, was the hardest.)
Rivals of men in valour the Amazons last he encountered.
Home returning at length, fresh snares awaited the victor.
Lycian warriors, the choice of the land, were stationed in ambush,
Treach'rously seeking his life: but the hero, *fearless and* blameless,
Fought *with the Gods on his side,* and not one escaped from his vengeance.
Then did *the king* acknowledge his race divine and his prowess;
Kept him near to his person and gave him his daughter in marriage;

Gave him, moreover, an equal share in his throne and his honours.
Then too, the Lycians allotted an ample tract for his culture,
Vineyard and field *far stretching* and fair, their best and their choicest.
Three were the children that lady bare, the fruits of their marriage;
Noble Isander, Hippolochus brave, and Láodameia.
Láodameia was fair and beloved of Zeus, and Sarpedon,
Godlike chief, of the brazen helm, drew birth from their union.
Hapless Bellerophon, hated at length by the Gods, went wand'ring, (200)
Shunning the paths of men, and his heart corroded with sorrow,
Restless, homeless, alone, through the *dismal* wilds of Aleia.
Ares, demon of war, Isander slew, as in battle
Bravely his fathers' old Solymœan foes he encountered.
Artemis' hate destroyed the beauteous Láodameia.
I from Hippolochus sprang: that prince I claim for my parent;
Who, when he sent me hither, this maxim taught me at parting:
ALL, and IN ALL to excel, and ever to rank with the foremost;
So to behave as ne'er to disgrace the long line of my fathers,
Noblest of all who in Ephyré dwelt in the Lycian dominions. (210)
Such is my lineage: such and so pure the blood of my parents."
Glaucus thus. With surprise and joy brave Diomed heard him.
Planting his spear *upright* in the teeming soil, he responded,
Courteously thus addressing the shepherd and guide of his people:
"Then are we friends! I account thee an ancient guest of my father.
Œnus received the blameless Bellerophon erst in his palace,
Kept him for twice ten days and *royally* entertained him;
Each of the heroes a parting gift conferred on the other,
Œnus a costly belt bestowed, embroidered on purple,
Brave Bellerophon's gift was a golden two-handled goblet; (220)
This, departing from Troy, I left behind in my palace.
Tydeus *my sire* I remember not, for he left me an infant,
Ne'er to return, what time our Argives perished at Thebæ.
Should'st thou to Argos come, thy friend and thine host thou wilt find me.
Thou in thy turn be mine, thy Lycian realm when I visit.
Henceforth therefore avoid we each other's spears in the battle,

Trojans, nor friends of Troy shall I lack to slay, whom th' immortals
Bring within reach of my spear, or my feet o'ertake in the tumult,
Greeks enough shalt thou find: them slay, (if thou can'st), at thy pleasure.
Now then exchange we arms in the presence of all, that our friendship
Pledged, and ancestral ties, by all who behold may be witnessed."
Thus having said, both chiefs from their chariots sprang, and advancing,
Each took the other's hand, and mutual oaths were repeated.
Glaucus in reckless exchange, (for Zeus had deprived him of prudence),
Doffed his resplendent suit; and, Tydeides' armour receiving,
Gold for brass, an hundred beeves for nine, he returned him.
Hector now by the Scæan gate and its *neighbouring* beech-tree
Entered Troy, and her matrons and maids came flocking around him;
Eager for news of their sons, their brothers, their friends and their husbands.
All to the temples he bade repair and beseech the immortals,
Instant in prayer; for dire were the woes o'er many impending.
Thus he arrived at length, where the gorgeous palace of Priam
Rose upon polish'd columns and porches fair. In its precincts
Duly disposed in order, *and forming a side of the building,*
Fifty chambers were ranged, of polish'd marble constructed,
Side by side; where the sons of Priamus slept, with their consorts.
Further within, stood ranged on the opposite side of the mansion
Chambers twelve, high-roofed and of polish'd marble constructed,
Side by side; where the husbands of Priamus' daughters reposing
Took their nightly rest in the chaste embrace of their spouses.
Just as he entered, his mother dear coming forth he encountered,
Leading Laodicé, fairest of all the daughters of Priam.
Eagerly grasping his hand, she endearingly named, and bespoke him:
"Why, my son! art thou here, the hard-fought battle forsaking?
Surely those hateful Greeks press sore, and up to the city
Nearer and nearer urge their fierce assaults, and thy spirit
Prompts thee to raise thy hands in prayer to Zeus in his temple.
Yet forbear, till I bring thee cheering wine. Thou may'st pour it
First in libations due, unto Zeus and the other immortals:

Drink thou then, and thy soul shall be cheered; thy strength be recruited.
Blest, to the toil-exhausted frame is the pow'r of the wine-cup,
Wearied and worn like thine, in defence of thy kindred and country."
Thus then the lord of the waving plume, great Hector responded:
"Bring me not wine, O mother revered! lest its might overcome me,
Loosen my firm-knit limbs, and betray my strength and my valour.
Ill beseems it a man whose hands the blood of his foemen
Recking, unwashed, pollutes, libations to pour, and to raise them
Heav'nward in prayer at the shrine of cloud-compelling Kronion.
Thou, dear mother, repair to the fane of Athena the spoiler;
Let the rich incense smoke; let the matrons walk in procession.
Choose from thy stores the mantle thou deem'st thy fairest and amplest,
That which Athena may best approve and accept for an off'ring:
Spread it across the knees of the fair-hair'd Goddess, and suppliant,
Vow twelve heifers, yearlings, untouched by the goad, in her temple,
And on her altars to burn; and implore with earnest entreaties
Pity for Troy, for her matrons chaste and innocent children.
So may she turn from Ilion's walls that scourge of our armies,
Tydeus' son, that warrior fierce, that lord of the battle,
Now then do thou repair to the fane of Athena the spoiler.
I myself will to Paris proceed and call him to battle,
If he will hear my voice. But oh! that the earth would *in vengeance*
Yawn and engulph him; pest as he is, by Zeus *in his anger*
Sent as a scourge to Troy, to Priam, and all his descendants.
Could I but see him at length pass down to the regions of Hades,
Then were my soul relieved of the cares and griefs that oppress it."
Thus he spake, and his mother returned to the palace, and sent forth
Handmaids, who summoned the noblest dames to attend the procession.
Down she stepped to her chamber fair all fragrant with odours,
Piled in rich heaps where her gorgeous mantles lay, by the fingers
Wrought, of Sidonian dames; from Sidon brought, in the voyage
Homeward across the boundless sea; what time Alexandros
High-born Helen to Troy conveyed from her home and her country.
Hecuba, choosing from these, selected her gift for Athené,
Amplest in fold, and richest in broidered work and in colours.

Bright as a star it shone, and it lay the deepest among them.
Forth she went, and the matrons *of Troia* followed in order.
Now to Athené's fane on the loftiest heights of the city
Came they, and fair Theano unbarred the gates of the temple,
Daughter of Cisseus, wife of the valiant horseman Antenor;
Priestess was she, by the Trojans named, of Pallas Athené. (300)
All then lifted their hands, and cried aloud to the Goddess.
Beauteous Theano now, that gorgeous mantle *unfolding*
Spread *it* across the knees of the fair-hair'd Pallas, and suppliant,
Thus to the daughter of Zeus supreme preferred their petition:
"Glorious Athena! Goddess divine! Great guardian of Troia,
Break thou the spear of *fierce* Diomedes! *Grant that he perish!*
Prostrate before the Scæan gate let him roll in his death-pang!
Then shall twelve firstling heifers, untouched by goad, in thy temple
And on thine altars blaze: if so thou deign but to rescue
This thy city; our Troian wives; our innocent children." (310)
Thus they prayed, thus vowed to the daughter of Zeus, but Athena
Bent not her ear to their vows; and refused to grant their petition.
Hector now to the palace was come where dwelt Alexandros.
Glorious it rose, by builders of note designed and completed,
All by himself through Troy's wide realm *sought out and* assembled:
Court-yard and chamber and lofty dome, *fit dwelling for princes*,
Close by the palace of Hector, and Priam's, commanding the city.
Godlike Hector approached and entered, bearing his jav'lin,
Cubits eleven in length. Bright gleamed the point of the weapon.
Bronze was the blade, and with golden rings to the shaft was it fastened. (320)
Paris he found in his chamber fair, preparing his armour,
Burnishing breastplate and shield, and *nicely* adjusting his bowstring.
Argive Helen was seated nigh with her maidens around her,
Plying their delicate tasks 'neath the watchful eye of their mistress.
Hector in words of cutting reproach gave vent to his feelings:
"Madman! What means this senseless and angry retreat from thy duties?
Falling fast are our troops, round the walls and gates of the city
Slaughtered. All for thy sake this rage and tumult of battle

Spreads like a fire around. Thyself were wroth with another,
Whom thou should'st find, a laggard in war and shunning the conflict.
Up! or devouring flames will involve *thyself and* the city."
Thus replied in his turn the godlike prince Alexandros:
"Just, O Hector! indeed, *though severe*, are the words thou hast spoken,
Hear what I say, however, and give it thy candid attention.
'Tis not in anger at Troy that I thus retreat to my chamber,
Nor in disgust, but to hide my shame and the grief that consumes me.
Now however my wife with kind persuasion hath urged me
Back to the war to return, and that I feel to be better.
Fortune shifts, and the vanquish'd today are victors tomorrow.
Stay then, while I assume my arms and prepare me for combat,
Or, if it please thee, go: and soon shall my steps overtake thee."
Thus he spake, but crest-waving Hector nothing responded.
Him then Helen addressed in words submissive and gentle:
"Brother of one devoid of shame, dire auth'ress of mischief!
Oh! that in that ill-omen'd day when my mother produced me,
Tempests wild could have snatched me off to some *desolate* mountain,
Or in the waves of the wide-resounding ocean have whelmed me,
There to be swept away; ere all this mischief had happened.
Yet since the gods have decreed such things should be; *in their mercy*
Surely they might have giv'n me a nobler man for a husband:
One who could feel the contempt of men, and be moved by their hatred!
Ne'er hath his soul been constant and firm, nor ever in future
Will it: and *bitter I ween will prove* the fruits he shall gather.
Rest thee now from thy toils awhile, and seat thee *beside me*,
Here on this seat. On thee, O my brother! the cares and the labours
Heavily press, which my shame and the guilt of Paris have wrought thee.
Surely our fates, so sad, so strange, by the Thund'rer awarded,
Bards in some future age in their songs will render immortal."
Hector, lord of the waving plume this answer returned her:
"Press me not, Helen, to rest, thus kindly. Occasion permits not,
Much do I long to return and afford my aid to our Trojans,
Sore bested, and who bitterly feel the want of my presence.

Therefore do thou this *husband of thine* excite. Let him hasten,
Armed and prepared, as becomes a man, for battle, to join me,
Ere I shall leave the city: where yet I must linger a moment,
Once more to see my home, and my dear-loved wife, and our infant.
Never again perchance may my footsteps back *from the combat*
Lead me, should Heav'n decree that I fall by the hands of the Grecians."

Thus spake the crested chief, and thus having said, he departed
Bending his course to his stately mansion, *high in the city,* (370)
Seeking Andromaché fair. But he found her not in the palace.
She with her infant dear, and close-mantled nurse, on a watch-tow'r
Far o'erlooking the field, stood weeping and bitterly moaning.

Hector, who found not within his spotless wife, on the threshold
Paused, as he left the house, and thus he questioned her maidens:
"Tell me, ye maidens, faithfully tell me the things I shall ask you.
Whither hath fair Andromaché bent her steps from the palace?
Went she to one of my sisters? or one of the wives of my brethren?
Or to Athené's fane, with the fair hair'd matrons of Troia,
There to appease with prayer the wrath of the terrible goddess?" (380)

Thus replied the chief of them all, the diligent housewife:
"Since, O Hector, thou bidst me declare the truth of the matter,
Neither to one of thy sisters, nor one of the wives of thy brethren,
Nor to Athené's fane with the fair-hair'd matrons of Troia,
Went she to join with the rest in prayer to the terrible goddess.
Up to the watch-tow'r high she went, when she heard that the Trojans
Sorely prest gave way, and Greece in her strength was advancing.
Wild with alarm she set forth, and must now the wall be ascending,
Breathless with haste: and the nurse attends her bearing her infant."

Thus she spake, and Hector at once from the palace departed, (390)
Hastening back through the stately streets by the way he had entered.
When at the Scæan gate he arrived, having traversed the city,
Which once past, his path led straight to the scene of the combat,
Came his rich-dower'd wife Andromaché, hurrying to meet him,
Great Eëtion's daughter; who ruled o'er his subject Cilicians,
Dwellers in fair Hypoplakian Thebé; there where the forests
Feath'ring down Plakos' slopes yield shade and shelter and verdure.

(Such was the lineage of her who had Hector the brave for her husband).
There they met; and the nurse was nigh, keeping close to her mistress,
And on her bosom the tender babe, sweet pledge of their union,
Fair as a radiant star, and the dearly belov'd of his parents.
Him had his father Scamandrius named, but the rest of the Trojans
Called him Astyanax. Troy's deliv'rance centered in Hector.
Silent, but smiling, he gazed on the lovely boy, and beside him
Bitterly weeping Andromaché stood. His hand she had taken;
Holding it fondly clasped, and endearingly thus she addressed him:
"Hector, too rashly brave! The fire of thy soul will destroy thee.
Pity thou feelest none for thy infant son, and thy consort,
Soon to become a wretched widow. The Greeks will o'erpow'r thee,
Setting upon thee all at once. For me were it better
Then to be whelmed in earth; thou lost! What joy can revisit
Ever this *desolate* heart when thou art gone? For the future
Nought but grief will be mine. No father have I, no mother
Honoured and loved. My father was slain by mighty Achilles,
When our Cilician Thebé fair lay smoking in ruin,
Walls and lofty gates. Then great Eëtion perished.
Yet did the victor spoil not the dead, for he honoured his mem'ry,
Raised him a funeral pile, and in all his panoply burned him,
Marking the spot with a tomb; which the *pitying* nymphs of the mountains,
Daughters of Zeus, with a grove of sacred elms have encircled.
Sev'n dear brothers were mine in the ancient home of my parents:
All in one day went down to the darksome regions of Hades;
All by the godlike might of the swift-pursuing Achilles
Slain, defending their herds and the snowy sheep *of their pastures.*
Only my royal mother remained, brought hither a captive,
Far from her *lov'd* Hypoplakian shades, with the spoils of the city.
Ransomed at length with countless wealth, to her home he restored her,
Only to fall by Artemis' shafts in the halls of her father.
Still thou art left me. To me thou art father, mother, and brethren,
Hector! *More than them all:* my heart's first love, and my husband!

Pity me then. Here stay, here take thy stand on the rampart,
Make not thy son an orphan: thy consort make not a widow.
Near yon fig-tree station a guard. That point is the weakest,
Easiest scaled its wall and inviting attack on the city.
Thrice have their bravest chiefs attempted it. Both the Aiantes
Tried its assault, and Idómeneus far renown'd; and th' Atreidæ;
Tydeus' warlike son; *each back'd by a host of his foll'wers.*
Either some seer, in visions warned, had drawn their attention,
Or their own *keen and practised* glance detected its weakness."
Thus then the lord of the waving plume, great Hector, responded:
"That shall have all my care, dear wife! But shame would o'erwhelm me,—
How could I face the Trojans and long-robed matrons of Troia,
If, like a dastard, I shrank aloof, and avoided the battle?
Nor could my soul endure it: for aye have I learned to be foremost;
Valiantly ever to dare, and fight in the van of the Trojans,
Winning renown for myself and my father's glory upholding.
Yet in my heart and inmost soul *too surely foreboding,*
Know I, and feel, that the day must come when Ilion the sacred,
Priam, and all the brave defenders of Priam, shall perish.
Yet among all these woes o'er *Troy and* the Trojans impending,
Not for my mother dear, nor the *sacred* head of my father,
Not for my brethren, num'rous and brave as they are, who must perish
Slain, and trampled in dust beneath the feet of the victor,
Grieves my heart, as for thee, when some bronze-mailed chief of the Grecians
Weeping shall bear thee away; the light of thy freedom extinguished;
Doomed in some Argive mansion the loom to ply for its mistress,
Water from Hypereia's fount to bear, or Messeïs,
Sorr'wing and much reluctant; thy soul bowed down with its misery.
Then will some *heartless* Greek, thy tears beholding, insult thee:
'This,' will he say, 'is Hector's wife, the redoubtable warrior,
Bravest of all the Troian chiefs, the defenders of Ilion.'
Taunts like these will embitter thy grief when thou think'st upon Hector,

Pow'rless to change thy doom, or avert the day of thy bondage.
Oh! may the mounded earth lie deep on my corse ere I hear thee
Shrieking in vain for help in the ruthless grasp of the spoiler."
Thus having said, for the beauteous boy his arms he extended:
Back however the babe with a scream recoiled, and in terror
Clung round the nurse's neck; for he feared the looks of his father,
Scared by the glance of his brazen casque, and the wave of the horse-tail
Dreadfully nodding aloft in the crest of the towering helmet. (470)
Smiling, *his terror* beheld his father dear and his mother.
Then from his head the mighty Hector, unfast'ning his helmet,
Laid it, all gleaming, aside on the ground. Then taking the infant,
Fondly kissed, and danced him awhile in his hands: and, devoutly
Praying to Zeus and th' immortal Gods, preferred his petition:
"Grant, O Zeus, and ye pow'rs supreme, that, even as I am
So distinguish'd among them in warlike feats and in valour,
This my son with a mighty hand may rule o'er the Trojans!
Grant that, returning from war, having slain his foemen in battle,
Laden with blood-stained spoils and the heart of his mother rejoicing, (480)
All may exclaim 'This chief is greater by far than his father.'"
Thus he spake, and placed the child in the arms of his mother.
Smiling through tears she received, and folded him close in her bosom,
Fragrant *with spicy odours.* This Hector beheld, and in pity
Gently caressing his *weeping* wife thus fondly addressed her:
"Dearest! grieve not thy soul with over-anxious forebodings.
None, ere the day by fate decreed, can dismiss me to Hades.
Nor hath there ever been man, once born, who his fate hath eluded,
Coward or brave! *All sink alike when destiny wills it.*
Now to our home betake thee. Resume the cares of thy household, (490)
Look to the distaff and web, and keep thy maids to their duties,
Each to her task. For men are the cares of war and its labours;
Mine above all among those whom Troy sends forth *in her armies.*"
Thus having said, great Hector resumed his glittering helmet,
Crested and plumed. His wife *all sad* returned to her palace,
Casting behind her many a look, *half blinded* with teardrops.

Soon as the stately dome of the death-doing chief she had entered,
Num'rous attendants met her, *and flocked* around *to receive her.*
All in her woe partook, all echoed the moans of their mistress,
Raising the funeral wail for their living lord in his palace,
Ev'n as already dead: for none expected to see him
Back from the fight return, escaped from the hands of the Grecians.
Paris now loitered no more in his chamber's lofty *retirement;*
But, having donned in haste his gorgeous and glittering armour,
Down to the gate he strode at his utmost speed through the city.
As when a courser, high fed, *and exulting in pride of his freedom,*
Bursting the rein which held him confined to his stall, o'er the meadows,
Bounds forth prancing, eager to lave in some wide-flowing river
Well remember'd—high tossing his head, while the mane o'er his shoulders
Streams on the wind, away he darts in his strength and his beauty
Far o'er the plain, in the distant pastures scenting his females:
Thus from Pergamos' loftiest heights rushed down Alexandros,
Priamus' son, all blazing in arms like the sun in his glory.
Swiftly his feet bore him on exulting; soon he encountered
Godlike Hector his brother, just quitting the spot where so lately
Farewells sad with his wife he exchanged, *and watched her departure.*
Thus then addressed his brother the godlike Prince Alexandros:
"Brother belov'd and honour'd! too long have I staid. I detain thee,
Hast'ning away, nor have duly obeyed the command that thou gav'st me."
Crest-waving Hector thus in return to his brother responded:
"Pity it is, since none can with justice blame thee in combat,
None can deny thy valour, when once engaged, or dispraise thee,
That thou shouldst be thus tardy, thus hard to excite! And it grieves me,
Ev'n to my inmost soul, to hear thee reproached by the Trojans,
Those who so bitterly feel the woes thy conduct hath wrought them.
Now let us hence. No more of this till the day, when to honour
Zeus and the immortal pow'rs who rule for aye in Olympus,
Freedom's cup in our halls we pledge: when, chased from among us,
Greece and her bright-arm'd hosts these shores for ever abandon."

THE ILIAD.

BOOK VII.

BOOK THE SEVENTH.

ARGUMENT.

HELENUS, inspired by Apollo and Pallas, recommends Hector to challenge the bravest of the Greeks to single combat. The challenge is given, and, after some hesitation, accepted. Lots are cast among nine chiefs who come forward, to decide on their champion. The choice falls on Aias. The heroes fight, somewhat to the disadvantage of Hector: but night coming on the heralds separate the combatants, who exchange gifts. By common consent a truce is agreed on to bury the dead, the Trojans offering terms of peace which Diomede persuades the Greeks to reject. The dead are burned and buried, and the Greeks dig a trench and erect a wall round their camp.

ILIAD. BOOK VII.

HECTOR the brave having spoken thus, rushed forth from the city:
With him the prince Alexander his brother. Both were impatient
Once more to join the ranks of war, and mix in the struggle.
As to some toil-exhausted crew, o'er-labour'd and fainting,
Painfully urging with polish'd oars their bark through the ocean,
Heav'n at their prayer accords the expected and favouring Zephyr;
Such was the Trojans' relief at the long'd-for sight of their leaders.
Each from the Greeks chose forth his man. Alexander Menestheus
Son of the king Areïthoüs slew, stern ruler of Arné,
Lord of the crushing mace, and large-eyed Philomedusa. (10)
Hector Eióneus smote with his pointed spear, and the jav'lin
Entered his neck beneath his helm. Down sank he in darkness.
Glaucus, Hippolochus' son, the redoubted Lycian leader,
Next, in fierce encounter Iphinöus pierced through the shoulder,
Dexias' son, in the act of vaulting aloft to his chariot,
Drawn by two fiery mares. He fell, and his spirit forsook him.
This when the blue-eyed goddess Athené saw, and her Grecians
Perishing thus beheld in the onset fierce of their foemen,
Down she darted on sacred Troy from the heights of Olympus.
This when Apollo from Pergamus saw, the field overlooking (20)
Anxious for Troy's success, he arose and hastened to meet her;
And at the Scæan gate, by the *ancient* beech, they encountered.
Thus then Apollo divine, Jove's offspring, accosted the goddess:

"Why once more, O daughter of mighty Zeus, from Olympus
Com'st thou hither, excited in spirit, and eager for action?
Is it to favour thy Greeks in the doubtful turns of the battle,
Casting all pity aside and care for the perishing Trojans?
Yet could I so persuade thee, far better it were *for the present*,
This day *at least*, to appease their strife and restrain them from slaughter.
Let them hereafter renew the fight if they will, and accomplish (30)
Ilion's fall, should such indeed be your merciless pleasure,
Hera's and thine that this fair city shall sink in destruction."

Thus responded in turn the blue-eyed goddess Athené:
"Ev'n so be it, far-darting king. To this end from Olympus
Hither I came, *desiring to part* the Greeks and the Trojans.
Tell me, I pray thee, how dost thou purpose to stay their encounter?"

Thus in his turn replied Jove's offspring, kingly Apollo:
"Let us excite great Hector, the warlike tamer of horses,
Forth to advance, and challenge some champion bold of the Grecians,
Singly and hand to hand, in fierce encounter to meet him. (40)
So shall the bronze-armed Greeks, by his words provoked, from among them
Choose forth a warrior worthy to cope with the first of the Trojans."

Thus he spake: and the blue-eyed goddess approved the proposal.
Helenus, Priam's son, meanwhile perceiving the counsel
In his *prophetic* mind, which the heav'nly pair had adopted,
Came, and his stand near Hector took, and thus he addressed him:

"Hector! Priam's *unconquered* son, Jove's equal in council!
Wilt thou attend to my words, and obey the voice of thy brother?
Bid both hosts be seated, the Trojans and Greeks in their order,
Thou thyself then challenge the best and bravest Achaian (50)
Singly and hand to hand in fierce encounter to meet thee.
'Tis not thy fate to fall and succumb to death in the combat:
This from the Gods I know, whose voice *prophetic* has reached me."

Thus he spake, and Hector rejoiced when he heard the proposal,
Stepping in front of the troops, he repressed their ranks with his jav'lin
Levelled and held by the middle athwart, and made them be seated.
So Agamemnon arranged the bright-greav'd hosts of Achaia.

Pallas, and he of the silver bow, far-darting Apollo,
Came, and like vultures in form sate perched, o'erlooking the armies
High on a lofty beech to their sire the Thunderer sacred,
Pleased with the scene; where in dense array the heroes in order
Blackened the plain, all bristling with spears, with shields, and with helmets.
As when the slumb'ring breeze begins to awake and a ripple
Steals o'er the ocean's breadth, and the crispt sea darkens beneath it;
Thus did the dense compacted lines of Greeks and of Trojans
Darken the plain. Then Hector advanced in the midst, and addressed them:
"Hear and attend to my words, ye bright-greaved Greeks and ye Trojans,
While unto all what the spirit within me prompts I shall utter.
Zeus where he sits high-throned hath confounded our oaths and our treaty,
Evil devising for both, and ordains our strife to continue,
Either till Troy's high tow'rs and walls shall yield to your valour,
Or at your ships yourselves shall strew the shore with your corses.
Here I behold among you the bravest and best of the Grecians.
If there be one with daring enough to meet me in combat,
Let him stand forth and come on, as a champion worthy of Hector.
Hear the proposal I make, and to this let Zeus be our witness,
If to his spear's long reach my life be given, let the victor
Seize on my arms and bear them away to the ships of the Grecians,
But be my body restored, that our Trojans and wives of the Trojans
On the funereal pile may place my remains and consume them.
But should Apollo the glory grant me to slay my opponent,
Mine be his spoils. I shall take, and to sacred Ilion bear them,
There to adorn the temple of *bright* far-darting Apollo.
Back to your well-bench'd ships shall his corse be sent, that Achaia
Funeral rites may bestow; and a tomb be raised *o'er his ashes*
On the wide Hellespont's *sounding* shore *to his memory sacred.*
Then in some future age, when men shall behold it in passing,
Borne in their many-bench'd ships o'er the wine-dark bosom of ocean,
'There,' shall one say to another, 'thou see'st the tomb of a hero

Bravely fighting, of old, who fell to the prowess of Hector: (90)
Thus shall he speak; and thus my fame undying shall flourish."
Hector thus. No word in reply was heard: for in silence
Shame to refuse, and dread to accept, each bosom pervaded.
Then Menelaüs at length uprose, and, groaning in spirit,
Thus he rebuked *their craven fear* with *bitter* reproaches:
"Women of Greece, not Greeks! *is this the end of your* boasting?
Shame will it be, most shameful and grievous to bear, when *in future Fame shall tell that* not one of the Greeks would confront him with Hector.
Now may ye all to water and earth be turned, as *inactive*,
Listless, inglorious, there ye sit, *and gaze on each other!* (100)
I myself for the fight will adjust mine arms: for the issue
Rests with th' immortal Gods. *Be it conquest or death, I will meet him.*"
Thus spake the chief, and resumed his bright and glittering armour.
Then, Menelaüs! thy span of life drew nigh to its ending,
Forfeit to Hector's hands; since Hector by far was the mightier:
Had not the princes of Greece in alarm upstarting withheld thee.
Atreus' son himself, the wide-ruling king Agamemnon,
Grasped thy right hand *with his own*, and named thee by name, and addressed thee!
"Sure thou art mad, Menelaüs divine! The occasion demands not
Frenzy like this. Thy zeal repress, though dear it may cost thee. (110)
Fight not, for fighting's sake, with a man far mightier than thou art,
Hector, Priamus' son, whom all men dread to encounter.
Mighty Achilles himself, a braver chief and a stronger,
Hector's assault hath been known to dread, and avoid him in battle.
Now be advised. Resume thy seat among thy companions,
Greece will provide her a champion meet to fight in her quarrel.
Brave as he is and greedy of war and fighting, believe me
Glad will he be to rest when the struggle is o'er which awaits him,
Should he escape with life from the fierce and deadly encounter."
Thus spake th' heroic chief, dissuading the mind of his brother: (120)
Good was his counsel and well received: and his joyful attendants
Eagerly lent their aid to divest their prince of his armour.

Then in the midst of the Greeks old Nestor rose and addressed them:
"Gods! what a weight of woe descends on the sons of Achaia!
How will that ancient knight, great Peleus, grieve when he hears it,
He, the adviser sage of the Myrmidon race, *and their sov'reign*,
Who with such close and earnest enquiry erst in his palace
Made me recount each Grecian chief, his lineage and offspring:
How will he raise his feeble hands to the blessed immortals,
Praying release for his soul, and rest in the mansions of Hades,
When he shall learn how low they crouch at the menace of Hector.
Would but, O Father Zeus, and Apollo, and Pallas Athena!
Would I were young once more, as on Celadon's banks, where the Pylians,
Gathering around me, fought with the bold Arcadian spearmen;
Or 'neath the Phæan walls, by the rushing Iardanus watered.
There stood forth Ereuthalion, godlike man, as their champion,
Sheath'd in resplendent armour, the spoils of king Areïthoüs,
Great Areïthoüs, sprung from a race divine; Corynetes
Called, as a surname giv'n him alike by men and by women:
For that, rejecting the bow and the spear's long reach in the battle,
Wielding a mace of steel, he crushed the ranks of his foemen.
Him, fair combat avoiding, Lycurgus slew, at advantage
Ta'en in a narrow defile, where the sweep of his mace might avail him
Nought, to secure his life: for, ere he could raise it, Lycurgus
Pierced him through with his spear, and supine he fell in his death-pang.
Thus these arms did he win. As a gift from Ares he prized them,
Worn by himself thenceforth, in many a martial encounter.
But when by age unnerved and at length confined to his palace,
Brave Ereuthalion received them, his lov'd and faithful attendant.
These were the arms he wore when he challenged the boldest among us.
All then trembled with fear, nor did one dare venture to meet him.
I, however, the youngest of all, by the spirit excited,
Burning within me, to fight him, and filled with confident valour

Met him, *and smote him.* Pallas sustained, and to victory led me.
Huge as he was, I slew that bold and redoubtable hero.
Wide outstretched on the *cumber'd* plain lay the limbs of the giant.
Could I renew that youth—could strength like that be restored me,
Crest-waving Hector would wait not long for a fitting opponent.
Yet, while around me I see the bravest and best of the Grecians,
None stands forward in arms to cope with *this terrible* Hector."
Nestor reproving them thus, up started nine of the heroes.
First and foremost by far was the wide-ruling prince Agamemnon,
Next in order came brave Tydeus' son Diomedes,
Then too, uprose th' Aiantes both, in the pride of their valour;
Next came Idomeneus, Merion next his constant companion,
Charged with the care of his arms, and the rival of Ares in battle;
Next Eurypylus, valiant son of noble Evæmon,
Thoas, Andræmon's son, and the godlike might of Odysseus:
All prepared for the fight—all eager to match them with Hector.
Then the Gerenian knight old Nestor, sagely advised them:
"Now then decide by impartial lot which chief shall be chosen,
Much will he aid our cause, and well deserve of the Grecians,—
Great to himself the glory and gain, if back from the conflict,
Unsubdued he return, unscathed in the dreadful encounter."
Thus he spake, and each chief prepared his lot. Having marked it
Into the helm he cast it of Atreus' son Agamemnon.
Then to the gods, with hands and with eyes uplifted to Heaven,
Thus might you hear the people in prayer their wishes expressing:
"Father Zeus! O choose for us Aias, or noble Tydeides,
Or be the lot conferred on the sov'reign of wealthy Mycenæ."
Thus they prayed. Then shook the lots Gerenian Nestor.
Forth from the helmet leaped that lot so earnestly wished for,
That which the mark of Aias bore. This raising, the herald,
Handed it round from right to left to the chiefs of the Grecians,
Each in his turn disclaimed the mark unknown. But the herald,
Making his way through the crowd, at the place arrived where the hero,
He who had marked and giv'n it, stood. The illustrious Aias
Stretched forth his hand for the lot, and the herald handed it to him.

Aias no sooner saw than he knew his mark, and exultant
Cast the lot on the ground at his feet, and addressed the Achaians:
"See, my friends! the lot is mine own! I receive it rejoicing.
Full and assured is my trust the godlike Hector to conquer.
All, howbeit, while my limbs I invest in their glittering armour,
Pray to almighty Zeus, the immortal offspring of Kronos,
In my behalf. But in silence pray lest the Trojans should hear you.
Said I in silence? Aloud if ye will. *What need we concealment?*
Fear have we none. By force alone shall no mortal subdue me:
Nor, as I trust, by skill, or vainly *in arms* was I nurtured,
In rough Salamis born, *and trained to the use of my weapons.*"
Thus he spake, and all then prayed to mighty Kronion,
Uttering words like these, with eyes uplifted to Heaven:
"Father Zeus most great, most glorious, ruling from Ida!
Victory grant to Aias, and crown his achievements with glory;
Yet if thou favour Hector, and grant him thy mighty protection,
Give to them equal force, and divide the glory between them."
Thus while they prayed great Aias assumed his glittering armour;
And, in refulgent bronze when his mighty form was invested,
Forth to the field he rushed; as gigantic Ares to battle
Stalks when he mingles in fight with heroes whom *angry* Kronion
Plunges in soul-consuming strife and bitter contention.
Thus did gigantic Aias, the bulwark and strength of the Grecians,
Grimly smiling, advance *to the fight:* each stride of the warrior
Cov'ring a length of ground, with his long-forth-shadowing jav'lin,
Poised in his grasp. And the Greeks rejoiced, when they gazed on their champion:
Trembled in every limb the fear-struck ranks of the Trojans.
Hector himself *for a moment* perceived in his bosom a flutter.
All retreat, however, was barred, all thought of withdrawing,
Lost in the crowd of his friends; for himself had offered the challenge.
Aias approached, advancing his mighty shield like a tower
Brazen, with sev'n-fold hides. This Tychius the artist had made him
(Tychius, the foremost man of his craft, a dweller in Hylé),
Easily wielded by Aias, though sev'n huge bulls had, to make it,

Yielded their hides, and a plating of brass completed the fabric.
Cov'ring his form with this, the great Telamonian Aias
Close up to Hector advanced, and threat'ning thus he addressed him:
"Hector! now art thou matched, and man to man shalt discover
What sort of warriors are those who lead our hosts of Achaia.
What though the breaker of ranks, the lion-hearted Achilles,
Holds him aloof, by his high-beak'd ships, remote and inactive,
Wroth against Atreus' son, the shepherd and guide of his people: (230)
Others there are, and many amongst us, able to meet thee,
Aye, and perchance to conquer. Come on then! Begin we the battle."
Thus then crest-waving Hector, the mighty in battle, responded:
"Aias divine! great Telamón's son, and the pride of thy nation!
Threat not me as thou wouldst some inexperienced stripling,
Or some woman, unversed in war and the conduct of battles.
Fighting, and slaying of men, are to me nor new *nor alarming.*
Shifting my shield now right, now left, I know to protect me.
Weariness visits not me in the *long-drawn stress of the* combat.
Skilled are my feet in each measured step of the dances of Ares, (240)
Or with the foot to advance, or join in the rush of the chariots.
Brave as thou art, unawares no weapon of mine shall assail thee,
Stand on thy guard! THIS fairly *is* thrown, and *I trust* thou shalt feel it."
Thus he spake, and hurled his long-forth-shadowing jav'lin.
Full on the mighty sev'n-fold shield of Aias it lighted;
Piercing the shining brass, its eighth and outermost cov'ring,
Passed with unblunted force through six tough hides, and beyond them
Met, and at length stuck fast in the sev'nth. Then next in succession
Aias divine sent forth his long-forth-shadowing jav'lin,
Full on the smooth round shield of the son of Priam it lighted, (250)
Thorough the shining bronze it forced its impetuous passage,
Then through the corslet rich its course pursued, and descending,
Glanced by his flank aside; and his vest was torn by the weapon;
Swerving, however, with dext'rous skill black death he eluded.
Tugging amain with both their hands they recovered their weapons,

Then in close fight they joined, like raw-devouring lions,
Or as two mighty forest boars *each rending the other.*
Full on the midst of Aias' shield the weapon of Hector
Struck, but it entered not, and the point fell blunted and harmless.
Aias came on with a bound, and smote his shield, and the impulse (260)
Stopped his career and repelled him. The spear passed straight through his buckler,
Cutting his neck beyond; and the dark blood flowed in a torrent.
Tossing his lofty crest *as in scorn of the hurt,* to the combat
Hector again returned. A stone he perceived, and he raised it
Up from the plain where embedded it lay, black, rugged, and massive.
This on the mighty sev'n-fold shield he dashed; and it lighted
Full on the central boss; and the brass rang loudly beneath it.
Aias then in his turn a much heavier fragment uplifted,
Huge as the nether block of a mill, and swinging it round him,
Using enormous strength, broke through the buckler of Hector, (270)
Crushing his knee. And supine he fell, by the shield *all in fragments*
Bruised and o'erwhelmed. But Apollo restored his strength and upraised him.
Then in yet closer fight, with their swords, had the heroes encountered,
Had not the heralds, messengers holy of Gods and of mortals,
Now intervened; Talthybius the wise, Idæus the prudent,
This for the Trojans, that for the bronze-mailed sons of Achaia.
Stretching between them their sceptres they parted the chiefs; and Idæus
Thus delivered their sage resolves and counsels of prudence:
"Fight no longer, my children! *return your swords to their scabbards,*
Dear alike are ye both to cloud-compelling Kronion; (280)
Each, as we all have seen, is a champion brave, and a warrior.
Night is at hand. To obey the night is the duty of all men."
Answ'ring Idæus, thus then spake Telamonian Aias:
"Words like these, if it please him, let Hector speak, at thy bidding.
His was the challenge, proffered to all the chiefs of the Grecians,
Let him begin. I obey thy words if he set the example."
Thus then the lord of the waving plume, great Hector, addressed him:

"Aias! the Gods have giv'n thee stature and strength. They have giv'n thee
Wisdom, and skill beyond all the Greeks in the use of thy weapon;
Therefore desist we now from fight and angry contention,
This day at least. When we fight it out on some future occasion
Heav'n will decide between us, and crown the victor with glory.
Night is at hand. To obey the night is the duty of all men.
So shalt thou gladden the Greeks, at their ships, who greet thy returning:
All thy companions in arms, and all thy friends who surround thee.
I too returning again to the lofty city of Priam
Joy shall bring to the Trojans, and long-robed matrons of Troia
All at this moment engaged in prayer and solemn procession.
Yet, ere we part, exchange we costly gifts with each other.
So shall our friends, in either host; *when they speak of our combat,*
Say, 'Those chiefs who met in such fierce and bitter contention
Learned to respect each other's worth, and parted in friendship.'"
Thus having said he presented a sword, bright hilted with silver,
Which with the sheath and broidered belt he handed to Aias,
Who, on his part, a baldric gave resplendent with purple.
Both then retired; the one to rejoin the host of the Grecians,
Back to the crowd of Trojans the other. These, when they met him,
Greatly rejoiced to behold him, alive returned, and in safety;
Unsubdued by the *giant* force of invincible Aias:
More than they dared to hope: and with shouts to the city they led him.
Aias the while, triumphant, the bright-greaved sons of Achaia
Brought, as if victor *in fight declared* to divine Agamemnon.

Now to Atreides' tent were they come, and the chiefs were assembled;
There at the King's command was a steer led up to the altar,
Five years old, and a male, for the son of mysterious Kronos
This they flayed, and the carcase dressed, and the limbs they divided,
Cut into portions the flesh, transfixed and skilfully roasted,
Drew them from off the spits, and served them for meat at the tables.
Thus was the meal prepared, and the banquet spread; and they feasted
Each to his soul's content: nor lacked they abundance *or welcome.*

Atreus'. heroic son, the wide-ruling prince Agamemnon,
Ordered the length entire of the chine to be set before Aias.
But when the cravings of hunger and thirst at length were abated,
Nestor, ever the first to unfold the counsels of wisdom,
Ever the most approved by all, uprose to advise them.
Sagely he spoke, and these were the words he addressed to the princes:
"Mighty Atreides! And you, ye leaders renown'd of the Grecians,
Many, *too many*, have fall'n of the long-hair'd sons of Achaia,
Mingling their purple blood with the wide-rolling stream of Scamander
At stern Ares' behest. And their souls have descended to Hades. (330)
Bid thou the Greeks with to-morrow's dawn desist from their warfare.
Bid them collect their dead, and with mules, with oxen, and chariots
Bring them together, somewhat apart from the vessels, and burn them.
So shall each man preserve the bones of his friends, and convey them
Back to their native land, when *fate shall ordain* our departure.
Then be a mound heaped up on the site of the pyre—a memorial
Common to all: and commencing thence, be a wall and a rampart
Built with all speed, with lofty tow'rs, to serve as a bulwark
Both to our ships and ourselves. And let gates be made for our chariots
Forth to proceed *for war*, well barred, and *strongly* protected. (340)
Outside, dig we a trench profound, surrounding the rampart;
This shall avail to protect both horses and men, should the Trojans
Press, elate *with their brief success*, too closely upon us."
Thus he spake, and the princes all approved his proposal.
Meanwhile, in Troy was held a confused and distracted assembly,
Gathered on Pergamos' height, at the gates of *the palace of* Priam.
Sage Antenor took up the word, and thus he harangued them:
"Hear me, ye Trojans, Dardans, and *faithful* allies *of our city!*
While I declare unto all what the soul in my bosom commands me.
Act *as becomes your fame.* Restore at once to th' Atreidæ (350)
Argive Helen and all her treasures. Are we not fighting
Under the ban of broken oaths? What better can happen,
What success we can hope, I see not: if this be rejected."
Thus having said he resumed his seat. Then rose to address them

Fair-hair'd Helena's spouse, the godlike prince, Alexandros,
Who in these ardent words replied, *giving vent to his anger:*
"Sore displeasing, Antenor, to me are the words thou hast uttered;
Well dost thou know far better and wiser counsel to offer.
If thou be serious, indeed, and this thy deliberate meaning,
Truly, methinks, th' immortal Gods have deprived thee of reason. (360)
I, in my turn, have a word to speak to the horse-taming Trojans,
Once for all, I declare it—my wife will I never relinquish.
As for the treasure—all that from Argos I brought unto Ilion
Ready am I to restore, and with wealth of my own to augment it."
This having said he resumed his seat. Then rose to address them
Priamus, Dardanus' son, superior to mortals in wisdom.
Sagely he spake, and these were the words he addressed to the meeting:
"Hear me, ye Trojans, Dardans, and faithful allies of our city!
While I declare to all what the soul in my bosom commands me:
First, as in usual course, let food be served to the army. (370)
Post *strong* guards for the night, and be each man watchful and ready.
Then, with to-morrow's dawn, let Idæus proceed to their vessels,
Let him report Alexandros' words on the cause of our quarrel
Unto th' Atreidæ both, Menelaüs and king Agamemnon.
Let him moreover a truce demand from war and its uproar,
Prudently wording his message: that so to the slain may be granted
Funeral rites. This done, when again we shall mingle in conflict,
Heav'n will decide between us, and crown the victors with glory."
Thus he spake, and to all he said the people assented.
Food was distributed then to the troops, assembled by sections. (380)
Morning dawned, and Idæus sought the ships of the Grecians,
Where, by the stern of Atreides' ship, he found them assembled,
Ready alike for council and deeds of arms: and amidst them
Taking his stand, the clear-voiced herald delivered his message:
"O ye Atreidæ, and all ye distinguished chiefs of the Grecians,
Priam hath sent me hither, and Troy's illustrious leaders,
Bidding me speak what perchance may well deserve your attention;
What Alexander himself, the cause of our quarrel, proposes.
All the treasures he brought to Troy *when he quitted your* country,

Crossing the sea with his ships (Oh, would that first he had perished!),
These will he freely restore, and with wealth of his own will augment them.
Not so Helen, the youthful spouse of great Menelaüs;
Her will he never yield, though greatly the Trojans desire it.
Further, I come commissioned a truce from war and its uproar
In fair words to demand; that so to the slain may be granted
Funeral rites. This done, if again we mingle in conflict,
Heav'n will decide between us, and crown the victors with glory."
Thus he spake: and all received the proposal in silence.
Brave Diomedes at length uprose and declared his opinion:
"Neither the treasure, nor Helen herself, let a man of the Grecians
Think of accepting. Surely a child may see that destruction
Hovers o'er Ilion's walls, and that nought can save her from ruin."
Ended the chief, and shouted assent the sons of Achaia,
All the *decisive* words of stern Diomedes approving.
Then Agamemnon the king thus spake, addressing Idæus:
"Now, thou hast heard, Idæus, how Greece receives thy proposal.
Go! report her reply—*and add*, Agamemnon approves it.
But, as regards the dead, I refuse not permission to burn them.
Grudge bear we none to the slain, nor war with inanimate corses.
Fall'n, let the last sad rite be in haste performed, to appease them.
So be it! witness it, thundering Zeus, thou consort of Hera!"
Thus as he spake, to the pow'rs on high he uplifted his sceptre.
Back Idæus returned to the sacred city of Ilion,
Where both Trojans and Dardans he found assembled in council
Ev'n as he left them, waiting to hear *the result of his mission.*
Straightway advancing among them he stood, and delivered his message
Full in the midst of all: and without delay they proceeded,
Some to collect the bodies, and some for wood to consume them.
Nor with less anxious zeal went forth the Greeks from their vessels,
Gath'ring together their dead and collecting the fuel to burn them.
Bright o'er the freshen'd fields was the sun in his glory ascending
Into the clear expanse; o'er the smooth and deep-flowing ocean
Shedding a holy calm. Then met the Greeks and the Trojans

Seeking their friends, *disfigured with wounds and* hard to distinguish.
Off with water they washed the clotted gore, *and upraised them,*
Many a warm tear dropping the while; and laid them on chariots.
Priam allowed no clamorous woe. But inwardly grieving,
Silent they heaped their dead on the mighty pyre and consumed them.
Sadly and slow, the rite performed, they returned to the city.
Nor with less pious care did the bright-greaved sons of Achaia (430)
Heap on the pile their dead, and burn them with fire, and departing
Sorrowing and slow, the rite performed, return to their vessels.
Thus passed the mournful day. With the morrow's dawn in the twilight
Issued a chosen band of Greeks. The pyre they surrounded,
Heaping upon it a mighty mound from the plain, *a memorial*
Common to all; and commencing thence, a wall and a rampart
Speedily built, with lofty towers, to serve as a bulwark
Both for their ships and themselves. And a gate they made for the chariots
Forth to the war to proceed, well barred and strongly protected.
Outside of all a trench they dug surrounding the rampart (440)
Broad and profound, and *sharp* palisades they planted within it.
Thus did the long-hair'd Greeks with toil *complete their defences.*
All the Gods meanwhile, around Zeus, dread wielder of lightning,
Sate, admiring the mighty work of the bronze-mail'd Achaians.
Then Poseidon, earth-shaking pow'r, uprose and addressed him:
"Father Zeus! doth a man on the wide earth's measureless surface
Live, who henceforth will open his heart to the blessed immortals?
See! what a *length of* wall these long-hair'd sons of Achaia
Round their ships have built! what a trench they have made! *what a rampart!* (449)
All in the pride of their hearts: nor *prayers nor* hecatombs offered!
Wide as the dawn's broad light will this work's fame be extended,
That which Phœbus and I performed of old be forgotten,
That we so toilsomely raised round great Laomedon's city."
Grievously anger'd, Zeus, the cloud-compeller, responded:
"Lord of the earthquake's might! What words are these thou hast uttered?

Thoughts like these might disturb some feebler pow'r of Olympus,
Much thy inferior in strength, and much less wide in dominion.
Far as the day-spring shines THY fame will for aye be extended.
As for this wall *which excites thy wrath:* when the sons of Achaia
Back to their dear-lov'd land are returned, thou hast but to whelm it
Deep in thy seas, uptearing it *all from its lowest foundations;*
Spreading thy sands once more o'er the broad flat beach *it disfigures.*
So shall no trace remain of this wond'rous work of the Grecians."
Thus discoursed the immortal Gods in the halls of Olympus.
Set, meanwhile, was the sun, and the work of the Greeks was completed.
Oxen were slain, and beneath their tents a repast was provided.
Wine, in many a ship from Lemnos' isle, by Eunèus,
Son of the prince Iason, whom fair Hypsipyle bore him,
Sent, from his plenteous stores, was ready at hand in abundance.
Thence had been landed a thousand measures of wine, from Eunèus,
Sent, as a royal gift, apart, to the brother Atreidæ.
Thence, too, the long-hair'd Greeks drew large supplies; which they purchased,
Some with brass, and others with shining steel, or with oxen;
Some with their hides, and some with captive slaves. And provision
Lacked not, largely prepared for all the hosts of Achaia.
All night long they feasted, and all night long in the city
Feasted the Troian hosts, and the faithful allies of the Trojans.
High over-head meanwhile through the night loud thunder was pealing,
Sign of an angry god. And pale was each visage with terror.
Each man poured on the ground some wine from his cup. By libations
Zeus unappeased, none dared advance his lips to the goblet.
Wearied at length they reclined, and enjoyed the blessing of slumber.

THE ILIAD.

BOOK VIII.

BOOK THE EIGHTH.

ARGUMENT.

ZEUS convenes the Gods on Olympus, and forbids them to aid either of the contending armies. Retiring to Ida, he hangs out the scales of destiny, and conformably to their indication darts his lightnings on the Greeks. Nestor, one of whose horses is killed, mounts the car of Diomede, and together they attack Hector, whose charioteer is slain by Diomede. Thereupon Zeus directs a thunderbolt in front of their advancing car. They turn and quit the combat. Hector pursues. Agamemnon rallies the Greeks at their ships and the battle is renewed. The exploits of Teucer, whom Hector disables. Hera and Pallas, disobeying the command of Zeus, arm and set forth from Olympus to assist the Greeks, and are recalled with threats by Iris. Night coming on the Greeks retire within their wall, and Hector and the Trojans encamp around it. Night scene in the Trojan camp.

ILIAD. BOOK VIII.

DAWN, in his saffron mantle clad, the earth had illumined,
When, on the loftiest of all the bristling peaks of Olympus,
Thundering Zeus an assembly convened of the *blessed* immortals.
Thus he addressed them, list'ning all *with breathless attention:*
"Hear me, ye Gods and Goddesses all, *blest pow'rs of Olympus!*
While unto each I declare what the soul in my bosom commands me.
This, my word, no God of you all, be he male, be she female,
Venture to contravene; but assent at once *and obey me:*
So shall I quickly bring this *long* dispute to an issue.
Whomsoe'er of the Gods I shall see going forth, with intention,
Or to the Greek or the Trojan cause to render assistance,
Smitten and sore disgraced that God shall return to Olympus;
Or into Tartarus' gloomy gulph it may please me to hurl him
Far from hence, where deep under ground a horrible dungeon
Yawns. Its gates are of steel, its threshold brass. Beneath Hades
Deeper it lies and further down than earth from the heavens.
So shall he learn how far my might all other surpasses.
Come now, ye Gods! make trial of strength, that all may behold it:
Down will I cast from heaven a golden chain, and support it.
Thereby, ye Gods and Goddesses all suspended, endeavour
Down from Olympus to earth to drag your Lord and your Master.
Vain were your strength; your united efforts in vain were exerted.
But should it please me to draw you aloft, with ease could I lift you,
Not yourselves alone, but the earth itself and the ocean.

Should I then bind the chain round the topmost peak of Olympus,
There the *stupendous* frame would hang, suspended in æther.
Such is my pow'r compared with the might of Gods and of mortals."
Such his command. And in silent awe th' assembly received it,
Wond'ring much at his words: for stern and severe was their menace.
Answered however, at length, the blue-eyed goddess Athené: (30)
"Sire of us all! Great Kronos' son! supreme among sov'reigns!
Well we know, and all acknowledge, that none can resist thee.
Still must we grieve, and pity the woes of the Danaan warriors,
Helpless left, to endure thy wrath and perish before us.
Yet we obey thy mandate, and mix no more in the contest.
Counsel howbeit thou wilt not, surely, forbid us to offer:
So that they sink not all o'erwhelmed by the weight of thine anger."
Smiling upon her, Zeus these words addressed to his daughter:
"Be of good cheer, Tritonia, child belov'd! nor interpret
Aught that I said too harshly. To thee am I ever indulgent." (40)
Thus he spake, and the brazen-hoof'd steeds attached to his chariot,
Swift *as the wind. Broad floated* their golden manes *on their shoulders.*
Golden raiment around him he flung; then mounted the chariot,
Bearing *aloft* in his hand a golden scourge; and the horses
Lashed; and with right good will they darted away through the æther,
Spread forth betwixt this earth and the star-strown concave of heaven.
Fountful Ida, the teeming nurse of each beast of the forest,
Reached he; and Gargarus' height with its sacred grove and its altar.
There did the father of Gods and men draw rein, and the horses
Loosed; and *from mortal sight* in a shroud of vapour concealed them: (50)
Thence, on the topmost peak high-throned, exulting in glory,
Viewed at his feet the tow'rs of Troy and the ships of the Grecians.
Now had the Greeks partaken a hasty meal, and for battle
Each beneath his tent braced on his *glittering* armour.
While, on their part, the Trojans throughout the city were arming;
Fewer in number indeed, yet not less eager for conflict.
Well was their need! compelled to fight for their wives and their children.

Wide were the gates thrown open, and forth the multitude issued,
Footmen and horse, mid the clash of arms and the rattle of chariots,
Pouring forth on the plain. When now both hosts were confronted,
Dire was the clash of shields, of spears, and of panoplied warriors
Grappling with might and main. And the bosses round of their bucklers
Close together were thrust. Then arose the din of the battle.
Shouts of victorious joy, and cries and groans of the vanquished
Mixed in one roar. Then streamed with blood the ground *that they trampled.*
Thus, while the sacred light waxed strong, and the sun was ascending,
Wound for wound was exchanged, and hero perished for hero.
But when the sun had attained his mid-day height in the concave,
Then hung forth the Father his golden scales. In the balance
Laid he the long-reposing fates *now ripe for fulfilment*
Both of the Trojans and Greeks: *fates fraught with death and with conquest.*
Held by the middle, he poised them on high; and the scale of the Grecians,
Heavy with death, sank low. Earth's fruitful bosom received it.
Bounded aloft the Trojan scale and invaded the heavens.
Zeus then thundered aloud from Ida's height, and the lightning
Blazing, among the Greeks flashed fierce. They beheld, and amazement
Seized on their souls, and each *bold cheek* grew pallid with terror.
Then nor Idomeneus dared remain, nor great Agamemnon,
Nor th' Aiantes twain, those valiant servants of Ares.
Nestor alone, of Greece th' *inspiring spirit and* guardian
Staid. No choice was left him: for one of his steeds was disabled.
Him Alexandros, Helena's spouse, had pierced with an arrow.
Full on the front, where the forelock hair sprouts forth from the forehead,
Lighted the dart, on a spot where a wound received would be mortal.
Smitten, in torment he reared, for the brain was reached by the arrow.
Writhing around the dart he plunged and entangled his fellows.
Down sprang Nestor in haste, with his sword to sever the traces,

Just as advancing swift through the press came the chariot of Hector,
Bearing exulting along in the full career of his onset
Hector himself. Then, Nestor! thy days of life had been ended,
Had not brave Diomedes perceived *the danger that threatened.*
Shouting aloud in a thundering voice he appealed to Odysseus:
"Whither, Laertes' heav'n-born son, deep-scheming Odysseus,
Whither, turning thy back, dost thou run with the crowd, like a dastard?
Look to it! lest from behind transfix'd some spear shall arrest thee.
Turn! and assist our aged friend and repel his assailant."
Thus he spake. Much-enduring Odysseus heard not the summons.
On he pressed, till *safely* he reached the ships of the Grecians.
Then, though alone, Tydeides confronted the Trojans advancing,
Standing before the steeds of Neleus' son, to protect him,
Thus exhorting his friend with encouraging words of assurance:
"Sorely, my good old friend, do these youthful warriors oppress thee,
Strength hast thou little left, and age weighs heavy upon thee:
Weary and worn is thy faithful attendant: slow are thy horses:
Mount my car! and behold how these Troian coursers will bear us
Sweeping across the plain, now here, now there; now advancing
Fierce to the charge; now swift in pursuit; now haply retreating.
These from Æneas I took—they are used to war and its terrors.
These thy steeds to our servants be giv'n in charge. With the others
Meet we the foe. Then Hector shall feel, *that insolent boaster,*
Whether Tydeides' spear can rage in the hands of its master."
Thus Diomedes advised. Gerenian Nestor assented.
Sthenelus *lightly* then *sprang down from the car of his master,*
Joining Eurymedon brave, *and* took charge of the horses of Nestor,
While on Tydeides' car both chiefs prepared for the combat.
Nestor assumed the shining reins and lashed on the horses,
Urging them on, till Hector *in full career* they encountered.
Hurrying impetuous on, Tydeides darted his jav'lin,
Aiming at Hector's *breast;* but it missed its mark, and Thebæan
Heniopeûs, his charioteer, struck full on the bosom
Under the pap: and he *dropped the reins, and* fell from the chariot.
Back recoiled in terror the steeds, and the hapless attendant

Breathed his last on the plain where he lay, and his spirit forsook him.
Grieved was Hector at heart, at the death of his friend and attendant:
There, however, he left him stretched, *for vain was his sorrow.*
Forthwith another driver he sought, nor long did his horses
Lack an experienced hand to *assume their reins and* direct them.
Brave Archeptolemus, Iphitus' son, he found, who the chariot
Mounted at once, and assumed the reins, *and encouraged the horses.*
Then had been wrought unheard-of feats of prowess and valour: (130)
Then had the Trojans been pent in their town, like sheep for the slaughter,
Had not the Father of Gods and men perceived *and forbid* it.
Dreadfully rolled his thunder. Forth flashed the bolt, and alighting
Blazing, down on the ground at the feet of Diomed's horses,
Wrapped them in dire sulphureous flames *and* smouldering *vapour.*
Low crouched the steeds beneath the car, all trembling with terror.
Then from the hands of Nestor flew the reins, and the old man
Shuddered with fear, and addressed these words to brave Diomedes:
"Turn, son of Tydeus! turn thy steeds, and retreat from the contest;
Seest thou not that the might of Zeus is fighting against thee? (140)
This day's glory Kronion hath granted our foe; but to-morrow
Victory yet may be ours, if so perchance it shall please him.
Nought can the force of mortal man prevail, nor his valour
Jove's high will to control, or contend in strength with the mightiest."
Then Diomedes, great in the roar of battle responded:
"All thou say'st, old man, is, like fate's decrees, undisputed.
Grief, however, consumes my heart and soul, when in fancy
Hector I hear exulting, and boasting aloud to his Trojans:
'Lo! where Tydeides flies to his ships from *the terrors of* Hector!'
Thus will he vaunt. Yawn wide then, Earth! *and hide my confusion.*" (150)
Then to his words in turn replied Gerenian Nestor:
"Warlike Tydeus' son! What words are these thou hast spoken?
What though vaunting Hector should call thee base and a recreant,
Small assent will his boasts receive from Trojans or Dardans,
Or from the *weeping* widows of those brave Troïan heroes,

Whom in the flow'r of their youth thine arm hath hurled to destruction."
Thus he spake, and turned the stamping steeds and the chariot,
Joining the flying rout. And the Trojans followed, and Hector,
Shouting triumphant, and pouring destructive missiles upon them.
Loud *above all* resounded the shout of crest-waving Hector: (160)
"Honour'd, Tydeides! once was thy name at the feasts of the Grecians;
High did they seat thee, and heaped thy board, and replenished thy goblet;
Now will they hold thee in scorn when they see thee fly like a woman.
Off with thee! paltry girl! The walls of our Ilian city,
Hector retreating, thou ne'er shalt climb, nor our wives and our daughters
Carry away to thy ships. At my hands thy doom shall await thee."
Thus he spake, and Tydeides heard, and inly debated
Whether to turn his steeds and again confront his pursuers.
Thrice in the depths of his heart this thought arose, and as often
Zeus with fresh-vollied thunders from Ida's summit repressed it, (170)
Beaconing on the Trojans to seize their moment for vict'ry.
Hector then shouted aloud, and thus encouraged the Trojans:
"Hear me! ye Trojans, Lycians, and fierce Dardanian swordsmen,
Shew yourselves men, my friends! Remember your fame and your valour,
Now is the time—I behold it nigh—when Zeus hath accorded
Conquest and glory to Troy; to the Greeks defeat *and confusion.*
Fools that they were! *Behold what* walls they have built to protect them,
Worthless and weak! unfit to arrest my impetuous onset.
See, too, the trench they have dug! My steeds at a bound will o'erleap it.
Then, to their hollow ships through their headlong rout when I lead you, (180)
Some one be mindful of fire. *Let blazing torches be kindled.*
So shall I wrap their fleet in devouring flames, and the Argives,
Stifled, and blind with smoke, fall an easy prey to your valour."
Thus he spake. Then his horses he cheered, and thus he addressed them:

"Xanthus, and ye, brave steeds, Podargus, Lampus, and Æthon!
Now *is your time to* requite me for all my care, and the kindness
Shewn you by fair Andromaché, great Eetion's daughter;
Her, who hath fed you oft with rich abundance of barley;
Mingling with wine your drink, when your *fainting* spirits required it;
Caring for you before myself, her lord and her husband;
Now be ye swift, and follow them up, and help me to capture
That great shield of Nestor, whose fame ascends to the heavens;
All, both its orb and its handles, of solid gold. From his shoulders
Give me to tear Diomedes' arms, that marvellous corslet
Wrought with Dædalian skill: for Hephæstus himself was the artist.
These should we take, this night I might hope to behold the Achaians
Hurrying on board their ships, and speeding *their flight o'er the ocean.*"
Boastingly thus he spake. But Hera indignantly heard him,
Quiv'ring with rage on her throne, while Olympus trembled beneath her.
Then to Poseidon, mighty Pow'r, she turned, and addressed him:
"Shame *on such deeds!* Thou wide earth-shaker, hast thou no pity?
Is not thy soul within thee grieved for our perishing Grecians?
Many and rich are the gifts which at Helicé fair and at Ægæ
Duteous, they heap on thy shrine. Oh! *help them.* WILL them to conquer!
Should we but join—we pow'rs who befriend the cause of the Grecians—
Troy might be turned to flight: those thunders stripped of their terrors:
Zeus in his turn might grieve, left sitting alone upon Ida."
Angered, and much disturbed, thus answered the Lord of the earthquake:
"Oh! inconsiderate Hera! What words are these thou hast uttered?
Think not I shall persuade the Gods to contend with Kronion.
Ill would it fare with all if opposed in fight to the mightiest."
Thus they communed on high, disclosing their thoughts to each other.
All the space meanwhile, from the ships to the wall and the trenches,
Densely was filled with bucklered men, with horses and chariots,
Crowded togeth'r in a close-wedg'd mass, and followed by Hector,

Brave as the God of war, and by Zeus led onward to glory.
Then had devouring flames consumed the fleets of Achaia,
Had not Atreides himself, all breathless with haste and exertion,
Prompted by Hera divine, *stood forth and* rallied his warriors.
Swiftly his course he bent to the tents and ships of the Grecians, (220)
Holding *aloft* in his hand his purple robe, *as a signal.*
There arrived, on the tall black ship of Odysseus he mounted,
Moored in the midst of the line, that on either hand they might hear him,
THERE, to the ships and tents of the great Telamonian Aias,
HERE, to Achilles' camp: for these their vessels had stationed
Farthest, at either extreme, on their strength and valour relying.
Thence, in accents clear and loud, he exhorted the Grecians:
"Shame on ye Greeks! Ye disgrace the name! But in form are ye soldiers.
Where are your boasts, when ye vaunted yourselves the bravest of mortals?
All that empty and braggart talk ye poured forth at Lemnos, (230)
Gorging yourselves with the flesh of horned steers at our banquet,
Crowning the flowing bowl, *each cup false courage inspiring.*
Then was each man a match for a hundred or two of the Trojans,
Meeting them fairly in fight! But now one singly suffices,
Hector! to *drive you before him, and* burn the ships *ye rely on.*
Father Zeus! didst thou e'er in thy wrath thus hunt to destruction
One of the mighty, the kings of the earth, and extinguish his glory?
Yet did I ne'er unhonoured thy altars pass, when from Argos
Hither on luckless errand I sailed with my many-benched vessels.
Each fair altar smoked with the fat and the thighs of my victims (240)
Offered, with prayer that Troy's proud walls thou wouldst crumble in ruin.
Now to my prayers, Oh! grant this last *despairing* petition,
All I ask is flight and escape. Oh! suffer not Troia
Thus to sweep from the earth these last remains of the Grecians."
Thus he prayed. Zeus, pitying his tears, the petition accorded;
Opened a way for safety, nor suffered the people to perish.
Forthwith an eagle, noblest of birds, he sent, *as an omen,*

Holding a swift hind's *tender* fawn fast clutched in his talons.
Soaring o'er Jove's Panomphæan shrine, where gathered the Grecians
Instant in prayer, down cast he the fawn at the feet of the altar. (250)
This when they saw, and perceived that the bird from Zeus had been sent them,
Courage they took, and renewed the fight, and rushed on the Trojans.
Then no Greek of that countless host might boast to have equalled
Tydeus' son, as in swift career he urged on his horses,
Crossing the trench to resume his post in front of the battle.
Far before all he encountered a crested chief of the Trojans,
Phradmon's son, Agelaüs, who turned to flight when he saw him:
But, as he turned, Tydeides' spear through his back found a passage,
Ent'ring between his shoulders and issuing forth from his bosom;
Down he fell from his car, and his armour rattled around him. (260)
Then came th' Atreidæ twain, Agamemnon and brave Menelaus;
Close upon these th' Aiantes twain, all glowing with ardour;
Next Idomeneus bold, and his trusty friend and companion
Merion, *wondrous chief!* like death-dealing Ares in battle.
These Eurypylus followed, the noble son of Evæmon;
Teucer the ninth, with bended bow, and the shaft on his bowstring.
Shelter'd behind the shield of great Telamonian Aias
Teucer stood. The shield withdrawn, he chose out his victim,
Taking unerring aim. *Then woe to the man it encountered!*
Wing'd with death was the shaft: he fell, and his spirit forsook him. (270)
Back retreating again, like a child to his mother, in safety
Under his bright protecting shield his brother received him.
Whom did he first, *whom last*, pick off *from the ranks* of the Trojans?
First Orsilochus, Ormenus then, and next Ophelestes,
Dætor, and Chromius met their fate, and divine Lycophontes,
Then Polyæmon's son Amopaon, and *brave* Menalippus.
One after other they fell, and strewed the ground with their corses.
Him, rejoicing, beheld the king of men, Agamemnon,
Thinning with deadly bow the *advancing* ranks of the Trojans.
Quickly beside him he stood, and thus addressed he *the archer* (280)
"Leader of heroes! Dear to my soul! Telamonian Teucer

Hold not thy hand! Shoot *ever* thus. Be a light to the Grecians,
Aye, and to Telamon too, thy father; who when an infant,
Spite of thy bastard birth, in his palace nurtured and reared thee,
Now to receive, from thy deeds, though distant, glory *and worship.*
Hear what I say, and what, *be assured,* shall be *fully* accomplished,
When the great Ægis-bearing Zeus and Athena shall grant me,
After so many toils, fair Troia's city to capture,
Next to my own in value some costly prize will I give thee:
Either a tripod *of gold,* or two good steeds, with their chariot,
Or, if it please thee better, some captive maid be thy portion."
Thus to his words replied *young* Teucer, the *brave and the* blameless:
"Glorious Atreides! Need hast thou none to exhort me to action.
Think not I mean to desist, while strength and vigour are left me.
From the first moment we turned the Trojans in flight to their city,
Have I not ceased to slay, and to strike down men with my arrows.
Eight of my long-barb'd shafts have already flown from my bowstring,
Each stands fix't in the heart of some young vigorous warrior;
Yet can I never reach this raging dog with my weapons."
Thus he spake, and another shaft let fly from his bowstring
Aiming at Hector full; for his soul was eager to slay him.
Hector however it missed; Gorgythion the *brave and the* blameless,
One of the sons of Priam, received the dart in his bosom.
Castianeira, divine in *feature and* form, was his mother,
Who in Æsymé had dwelt, there wooed and wedded by Priam.
And as with fruit and vernal show'rs surcharged, in a garden
Some *bright* poppy declines its head, and droops with its burthen,
Sidelong thus was his *fair young* head weighed down by his helmet.
Teucer again another shaft dismissed from his bowstring,
Aiming once more at Hector, with fixed resolve to destroy him.
Hector again he missed—for Apollo wafted it sideways.
Brave Archeptolemus, Hector's charioteer, to the onset
Urging his *fiery* steeds, it struck 'neath the pap, on his bosom.
Down from the car he dropped. Then swerved in terror the horses,
Checked in their mid career, and his strength and spirit forsook him.
Grieved was Hector at heart for the loss of his faithful attendant.

There, however, he left him stretched, for vain was his sorrow.
Cebriones, his brother, was near: him Hector invited
Forthwith to take the reins, and at once he sprang to the chariot.
Then leaped Hector down from the shining car, and like thunder (320)
Shouted a dreadful shout; and lifting a ponderous fragment
Rushed on Teucer at once, with determined purpose to crush him.
He, meanwhile, with another shaft from the store in his quiver
Fixed on the string, stood *in act to shoot.* But crest-waving Hector,
Just when the bow was drawn, ere the shaft leaped forth, on his shoulder
Dashed the rough stone. On the collar-bone, where the neck from the bosom
Springs (a most dang'rous place for a wound), it struck, and the bowstring
Broke, and benumbed his hand and wrist drawn home to the shoulder.
Down he sank on his knees, and the bow on the ground dropp'd *harmless.*
Aias, however, his fall'n *and wounded* brother forsook not, (330)
Sprang to his aid, and o'er him stood, and extended his buckler,
While from the ground two comrades true upraised and sustained him,
Brave Mecisteus, Echius' son, and godlike Alastor.
These to the Grecian ships conveyed him, heavily groaning.
Then once more did Olympian Zeus give strength to the Trojans.
Back to within their trench they drove the Greeks in confusion,
Hector leading their van with fierce and infuriate aspect.
As when a hound pursues some lion or boar of the forest,
Following him up from behind he hangs on his thighs and his haunches,
Watches, and galls him at every turn, on his swiftness relying; (340)
Hector thus hung on the rear of the long-hair'd Greeks, and the hindmost
Still, as they fled, struck down, *and marked his path with their corses.*
Now had they passed the fosse and its *deep-fix't* stakes, *in disorder*
Hurrying along, and many had fall'n by the hands of the Trojans.
Densely crowded, among their ships the rest were entangled,
Shouting one to another, uplifting their hands to the heavens,

Calling on all the gods, and praying aloud for deliv'rance.
Hector around the press with his long-maned steeds was careering,
Darting from eyes like Ares' own, Gorgonian splendour.
This, when the white-armed Hera beheld, she pitied the Grecians; (350)
Thus in indignant words expressing her grief to Athené:
"Daughter of Ægis-bearing Zeus, say, must we abandon
Care for the perishing Greeks in this last extreme of their fortune?
Lo! how they sink o'erwhelmed by an evil fate! How they suffer
Under the insolent force of one, unendurably raging,
Hector, Priamus' son! What woes he already hath wrought them."
Thus in her turn replied the blue-eyed Goddess Athené:
"Vain were his valour and strength, and long, long since had he perished
Under the Grecian sword, beneath the ramparts of Ilion,
Were not the mind of Zeus my sire insanely perverted; (360)
Cruel, unjust as he is, still bent on thwarting my efforts.
Has he forgotten, *ungrateful!* how oft I came to the rescue,
Saving his son, opprest with the tasks imposed by Eurystheus?
Oft unto heav'n *in distress* he cried. Then Zeus would dispatch me
Down from Olympus to lend him aid, *and save him from mischief.*
Had my prophetic soul *but whispered* he thus would requite me
When to the *dismal* realm of Hell's black gaoler he sent me,
Hades' dog commissioned to chain, and from Erebus drag him,
Ne'er had *that son* recrossed those darksome Stygian waters.
Now doth my sire abhor me, and yields himself wholly to Thetis, (370)
Only because she embraced his knees and kissed them, and suppliant
Raised with her hand his beard, and besought him to honour Achilles.
Soon, no doubt, will he call me again his azure-eyed fav'rite.
Hera! do thou however the horses yoke to our chariot.
I myself to the palace of Zeus will repair, and for combat
There will I don my refulgent arms. Let us see whether Hector,
Priamus' high-plumed son, will hail with joy our appearance
Rallying the Grecks, and restoring the *broken* lines of their battle.
Then some few of the Trojans perchance may the dogs and the vultures
Feast with their fat and their flesh on the shore by the ships of the Grecians." (380)

Thus she spake, and the white-armed Heré gladly assented,
And without further delay th' imperial daughter of Kronos
Braced on th' immortal coursers their frontlets of gold and their harness.
Pallas Athené, daughter of Ægis-bearing Kroníon,
Then let fall on the floor of her father's palace the mantle,
Gloriously wrought, which the skill of her own fair hands had embroidered.
Then in the arms of cloud-compelling Zeus she arrayed her,
Donning his corslet for dreary war, *and the horrors of battle.*
Armed, on the fiery car she sprang: firm grasping the jav'lin
Stubborn and huge, with whose pond'rous force, uplifted in anger, (390)
Child of a mighty sire, she quells the array of her foemen.
Forthwith Hera the scourge applied and excited the coursers.
Clanging, self-opened, the gates of Heav'n flew wide, by the Horæ
Guarded, to whom are entrusted *the portals of* Heav'n and Olympus,
Or to roll back their veil of cloud, or to wrap them in darkness.
Urged to their speed, through these swift dashed the celestial coursers.
Dire was the wrath of Zeus when from Ida's height he beheld them.
Iris the golden-winged he dispatched; and these were his orders:
"Iris! away! be swift! Turn back that páir, nor permit them,
Thus my commands to oppose. A fight were unseemly between us. (400)
Tell them—this I declare, this threat shall be surely accomplished,
Down from their car will I hurl them, their horses lamed and disabled,
Rolling beneath their car *o'erturned and* shattered to fragments.
Ten revolving years shall not suffice to restore them
Whole from the burning wounds my bolts on themselves shall have branded;
So shall Athené learn what it is to contend with her father:
Hera's conduct I less resent, and reluctantly punish;
Her I expect my designs to thwart, for such is her custom."
Iris heard, and swift as the storm set forth on her errand.
Down from the height of Ida she held her course to Olympus, (410)
Cleft with many a deep ravine. From the gates of Olympus

Issuing, she met them, arrested their course, and delivered her message:
"Whither *so fast?* What madness is this that hath seized on your spirits?
Zeus permits you not to afford your aid to the Grecians.
Hear what he threatens;—what, be assured, he will fully accomplish.
Down from your car will he hurl you, your horses lamed and disabled,
Rolling beneath your chariot *o'erturned and* shattered to fragments.
Ten completed years shall not suffice to restore you
Whole, from the burning wounds his bolts on yourselves shall have branded:
So shall Athena learn what it is to contend with her father.
Hera's conduct he less resents—will reluctantly punish.
Her he expects to thwart his plans; for such is her custom.
As for thee however, audacious and insolent creature!
Dare but to raise one instant that spear of thine to oppose him—!"
Iris thus. Her message delivered, she turned and departed.
Hera then spake, and thus addressed she Pallas Athené:
"Daughter of Ægis-bearing Zeus! Now, alas! I acknowledge,
Bootless it is to contest with him the guidance of mortals.
Let them then perish or live, as chance may direct, *or his pleasure,*
Trojans and Greeks; let him please himself and dispose, to his liking,
Henceforth all their fortunes and fates: 'tis his due, *and he claims it.*"
Thus she spake, and back to the palace the car and the coursers
Turned. When arrived, the Horæ *came, and* the horses unharnessed,
Led them away, and bound them fast to ambrosial mangers.
Leaving the car inclined on the polished wall of the palace.
They meanwhile on couches of gold reclined, in th' assembly
Mixed, once more, of the gods, *subdued and* saddened in spirit.
Zeus meanwhile from Ida his bright-wheeled car and his horses
Drove to th' Olympian height, fair seat of the blessed immortals.
Mighty Poseidon, earth-shaking pow'r, unharnessed the coursers,
Laid on tressels the car, and a mantlet spread to protect it.
Thundering Zeus *advanced, and* resumed his seat in th' assembly,
High on his throne of gold, and Olympus trembled beneath him.

All was hushed, attention and awe, while Athena and Heré
Sate by themselves remote, nor ventured in words to address him.
Zeus however, perceiving their thoughts, interrupted the silence:
"Why are ye thus cast down and sad, Athena and Heré?
Sooth to say, not long have ye toiled, in glorious warfare,
Troia's sons ye so bitterly hate to subdue and extirpate.
Such are my might and strength; not all the Gods in Olympus, (450)
Striving with force combined could drive me back *from my purpose:*
Well then might trembling seize on your limbs, *though* resplendent *in armour*,
Ere ye but saw the fight, or *dared to* mix in the combat.
Had ye gone farther, all my threats had been fully accomplished.
Down from your chariot thunder-smitten, and scorched by my lightnings,
Never again had ye seen the blest abodes of Olympus."
Thus he spake. But Athena and Heré murmuring heard him,
Side by side as they sate, *dire* woes for the Trojans devising.
Silent Athené sate, nor uttered her thoughts, but her bosom
Swelled with bitter despite, and rage at the words of her father. (460)
Not so Hera, whose wrath broke forth in angry reproaches:
"Dread and severe Kronion! what word is this thou hast uttered?
Well we know, and all acknowledge that none can resist thee,
Yet must we grieve and pity the woes of the Danaan warriors,
Helpless left to endure thy wrath, and perish before us;
Yet we obey thy mandate and mix no more in the contest.
Counsel, howbeit, thou wilt not, surely, forbid us to offer,
So that they sink not all o'erwhelmed by the weight of thy vengeance."
Thus she spake. Then Zeus the cloud-compeller responded:
"*Queen* of the full-orbed eyes august! To-morrow shall shew thee, (470)
Shouldst thou please to behold it, a wider sweep of destruction
Dealt by the might of thy sov'reign Lord on the hosts of Achaia.
Nor shall fierce Hector hold his destroying hand from their slaughter,
Till at his ships he arouse the swift-pursuing Achilles:
Ev'n in that *dreadful* day when close at the sterns of their vessels,
Struggling around Patroclus slain, in heaps they shall perish,
(So have the fates decreed). But of thee and thy anger I reck not.

Go, if thou wilt, to the utmost bounds of earth and of ocean;
Seek those realms where Iapetus pines in gloom, and where Kronos
Sits uncheered by the circling sun or the breezes of heaven,
Plunged in Tartarean darkness, *above, beneath, and* around them.
Thither betake thyself in thy wrathful mood, if it please thee,
Nor shall I mourn thy loss: for in insolence none can surpass thee."
Thus he spake: nor did white-armed Heré venture an answer.
Now had the sun his blazing torch in the ocean extinguished,
Drawn was the darksome *veil of* night o'er field and o'er furrow.
Troy with regret beheld its advance; but the Greeks with rejoicing
Welcomed, thrice welcomed, its longed-for gloom, *and the respite it brought them.*
Hector then collected around him the chiefs of the Trojans,
Leading them off from the ships apart, by the eddying river,
Where *undefiled* the ground shewed clear, uncumbered with corses.
Down from their cars they sprang to the earth, and listened attentive,
While the belov'd of Zeus addressed them, holding his jav'lin,
Cubits eleven in length. Bright gleamed the point of the weapon;
Bronze was the blade; and with golden rings to the shaft it was fastened.
Leaning on this he spake; and thus delivered his order:
"Hear me! ye Trojans, Dardans, and brave confederate leaders,
Strong was my hope ev'n now to have burned the ships of the Grecians,
Slain themselves, and return to our wind-swept Ilion city.
Night however has stopped my career. Nought else could have rescued
Them, and the fleet *now close at your hands* on the shore of the ocean.
Yet, while obeying the night, *let us use its hours to advantage.*
Food let us now prepare, and our wearied steeds from their harness
Loosen, and *rub them down*, and throw them abundance of fodder.
Send to the city *for all supplies.* Let sheep and let oxen
Speedily thence be brought. Sweet wine and the fruits of the harvest
Each from his home procure; and let plenty of wood be collected,
So through the live-long night, till the *glad* return of the morning,
Many a fire shall blaze, and brighten the sky with its splendour;
Lest under cover of night these long-haired sons of Achaia

Steal away, and escape o'er the broad-ridged *waves of the* ocean.
Safe and unharmed however not one shall embark, but shall carry
Home, and at leisure digest, some lasting mark of our vengeance,
Either a spear's *rude thrust*, or *the rankling bite of* an arrow
Ta'en as he mounts his ship: so that all may dread for the future
Troia's shores to invade and involve us in war and its horrors.
Let two heralds, belov'd of Zeus, proclaim through the city
Orders that all our beardless youth and the hoar and decrepit
Watch this night on the lofty and God-built tow'rs that surround it.
Let the women at home remain, in the courts of their houses, (520)
Each maintaining a fire. Let a guard patrol round the rampart,
Lest an attempt be made to surprise the town, undefended.
Thus be it done, ye chiefs of Troy! And let all be effected
Strictly according to these my words: for our safety demands it.
This for to-night. What more may need shall be told in the morning.
Trust we in Zeus and in all the Gods that to-morrow shall see us
Sweep from our shores these fate-borne dogs, *this scourge of our nation*,
Whom in their sable ships ill fate hath borne to our country.
During the night let a careful watch through our lines be established:
And the first *glimpse of* dawn must find all armed for the combat, (530)
Ready to carry the war to the hollow ships of the Grecians.
Then shall we see whether Tydeus' son, renown'd Diomedes,
Back to our walls shall drive me, or pierced, himself by my jav'lin
Fall, and his bloody spoils become the prey of the victor.
Brave indeed must he be, and proof will he give of his valour,
If he withstand that spear in to-morrow's fight; with the foremost
Destined to perish; with many a comrade slaughtered around him.
This shall the rising sun behold. Oh! would that a prospect
Bright of immortal life and endless youth, and of honours,
Such as men pay to Pallas or Phœbus self, were avouched me, (540)
Half so sure as my trust that to-morrow shall witness our triumph."
Thus did Hector harangue, and the Trojans shouted approval.
Then did the horsemen unyoke their sweating steeds from their chariots,
Keeping them each however attached to his car by a halter.
Quickly they brought from the city *supplies of* sheep and of oxen;

Honey-sweet wine and *strengthening* bread from the stores in their houses
All procured; and abundant wood for fires they collected.
Then to the gods above were perfect hecatombs offered.
[Sweet was the savour that rose, by the breezes wafted to heaven,
Wafted aloft in vain; for it reached not the blessed immortals; (550)
Won from them no good will; for Ilion's city they hated;
Priam and all his people alike they held in abhorrence.]
All night long with elated hearts in the lines of their battle
Rested the Trojans, and many a fire blazed brightly among them.
As when around the glowing moon resplendent in æther
Shines forth the heav'nly host, and the air reposes in stillness,
Gleams ev'ry pointed rock; stands forth each buttress in prospect;
Shimmers each woodland *vale;* and from realms of unspeakable glory
Op'ning, the stars are revealed; and the heart of the shepherd rejoices:
Such, and so many the fires, by the Trojans kindled, illumined (560)
Eddying Xanthus' stream, and the ships, and the walls of the city.
Each of a thousand blazing piles saw seated around it
Fifty warriors *of Troy*, enjoying its warmth and its splendour:
While beside them their steeds, on white spelt feeding, and barley,
Each to his chariot shackled, awaited the coming of morning.

THE ILIAD.

BOOK IX.

BOOK THE NINTH.

ARGUMENT.

AGAMEMNON, overwhelmed with grief at the defeat of the Greeks, calls a general assembly; at which, however, Nestor advises a more private council of the leaders, a strong guard being first placed outside the wall. They meet accordingly in Agamemnon's tent; when, after a banquet, it is agreed to send a deputation to Achilles with handsome offers on the part of Agamemnon (including the restoration of Briseis) to induce him to a reconciliation. Odysseus, Phœnix, and Aias accordingly proceed on this mission. Their interview with Achilles is related. It proves fruitless. Odysseus and Aias returning report its failure. Diomede counsels the renewal of the battle with the earliest break of day.

ILIAD. BOOK IX.

THUS through the night did the Trojans watch. Meanwhile the Achaians
Panic had seized. Chill Terror, companion of Flight, had possess'd *them;*
While unendurable grief o'erpow'r'd the souls of their leaders.
As when *contending* winds from the Thracian shore on the ocean,
Boreas and Zephyr, *together* rush: black swells, at their impulse,
Sudden and fierce, the surging wave, and a tangle of seaweed,
Torn from its fishy depths, floats *waste and wide* on the billows:
Thus by perplexing thoughts was each Grecian bosom distracted.
Pierced to his inmost heart with grief and shame, Agamemnon
Now commanded the clear-voiced heralds to summon the people, (10)
(Yet without shouting or noise) to meet in a gen'ral assembly,
Calling on each by name: and himself took the lead in their labours.
Downcast and sad th' assembly met. Then arose Agamemnon.
Tears from his eyes flowed fast, like some black fountain, whose waters
Trickle in shadow and gloom down a dark-browed cliff *in the desert.*
Heaving a long-drawn sigh then thus he addressed the assembly:
"Friends, and leaders of Greece! ye princes and chiefs of the people!
Zeus hath entangled me sore in the toils of his hearty displeasure.
Cruel! for did he not promise, and nod from his throne to confirm it,
Ilion's tow'rs to uproot, and restore me in triumph to Argos? (20)

'Twas but a planned and bitter deceit: for now he commands me
Home to return inglorious, and mourn o'er the loss of my comrades.
Such is his sov'reign will irresistible; who, when it pleased him,
Many a proud city's lofty defences hath humbled already,
Many a one yet will humble, for uncontrolled is his power.
Now *let us act at once.* Attend my words, and obey me.
Hence let us fly in our ships to the dear-loved land of our fathers;
Never shall Troy's wide streets by our conquering forces be entered."
Thus spoke the king. No word was heard in reply: but in silence
Long they sate, nor cared to respond, for their hearts were embittered. (30)
Silence at length Diomedes broke, and addressed Agamemnon:
"Such wild counsel, Atreides, befits not thee, *as our sov'reign.*
Here am I free to oppose it; nor let such freedom offend thee.
Late, before all the Greeks, didst thou disparage my valour,
Calling me feeble, unwarlike. *The taunt was publicly spoken.*
Every man, both old and young, can remember the insult.
Hear ME *now.* Unto thee the son of mysterious Kronos,
Granting, and yet withholding, hath giv'n dominion and worship:
Valour, the greatest strength, and the root of pow'r, hath denied thee.
And dost thou really believe that the stalwart sons of Achaia, (40)
Courage and honour forgetting, will act as thy madness advises?
Go thyself, if such be thy mind! Return *to thy country.*
There are thy ships. Nought bars the way. They are ready for launching
Close to the sea;—each vessel that followed thee here from Mycenæ.
All the rest of the long-tressed Greeks, still true to their purpose,
Here will remain, and will capture Troy. And if all should forsake us,
All should fly with thee to the dear-lov'd land of their fathers,
Sthenelus still and myself will fight it out, until Ilion
Fairly be brought to her end: for in God's own might came we hither."
Thus he spake. Then shouted aloud the sons of Achaia, (50)
List'ning with wonder and joy to the words of brave Diomedes.
Nestor then, the Gerenian horseman, rose, and addressed him:
"Tydeus' son! thou bravest by far of our host in the combat,

And, of thine equals in years, our most distinguished in council,
None of the Greeks thy words will censure, or call them in question.
Though thou hast left unspoken the one chief point of the matter.
Young as thou art (for my youngest sons in years would surpass thee),
Yet hast thou brought, both ably and well, to the ears of our princes
Much that concerns them to hear: for in justice and truth hast thou spoken.
I, as so much thy senior, will enter at large on the subject,
Uttering *the thought* thou hast left unsaid; and hardly will any
Lightly regard my words: not ev'n our prince, Agamemnon.
Hated, cut off from kindred, laws, and home, is *the monster*,
He who delights in the horrors of civil strife *and disunion.*
Now however to night's dark pow'r let us yield, and apportion
Every man a plenteous meal. Let a guard be appointed,
Camping within the trench, but beyond the line of our rampart.
This, their charge, to our youth I commend. But do thou, Agamemnon,
Taking the lead as supreme in command, assemble the elders,
As to a splendid feast, in thy tents, one worthy thy station.
Plenty of wine hast thou there in store, which the ships of Achaia
Day by day from the Thracian shore transport to supply thee.
Ev'ry appliance is thine, and all will attend on their sov'reign.
Then *let the chiefs consult, and* of all the counsel they offer,
Choose thou the wisest and best. Good need hath Greece of suggestions,
Prudent at once and bold, when the fires of the Trojans around us
Blaze so fearfully near: a sight unused and unwelcome!
And on this night's decision depends the fate of our army."
Thus he spake. All heard with attention and ready compliance.
Forth then issued the guard, well armed and equipped, to their station:
These Thrasymedes led, the shepherd and guide of his people;
Those Ascalaphus brave and Ialmenus, offspring of Ares;
Great Meriones some, Aphareus and Deipyrus others;
Others the royal Creion's son, divine Lycomedes.
Sev'n were the chiefs of the guard, and a chosen band of a hundred

Followed each chief; and *sharp and* long were the spears that they carried.
Soon they reached the space betwixt the trench and the rampart;
There they kindled their fires, each man for his supper preparing.
Atreus' son, meanwhile, the sagest chiefs of the Grecians
All in his tent convened, where a strength'ning meal was provided. (90)
Each man, laying his hand on the plenteous viands before him,
Hunger and thirst in haste appeased; *then betook them to counsel.*
Nestor then, whose advice had been first approved in th' assembly,
Thus introduced, in courteous words, his intended proposal,
Wisely *and kindly* counselling all; and addressed Agamemnon:
"Atreus' son, most glorious, thou king of men, Agamemnon,
All that I have to say will refer to thyself, the beginning,
Ev'n as the end of my theme. Great Zeus hath giv'n thee dominion
Over the nations, and made thee the source of justice and counsel;
Thee it becomes not alone to speak thy mind, but attentive (100)
Hear the advice of others, and weighing it well in thy judgment,
Use it, if good. The advice is theirs, but thine is the action.
Therefore I speak, and declare what I deem the best and the wisest.
None will offer thee juster advice, or propound an opinion
Better than mine. Unchanged I hold it now, as I held it
Then, when, in pride of thy lofty descent, thou anger'dst Achilles,
Tearing away from his tent his prize, the damsel Briseis,
Much against my advice, for much I urged to dissuade thee.
Carried away by thy haughty spirit, our bravest of heroes,
One whom the Gods delight to honour, thus didst thou outrage, (110)
And even yet detain'st his prize. Consider we therefore
If we may yet succeed in appeasing his wrath by *entreaty,*
Costly and pleasing gifts, or soothing words *of persuasion.*"
Promptly thus the king of men, Agamemnon responded:
"Nestor! the fault *of thy prince* thou hast all too truly related.
Much have I erred. I admit it myself. That man must be reckoned
Equal to hosts in himself whom Zeus so loves *and avenges,*
Honours *in our distress* and wreaks such wrath on the Grecians.
Erring, however, I fain would retract. Misled by my temper, (119)
Now would I make amends and with costly presents appease him.

Therefore, in presence of all will I name the gifts *I shall offer*,
Sev'n fair tripods untouch'd by fire; of gold ten talents;
Twenty refulgent vases; and twelve strong coursers, in races
Ever victorious, who many a prize have won by their fleetness.
No poor man would he be, *ungifted with worldly possessions*,
Badly provided with precious gold, who could boast him of prizes
Such as those noble steeds have won for me *by their running*.
Sev'n fair Lesbian maids will I give, accomplish'd in all things,
Beauteous beyond the common lot of their sex *or their nation*,
Whom for my own I chose when Lesbos fell to his prowess. (130)
These will I give; and with them restore *the cause of our quarrel*,
Her whom I took, Briseïs herself. And this I declare too,
This with a solemn oath I swear, that pure and unspotted,
Stainless from love of mine, to her former lord I return her.
This shall be done at once: but whene'er it shall please the immortals
Into our hands to deliver the mighty city of Priam,
Then let him load his ships with gold and brass: let him enter
Victor, and claim his share when the Greeks the spoil are dividing.
Let him select for himself *from among the captives of Troia*
Twenty, who yield to none but to Argive Helen in beauty. (140)
Argos attained, that central source of wealth to Achaia,
Him for my son-in-law will I take, not less than Orestes
Honoured, my much-lov'd son there nurtured in wealth and abundance.
Three fair daughters are mine, in the gorgeous halls of my palace
Blooming—Laodicè, Chrysòthemis, Iphianassa:
One let him wed, whiche'er he shall choose, and home to his father
Lead her. I ask no dower from him: but richly on my part
Dow'r will confer, such as no man hath e'er bestowed on a daughter.
Sev'n fair *towns* shall be his; walled cities, ample *and wealthy*,
Enopé, Cardamylos, Iré, surrounded with pastures, (150)
Pheræ's holy walls, and the rich deep-swarded Antheia,
Fair Æpeia, and Pèdasus, widely famed for its vineyards,
All of them near the sea, on the sandy confines of Pylos,
Held by a race with flocks and cattle richly provided,

Who like a god their king still honour with gifts and with offerings,
Yielding an ample revénue, and bending low to his sceptre.
All in good faith will I give: let him only desist from his anger.
Then let him yield to persuasion. The Pow'r of implacable Hades
Mortals, alone of the Gods, detest; the stern, the unbending.
Me may he meetly obey; for higher I rank as a sov'reign, (160)
Older too, and entitled to claim respect as his senior."

Nestor then, the Gerenian knight, responding, addressed him:
"Atreus' son, most glorious! thou king of men, Agamemnon!
Gifts well worthy *a prince* dost thou offer to royal Achilles.
Haste then. Choose we at once some chiefs of rank *who thy message*
Fitly may bear, and with due respect, to the tent of Achilles.
Come! It were better I name them myself. Let them go at my bidding.
Phœnix, belov'd of Zeus, be the first. Let him lead, *as the elder:*
Aias the greater then, and with these the godlike Odysseus,
Hodius next, and Eurybates follow, in train, as their heralds. (170)
Now bring water, our hands to lave. From words of ill omen
All abstain. And to Zeus supreme let us pray that he spare us."

Thus he spake, and all approved the counsel he offered.
Forthwith on all their hands was water poured by the heralds.
Filled to the brim with wine then flagons were brought by th' attendants,
Which into goblets poured they handed round to the chieftains.
Each his libation made to the Gods; then drank, and departed
One by one from the tent of Atreus' son, Agamemnon.
Many a caution that ancient knight, Gerenian Nestor,
Both by his looks and words conveyed to the three; (to Odysseus (180)
Chiefly) how they might best persuade the noble Achilles.
Shaping their course by the loud-resounding shore of the ocean.
Much they prayed to the Pow'r who shakes the wide earth he encircles
Words to inspire, which might bend the angry resolve of Peleides.

Now to the tents of the Myrmidon host they came, and their gallies.
There Achilles they found, with the harp's harmonious numbers

Soothing his *angry* soul. (The lyre was mounted in silver
Richly wrought, which he won in the spoil of Eetion's city.)
Warmed with the thoughts of their glory, he sang the achievements of heroes.
Opposite sate Patroclus alone, *who listened* in silence,
Following the strain, and awaiting *his friend's commands* on its ending.
Nearer now they approached, divine Odysseus preceding,
And in his presence stood. Surprised, up started Achilles,
Holding the lyre in his hand, from the seat where late he was sitting.
Up sprang Patroclus too, when he saw the Princes advancing.
Cordially taking their hands, then thus Achilles addressed them:
"Welcome, my friends! for as friends ye come; on some pressing occasion
Doubtless; belov'd the best among all the Greeks who have wronged me."
Thus having said, to the tent he led them onward and placed them
Seated on couches with tapestry spread *and carpets* of purple.
Then, to Patroclus turning, who near them stood, he addressed him:
"Son of Menœtius! bring forth a larger bowl: and produce us
Purer and richer wine; and for each be a goblet provided.
Friends most honour'd and lov'd beneath my roof are assembled."
Thus he spake, and Patroclus obeyed the words of his comrade.
He meanwhile by the fire had placed a dish, and upon it
Side by side had laid the chines of a sheep and a he-goat,
Adding a flitch all streaked with fat from the side of a porket.
This Automedon held, while Achilles cut them in portions,
Skilfully parting the joints, and stuck them on spits to be roasted.
Godlike Menœtius' son then fed the fire, and it blazed forth
Brightly *and high*. When the flames at length grew languid, and faded,
Spreading the embers abroad, the spits he supported above them,
Sprinkling the flesh with sacred salt, as they turned on the sockets.
Soon as the meat was dressed, on plates it was laid; and Patroclus
Brought forth bread from his store, and in baskets fair on the table
Placed it. Achilles himself to his guests presented their portions;
Then took seat at the board in front of godlike Odysseus,

Close to the tent's opposing wall; and signed to Patroclus
Offering due to the Gods to make. This he cast on the embers. (220)
Each then laid his hand on the plenteous viands before him.
Now when hunger and thirst were appeased and the meal was concluded,
Aias nodded to Phœnix. Odysseus, the signal observing,
Filled forth a goblet of mighty wine, thus pledging Achilles:
"Health to thee, noble Achilles! Good cheer hast thou amply provided.
Never within thy tents, nor in those of royal Atreides,
Princely reception fails, nor lacks there abundance *and welcome.*
Matter however *more grave than* feasts now claims our attention.
Over our host, O belov'd of Zeus! a heavy disaster
Visibly hangs: and the question—to save our fleet or to lose it—
Only on thee depends: Wilt thou gird up thy strength to assist us? (231)
Close to our ships and rampart wall encamped are the Trojans,
Fierce, exulting, and all their allies far summoned to aid them.
All around through their host their watch-fires blaze; and they threaten
Not to desist till on board our ships pell-mell they have chased us.
Zeus with fav'ring signs and with heav'n-sent lightning assists them.
Hector, grim with fury, comes on in his might and his valour,
Men nor Gods he regards in the headlong rage which has seized him.
Zeus for his friend *he boasts and sets all else at defiance.*
Eagerly longing he prays for dawn, when he trusts to destroy us, (240)
Carry away in triumph the lofty prows of our vessels,
Burn our ships with fire, and ourselves, o'erwhelm'd and confounded,
Blinded with eddying smoke *and involving flame,* to extirpate.
These are no empty threats: *and* sore is our dread lest th' immortals
Bring them to pass, and by fate's decree our armies should perish,
Leaving their bones on Troia's shore, afar from their country.
Up then! though late; *thou canst,* if thou wilt; and save the Achaians,
Fainting and sore distressed, from the whelming rush of the Trojans.
Think of it well: for bitter will be thy grief and repentance
When the disaster has fall'n, irreversible, fatal. Bethink thee (250)
Yet thou hast time to avert the evil day from the Grecians.

Oh! my friend! remember the counsel Peleus thy father
Gave thee when first from Phthia to join Agamemnon he sent thee.
'*Hear me*, my son!' *he said*, 'with valour Athena and Heré,
Richly, if such be their will, may endow thee. Be thine, in thy bosom,
Haughty and violent thoughts to restrain. Be kindly and gentle,
Cease from *contention*, *and* baneful strife *eschew;* and the Grecians
Old and young will acknowledge thy worth, and learn to respect thee.'
Such was thy father's counsel: forgotten, alas! *Be entreated!*
Cease from the rage which gnaws thy heart! On his part Agamemnon
Deeply repents, *and* will gladly appease thy wrath by concessions.
Noble gifts—*if I might*—wilt thou hear me out?—has he offered:
These, in his tent which but now we left, he promised to give thee:
Sev'n fair tripods untouched by fire; of gold ten talents;
Twenty refulgent vases; and twelve strong coursers, in races
Ever victorious, who many a prize have won by their fleetness.
No poor man would he be, *ungifted with worldly possessions*,
Badly provided with precious gold, who could boast him of prizes
Such as those noble steeds have won for our King *by their running*.
Sev'n fair Lesbian maids will he give, accomplished in all things,
Beauteous beyond the common lot of their sex *or their nation*,
Whom for his own he chose, when Lesbos fell to thy prowess,
These will he give; and with them restore *the cause of your quarrel*,
Her whom he took, Briseïs herself. And this he declares too,
This with a solemn oath doth he swear, that pure and unspotted,
Stainless from touch of his, to her former lord he restores her.
This shall be done at once: but whene'er it shall please the immortals
Into our hands to deliver the mighty city of Ilion,
Then shalt thou load thy ships with gold and with brass: thou shalt enter
Victor, *and claim thy share* when the Greeks the spoil are dividing.
Then shalt thou choose for thyself *from among the captives of Troia*
Twenty, who yield to none but to Argive Helen in beauty.

Argos attained, that central source of wealth to Achaia,
Thee for his son-in-law will he take, not less than Orestes
Honoured, his much-lov'd son, there nurtured in wealth and abundance.
Three are his daughters fair, in the gorgeous halls of his palace
Blooming—Laodicè, Chrysòthemis, Iphianassa:
One shalt thou wed, whiche'er thou shalt choose, and home to thy father
Lead her. He asks from thee no dower; but richly on his part
Dow'r will confer, such as none before hath bestowed on a daughter.
Sev'n fair towns shall be thine; walled cities, ample *and wealthy;*
Enopé, Cardamylos, Iré surrounded with pastures,
Pheræ's holy walls, and the rich deep-swarded Antheia,
Fair Æpeia, and Pèdasus widely famed for its vineyards.
All of them near the sea on the sandy confines of Pylos,
Held by a race with flocks and cattle richly provided;
Who like a God their King still honour with gifts and with off'rings,
Yielding an ample revénue and bending low to his sceptre.
All in good faith will he give. Do thou only desist from thine anger.
But should Atreides himself and the princely gifts which he offers
Hateful alike to thy soul appear, yet pity the Grecians,
Harassed through all their ranks, who like a God will revere thee;
While, for thyself, undying fame shall reward thy compliance.
Hector himself thou mayst slay, for close to thy tents he approaches,
Filled with destroying rage, and boasting aloud that amongst us
None may be found, of all who to Ilion came, who can meet him."

Thus making answer, replied the swift-pursuing Achilles:
"Jove-descended son of Laertes, inventive Odysseus!
Me it behoves at once to declare and frankly to tell thee
That which my thoughts suggest, and my deeds will surely accomplish,
So that ye sit not, like cooing doves, one echoing the other.
Hateful the man to my soul—as the gates of Hell I detest him—
Who in his heart can one thing hide and another can utter.
Thus then I tell thee what best I hold—*what course I resolve on:*
Nor will Atreides himself persuade me to alter my conduct,

Nor will the rest of the Greeks. A thankless task have I found it,
Ever to struggle, and wage unceasing war with their foemen.
One is the lot of the laggard and his who valiantly combats;
Coward and brave alike are honoured, *alike are rewarded.* (319)
They who have wrought great deeds, or none, die alike *unregarded.*
What have I gathered for all my toils, my hardships, and suff'rings,
Squand'ring *my strength and* my life away in perpetual conflict?
Just as a bird brings morsels of food to her featherless nestlings,
Sought and procured *with pain*, herself abstaining and hungry,
So have I watched full many a wearisome night and a sleepless,
Many a bloody day have passed in desperate combat,
Slaying the men, and leading away the women as captives.
Populous cities twelve, invaded by sea, have I taken;
Fighting on foot upon Troia's soil have I captured eleven.
Vast was the spoil, and many and rich the treasures they yielded, (330)
Nought for myself I retained. All went to enrich Agamemnon,
Atreus' son. And he, meanwhile, *at his ease and inactive*
Sate by the ships; receiving much, distributing little.
Prizes indeed to the princes and chiefs of our host has he granted;
These they retain entire. From me alone of the Grecians
Forced he my prize away—my beauteous bride—my belov'd one,
Her let him keep and enjoy. Why then do the Greeks and the Trojans
Meet in *such deadly* feud? Why led he his armies to Ilion?
Was it not all to avenge the fair-haired Helena's capture?
What? Does he think that Atreus' sons alone among mortals (340)
Love their wives? Does not every man who deserves to be called so
Love and protect his own? I too my spouse, my Briseïs,
Loved from my soul: and not the less as the prize of my valour.
Now that I know him well, as the man who has robbed and betrayed me,
Let him not tempt me again, *or think to repeat his deception.*
Thee let him summon, Odysseus! and all his kings, and in council
Gravely debate how best from the flames his navy to rescue.
Mighty and vast are the works which without my help he has finished!

Hath he not built him a rampart wall, and a trench dug around it,
Broad and profound, with *strong* palisades *firm* planted within it? (350)
Wond'rous works! But to turn the assault of death-dealing Hector,
All too weak. *No need of a* wall when I marched with the Grecians.
Hector then hardly ventured beyond his own: and to combat
Rarely so far as the Scæan gate and the Beech could be tempted.
Once he waited my single assault, and scarce he escaped it.
Now against Hector I fight no more. To-morrow shall find me,
Each due rite unto Zeus being paid, and the other immortals,
Loading my ships. And once pushed off from shore, thou shalt see them
(If thou delight in a sight like this, and choose to behold it)
Ploughing the Hellespont's wave in the morning light, and the rowers (360)
Manfully urging them on with right good will *through the waters.*
And, if the great earth-shaking God but prosper our voyage,
Phthia's rich coasts, ere the third day's close, shall greet our arrival.
There have I wealth which wand'ring hither I madly relinquished;
Hence shall I bear good store of spoil, my appointed allotment,
Gold, and the bright red bronze, and gleaming steel in abundance,
Nor will fair dames be wanting. But her, my prize, whom I valued,
He who bestowed her, Atreus' son, with insolent *menace*
Tore from my arms. Go! tell him this: aye, publickly tell him
All that I say; that the Greeks may *hear it all, and* indignant (370)
Listen, if e'er henceforth *with his gloze* he seek to beguile them,
Wrapped up in insolence *now as* ever. Ne'er let him venture,
Dog-like *of front* as he is, in my face to look. For the future
All communion with him I abjure, all concert in action.
Once deceived, once outraged, no more he beguiles or insults me.
Let it content him. Once for him is enough. And inglorious
On let him go to perdition; for Zeus hath deprived him of reason.
As for his gifts—I hate *them;* and *as for* himself I despise *him.*
Not should he offer ten-fold,—twenty-fold,—all his possessions,
All that he has and more, whate'er he can gather from others; (380)
All Orchomenos' wealth, and all the treasures of Egypt
Piled up in Thebæ's stately domes in boundless profusion;

(Thebæ boasting her hundred gates, who from each of them sends forth
Twice their number of warriors bold, their horses and chariots:)
Gifts like the sand of the sea or the dust of the plain should he proffer,
All were in vain. 'Tis not by gifts Agamemnon can move me.
First must I cease to feel the rankling sting of his insult.
Daughter of his will I never wed; were she ever so lovely.
Could she, in feature and form, contend with bright Aphrodité;
Vied she, in every female work, with blue-eyed Athena;
Such were no bride for me. Let him choose some other Achaian,
Some one more like himself; some loftier prince than Achilles.
For, if the Gods preserve me my country and home to revisit,
Peleus my father himself will provide me a suitable marriage.
Many *and fair* are the Grecian maids of Hellas and Phthia,
Daughters of noble chiefs, who *rule* our states *and* defend *them:*
Choosing from these, I shall find me a wife to love *and to cherish.*
Oft has the better spirit within me longed for an union
Equal and well consorted; and, home returned, to inherit
Ancient Peleus' rich domain, and *in peace* to enjoy it.
What were worth in exchange for life the treasures that Ilion,
That fair city, in times of peace, ere Achaia besieged it,
Held, as men say, stored up; *a tempting prey to the spoiler?*
What the wealth which the *sacred* gates of Apollo the Archer
Guard, in the marble shrine of his rock-built Pythian temple?
Cattle and fatted sheep may be won by fighting and plunder;
Tripods, *vases,* and steeds *whose* brown *manes float on the breezes;*
But, once passed from his lips can no man's life be recovered,
Won as a prize, or snatched as a prey; for back it returns not.
Thetis the silver-footed, my Goddess mother, predicted
Two careers for her son *through life* to the death that awaits him.
Here if, remaining, I wage persisting war against Ilion,
Lost is *the hope of* return, but immortal glory awaits me.
But if I *quit these wars and* back return to my country,
Glory and fame I resign; and, instead, my days shall be lengthened
Onward, far into time, and death be slow in approaching.
This, to the rest of the Greeks, is the best advice I can offer:

Homeward at once to sail: for in vain ye hope to accomplish
Lofty Ilion's fall: since thundering Zeus o'er the city
Stretches his *guardian* hand, and her sons fresh courage have gathered.
Therefore depart, and repeat to th' assembled chiefs of Achaia
These my words—for such is your *honour'd* office, as elders.
Bid them devise some better plan, in *the depth of* their wisdom
How in their hollow ships to secure the retreat of the army
And of themselves. For this, ye perceive, but ill hath succeeded:
Since, my wrath unappeased, *ye return, having failed to persuade me.*
Here however let Phœnix stay, and repose till the morrow;
Then return with me to the dear-lov'd land of our fathers,
If he desire to go: for nought will I do to compel him."
Thus did Achilles speak. But the Princes heard him in silence,
Much disturbed at his words: for he spake with vehement passion.
Phœnix at length the silence broke, and thus he addressed him,
Weeping the while: for much he feared for the ships of the Grecians:
"Such if indeed be thy fixed resolve, most mighty Achilles,
Home to return, nor make one effort to rescue our vessels
From the consuming flames, such deep resentment indulging,
How can I e'er, my son! remain behind and forsake thee?
Thee did thy aged sire to my care confide, when he sent thee
Forth from Phthia to join Agamemnon's *beleaguering forces,*
Young, untried in the wars, where men with men are confronted,
New to the councils where leaders win renown by their wisdom.
Mine was the charge to instruct thee in all, and rear thee to glory,
Sharpen thy skill in debate, and to warlike hardship inure thee.
Therefore, my son, whate'er befal, *will I follow thy fortunes,*
Nor would be left behind, should e'en some god, *of his bounty,*
Offer to chase away old age, and restore me to vigour
Such as was mine, when I fled from Hellas, the land of the lovely,
Dreading the wrath of my father Amyntor, Ormenus' offspring.
He to his marriage vows untrue,—to my mother's dishonour,
Loved *to distraction* a fair-hair'd stranger. And thus was enkindled
Furious wrath at myself: for my mother unceasingly urged me,
Clasping my knees, to supplant him in that fair stranger's affection,

Making her hate him. This at her word I did. And my father,
Soon as he knew it, cursed aloud, and called on the Furies,
Praying that son of mine might ne'er arise from our union
Upon his knees to sit. And this the gods have accomplished,
Zeus, the infernal, and dread Perséphoné, *sov'reigns of Orcus.*
Fierce then arose within me the thought to murder my father.
This however some god suppressed, and timely suggested
All that a parricide's name recals to the mind of a Grecian, (460)
All the reproach I should have to bear, and the hate of the people.
Yet could my soul no longer endure the thought, for the future
Under *the ban of* my father's wrath, in his palace to linger.
Vainly did many a friend and relation gather around me,
Praying me not to depart, *and bent on defeating my purpose.*
Many a well-fed sheep they consumed, and heavy-hoofed oxen
Slaughtered, while mighty boars with fat rich laden and blooming
Swaled, upon spits outstretched o'er the flames kept blazing beneath
them.
Vast were the floods of wine from the old king's vats they extracted.
Thus, nine days they *ate, they drank,* they slept round my chamber,
Keeping alternate guard: nor once were their watch-fires extinguished.
One blazed bright in the porch of the well-fenced hall, and another
Constantly burned in the court before the doors of my chamber.
But when the tenth dark night had fallen, *I seized an occasion,*
Bounded forth, having burst the fast-locked doors of my chamber,
Easily sprang o'er the fence which enclosed the court, and eluding
Guards, and female domestics, *rejoiced once more in my freedom.*
Thus escaping, I fled through all the wide region of Hellas,
And unto Phthia coming, fair mother of flocks and of harvests,
Threw myself on the grace of Peleus the king. He received me (480)
Kindly, and loved me well, with such tender love as a father
Bears to the only son of his age, the heir of his riches.
Wealth he amply bestowed, and made me a ruler o'er many,
All the Dolopian race who inhabit the outskirts of Phthia.
Thee have I made *the hero* thou art, most godlike Achilles!
Dearly I loved thee, and thou couldst endure no other companion,
Go with none else to feasts, nor take thy meals in the palace

Till on my knees I had placed thee, and cut thy meat into morsels,
Feeding thee with it myself; to thy lips applying the wine cup,
Which sometimes in thy petulant moods thou wouldst spill o'er my mantle,
Dashing it back in my bosom, in *play*, *or* childish impatience.
Thus then, much from thee have I borne, and much have I laboured,
Looking to this—that as sons of my own the Gods had denied me,
Thee might I make my son, O divine and mighty Achilles!
All my toils by thy worth to repay, and *in age* to protect me.
Wherefore, my son! subdue this inordinate rage. To be cruel
Adds no grace to a hero's renown. *Be advised*, and remember,
Even the gods who excel thee in virtue, in strength, and in glory,
Yield to the suasive voice of prayer, *and turn from their anger.*
Them can a mortal man who hath sinned, or erred in his duty,
Bend, *in their sternest mood*, by hecatombs slain, or by incense,
Vows in repentance paid, and the savoury steams of the altar.
Prayers are the daughters of mighty Zeus. Their aspect is haggard,
Wrinkled they are, and lame, and their eyes look askance from their object,
Careful and slow they follow on Até's steps at a distance.
Até is hale and robust, and sound of limb, and outstrips them.
First she arrives in every land, *intent upon mischief*,
Woes inflicting on men; while these come after to heal them.
Whoso reveres these daughters of Zeus and welcomes their coming
Him do they hear, entreating their aid, and gladly assist him;
But if he turn him away, and refuse their kind intervention,
Zeus they entreat that he join him with Até in league, and in vengeance
Follow him up, and wrong repay with bitter requital.
Wherefore, Achilles! honour these daughters of Zeus, and accept them,
Ev'n as *the great and* the brave *in all time* have giv'n thee example.
Had not Atreides proffered thee gifts, and others in future
Promised, but still went on in his course of injustice and insult,
Ne'er would I wish to persuade thee to quit thy wrath, and the Grecians

Rescue, howe'er distrest. But now that he offers so nobly, [518]
Now that he sends our bravest chiefs, the first in thy friendship, (520)
(Chosen, as such, from among the Greeks) to beseech and entreat thee,
Thus making ev'ry advance; O! reject not the message they bear thee!
Make not their mission vain! how just soe'er were thine anger.
All those heroes of ancient renown whose praises have reached us,
Most illustrious, howe'er provoked, whatever their anger,
Suffered themselves to be moved by gifts and *earnest* entreaties.
Much to the point is an ancient tale *which well* I remember.
Thus it runs. (Your attention my friends I claim to the story).
Once the Curetes fought with the brave Ætolian warriors
Càlydon's walls around; and great was the slaughter on both sides. (530)
Stoutly stood th' Ætolians in arms in defence of the city,
While the Curetes strove on their part to take and destroy it.
Artemis' wrath had embroiled them, and sown the seeds of contention,
For that Æneus the first fair fruits had neglected to offer
Of that delicious land. While all the other immortals
Hecatombs due received, Jove's daughter alone was omitted;
Either forgotten or lightly esteemed. But he lived to repent it.
Angry at such neglect of her shrine, the dart-dealing goddess
Sent forth a mighty boar, white-tusked and fierce, to devastate
Æneus' fields, and wild was the havoc the monster committed. (540)
Heaps upon heaps he tore up trees by their roots, and their blossoms
Rich with the promise of fruit on earth lay scattered around them.
Him Meleager slew, *brave* son of *magnanimous* Æneus,
Gath'ring together huntsmen and dogs from the neighbouring cities.
No small number sufficed to subdue so dreadful *a monster*,
Who to his funeral pile had sent full many a hunter.
Then for the head of the boar and his bristly skin, did the Goddess
Raise up a mighty tumult, a *fierce and deadly* contention
'Twixt the Curetes *bold* and the proud Ætolian warriors.
While Meleager, renowned in arms, took part in the conflict (550)
Ill the Curetes fared; nor around the walls of the city
Could they maintain their ground, though brave and many in number.

Wrath however, like that which sometimes seizes the wisest,
Rankling within their souls, Meleager conceived, and his anger
Kindled against his mother Althæa. Moody and reckless
Home he withdrew and inactive remained with his wife Cleopatra,
Daughter of fair Marpessa, the beauteous-footed descendant
Both of Evenus and Idas the mighty, bravest of mortals,
Such as in those days were (for he feared not Phœbus Apollo,
Drawing his bow on the God, in defence of his beauteous consort).
Her in their own domestic circle *addressing*, her parents
Oft Alcyoné called, rememb'ring the time when her mother
Moaning recalled the Halcyon's hapless fate as Apollo
Forcefully tore her away: *and the name remained to their daughter.*
Thus with his wife in angry retirement sate Meleager,
Wroth at his mother's curses; who, seized with a transport of frenzy,
Vengeance invoked on his head from the Gods, for the death of her brethren.
Oft and long, on her knees, while the tears rolled fast down her bosom,
Beat she the earth with her hands, and called on *the dwellers beneath it*,
Hades the gloomy, and dread Persèphoné, sov'reigns of Orcus,
Praying the death of her son. And the Furies from Erebus heard her,
Dire and implacable pow'rs, who walk in terror and darkness.
Now round Càlydon's gates the tumult thickened. The ramparts
Shook with the thund'ring assault. Then all the Ætolian elders
Came, beseeching, and chosen priests of the Gods were deputed
Forth to the rescue to call him: and great were the gifts that they offered.
In the most fruitful part of Càlydon's region they bid him
Fifty acres, enclosed, select, the best and the richest;
Half, full teeming and rife with the choicest fruits of the vineyard,
Half, already for tillage cleared from the growth of the forest.
Suppliant then too came that old Ætolian horseman
Æneus, climbing *with pain the stair which led* to his chamber,
Shaking the door *for admission*, and clasping the knees of his offspring.

All his sisters came and joined their prayers, and his mother
Begged: but the more they prayed, the more he refused, and his comrades
Most familiar and best belov'd *stood round and* entreated.
All he resisted. None could persuade his *implacable* spirit.
But when at length the conflict's rage his quarter endangered,
When the Curetes had scaled the walls, and set fire to the city,
Then came his beauteous wife whom he loved, the fair Cleopatra,
Joining her prayers; and *in agonized words* she depicted the horrors
Those must endure, whose town an assaulting army had entered:
How all the men are slain; how the flames spread wide through the city;
How the children are torn away, and the deep-bosomed matrons.
This, as she urged, his soul was moved, *and his anger abated.*
Forth he went, and sheathed his limbs in glittering armour;
And from th' Ætolian city the evil day was averted.
To his own heart he yielded. *His country's prayers he rejected,*
Therefore the proffered gifts they gave him not. Yet he saved them.
Cherish not thoughts like these in thy heart, my friend, my Achilles!
Let not thy evil genius mislead thee. Small were the glory
Half-burned ships to rescue *with tardy aid.* Be persuaded,
Come for the gifts: and the Greeks like a god will hail their deliv'rer.
But, if thou fight *but in self-defence,* unmoved by our presents,
Conquest may crown thy arms, yet grateful praise will be absent."
Thus he spake. Replied then the swift-pursuing Achilles:
"Phœnix, old and revered, my father, belov'd of th' immortals!
Honour like this I need not. From Zeus is my mission of glory.
That, perchance, may detain me here by my hollow-keeled vessels,
While to my bosom breath, while strength to my knees, shall be granted.
One thing more let me say, and well shalt thou do to observe it:
Fret not my soul with tears and laments for *your* hero Atreides,
Taking his part. *That man* thou must cease to love and to honour,
Wouldst thou not turn to hatred the fond regard which I bear thee.
Him who hath injured me 'tis fit thou aid me to injure.

Come then, partake my kingdom; and rule, my equal in honour.
Leave it to these their report to make. Stay thou, and in quiet
Pass here the night in gentle sleep. At the dawn of the morrow
Counsel we, here to remain, or home return to our country."
Thus he spake: and by nod and bended brow to Patroclus (620)
Silently signed to prepare for Phœnix a bed; and the others,
This observing, prepared from the tent to withdraw. Then, *uprising*,
Great Telamonian Aias, that godlike hero, addressed them:
"Jove-descended son of Laertes, inventive Odysseus!
Let us begone! Not thus shall we aught attain, or accomplish
That for which hither we came, and now with speed it behoves us
Back to the Greeks to return and report the result, though unwelcome.
There they sit, and expect us. Too well it appears that Achilles
Harbours within his haughty breast an implacable spirit.
Stubborn, he casts aside the love of his friends and companions (630)
All the honour we paid him, as most distinguished among us.
Pitiless! Many a man hath forgiv'n the death of a brother,
Or for a son accepted a just and due compensation.
'Quitting the fine, the slayer remains in his tribe unmolested.
Vengeance and honour remit their claims on the heart of the injured
Soon as the ransom is paid. In thy soul the Gods have implanted
Harsh, implacable thoughts, and an evil heart in thy bosom:
All for a single slave. And we offer thee sev'n of the fairest,
Many and noble gifts beside. Let these then appease thee!
Think, that beneath thy roof as guests we stand, by the Grecians (640)
Chosen, to urge THEIR suit, and respect the claim which it gives us
Who among all the Greeks most love, and hold thee in honour."
Then making answer in turn replied swift-footed Achilles:
"Chief of a heav'n-descended line, Telamonian Aias!
All thou hast said from thy heart direct I perceive thou hast spoken:
But when I think of him, my heart seems bursting with anger.
Ever the scene recurs anew to my mind, when Atreides
Like some worthless slave before all our army disgraced me.
Therefore return, and bear this message back *to your master:*
Not until Priam's son, the redoubted Hector, advancing (650)

Close to the Myrmidon ships and camp shall arrive, having slaughtered
All your Greeks, and consumed with fire your tents and your vessels;
Not till then shall I care to mix again in the conflict.
Hector himself, methinks, will *restrain his rage*, nor adventure,
Bold as he is, to attack the camp and the ships of Achilles."

Thus he spake: and each then seizing a two-handled goblet
Made libation, and back by the ships return'd, Odysseus
Leading the way. Patroclus his comrades and female domestics
Bade for Phœnix a couch forthwith prepare; and the maidens
Quickly obeyed, and made ready the couch, *thick* spreading upon it
Fleece from the sheep, with a coverlid fair, and the softest of linen;
Where the old hero *in comfort* slept, awaiting the morning.
Deep in the far recess of his tent reposing, Achilles
Lay. By his side reclined a captive damsel of Lesbos,
Fair Diomedé, daughter of Phorbas brave. And Patroclus
Slept in an outer tent, and his couch was shared with his partner
Isis, the lovely in form, by Achilles bestowed, when he conquered
Rock-built Scyros, the lofty hold of *princely* Evenus.

Now to Atreides' tent the chiefs were come, and the council
Rose, each man from the place where he sate, to receive them, and offered (670)
Wine in goblets of gold, and asked their news. Agamemnon
First, as sov'reign of all, enquired the result of their mission.

"Tell me, renown'd Odysseus! the pride and boast of Achaia,
Doth he consent? Will he save our ships from the flames of the Trojans?
Or, still nurturing wrath in his soul—do ye bear his refusal?"

Thus to his question replied the much-enduring Odysseus:
"Great and glorious Atreides, thou king of men, Agamemnon!
Far from dismissing his wrath, *he fans its flame, and* his bosom
Swells with increasing rage. Thyself, thy gifts, he despises;
Bids thee, as best thou mayst, assemble thy princes, and counsel (680)
Take, how to save thy ships and thy host from utter destruction.
As for himself, he threatens at morning's dawn, on the ocean
Launching his many-benched ships, to sail, *and leave us to perish.*
This, to the Greeks, he says, is the best advice he can offer,

Homeward at once to sail; for in vain they hope to accomplish
Lofty Ilion's fall: since thundering Zeus o'er the city
Stretches his guardian hand, and her sons fresh courage have gathered.
These were his words. There is Aias, who heard them all, and the heralds
Both in attendance—prudent men—who will vouch what I tell thee.
Phœnix remains behind, in his tent to sleep, and to-morrow (690)
Home to return with him to the dear-lov'd land of his fathers
If he desire to go: for nought will he do to compel him."
Thus Odysseus: and all th' assembly heard him in silence,
Much disturbed at his words; for he spake with unwonted excitement,
Silent and sad thus long remained the sons of Achaia,
Until at length Diomedes rose, and thus he harangued them:
"Atreus' son, most glorious, thou king of men, Agamemnon!
Pity it is thou shouldst e'er have sent to the noble Achilles
Proffering costly gifts, for haughty was ever his nature;
Now to a towering pitch thou hast roused his insolent spirit. (700)
Leave him alone however, to go or to stay at his pleasure,
Choose his own time to fight, as caprice *or occasion* may dictate,
Or some directing pow'r suggest the thought to his fancy.
Now, however, attend to my words, ye Greeks! and obey them:
All of you now take rest; with refreshing food, and the wine-cup
Comforting first your hearts, for in these are vigour and courage;
But when the rosy-finger'd dawn shall appear *in her beauty*,
Rouse up, Atreides! both horse and foot, and in front of our vessels
Set in array and cheer them on, and fight with the foremost."
Thus he spake: and all the princes expressed their approval, (710)
Filled with amaze and delight at the speech of brave Diomedes:
Each man then to his tent retired, first making libation;
Stretched himself down to rest, and enjoyed the blessing of slumber.

THE ILIAD.

BOOK X.

BOOK THE TENTH.

ARGUMENT.

AGAMEMNON, in great disquietude, goes through the Grecian camp in the night, awakens Nestor and Diomede; and having sent Menelaüs to summon the other leaders, they visit the guard at the trench, and hold a consultation. Diomede offers to proceed to espy the Trojan camp, and selects Odysseus for his companion. They set forth, and meeting Dolon, a Trojan spy sent out by Hector, they slay and despoil him, after obtaining from him information respecting the disposal of the Trojans and auxiliaries. Acting on this information they enter the encampment of the Thracians (newly arrived), whom with their king Rhesus they find sleeping. They slaughter Rhesus and many of his companions, and carry off his chariot and horses, borne by which they return to the Grecian camp.

ILIAD. BOOK X.

ALL the rest of the Grecian chiefs through the night, by the vessels,
Wrapped in refreshing slumber their wearied spirits recruited.
Only on Atreus' son, the shepherd and guide of his people,
Fell not the blessing of sleep; for deep were the cares that oppressed him.
As when th' almighty spouse of fair-hair'd Hera in thunder
Mutters, presaging the pouring rain, or the rush of the hailstorm;
Whitening here the fields with the thick-falling snows *of his winter*,
There expanding the dreadful jaws of war on the nations:
Thus from the inmost depths of his lab'ring breast Agamemnon
Sent forth many a groan; for his soul was troubled within him.
When o'er the Troian plain his looks he cast, with amazement
There he beheld the fires thick blazing in front of the city,
Heard the sound of the flutes and pipes, and the murmur of voices:
But when he turned to the ships and viewed the Grecian encampment,
Maddened, his hair from the roots he tore, *and tossed it* to heaven,
As in reproach of Zeus; his proud heart bursting with anguish.
This to his mind appeared the most desirable counsel:
First to resort to Nestor, Neleus' son, and endeavour,
Aided by him, to devise some well-planned scheme of deliv'rance,
Such as might rescue all their host from the danger impending.

Up he arose at once, and around his bosom a mantle
Wrapped, and his sandals rich to his smooth white feet he adjusted;
Then o'er his shoulders flung the blood-stained skin of a lion
Tawny and huge, to his ankles which reached; and seized on his jav'lin.

Not with less anxious care Menelaüs' bosom was haunted,
Sleep on his eyelids rested not; for he thought on the Argives,
All they had to endure,' *those valiant hearts*, who to Ilion
Came o'er the mighty waters to fight *and bleed* in his quarrel.
O'er his broad back had he thrown in haste the skin of a leopard,
Varied with many a spot. On his head high towered a helmet
Gleaming with brass. In his nervous grasp there quivered a jav'lin.
He to his brother's tent was wending his way, to awaken
Him whom the Greeks obeyed, and as some divinity honoured.
Him he found, at the prow of his ship, in the act of attiring,
Just about to set forth. Right welcome *indeed* was his coming.
Then Menelaüs, great in the roar of battle, addressed him:

"Why art thou arming thus, my brother and chief? Of our comrades
Seek'st thou a man to go forth and espy the force of the Trojans?
Much I fear that none will dare such risk to encounter,
And in the shade of ambrosial night, as a spy, to adventure
Into the enemy's camp, alone. He were bold who would do it!"

Then made answer in turn the ruler of men, Agamemnon:
"O Menelaüs, Jove-descended! Much it behoves us
Both to adopt some prudent and sound advice, which may rescue
Greece and her fleet: since Zeus hath changed, and withdrawn his protection.
Hector's prayers have outweighed our own, and his vows are accepted.
Ne'er have mine eyes beheld, ne'er heard I related *in story*,
Wonders like these, by one man, in a day, devised and completed,
Deeds such as Hector, sprung from no god, conceived by no goddess,
Here against Greece and her sons hath wrought, and woes hath inflicted,
Many and deep on the Argive host: such woes as Achaia,
Ev'n to her latest day, shall have cause *in tears* to remember.
Up then! Run to their ships and Idomeneus summon and Aias,

Bid them be ready, while I to the tent of Nestor betake me,
Bid the old chief arise and forth to the guard *in the trenches.*
To that devoted band, proceed, and deliver my orders.
None will they sooner obey. His son is one of their leaders,
Merion too, Idomeneus' faithful friend and attendant:
These in the chief command are placed and to Nestor will hearken."
Then Menelaüs, great in the roar of battle, responded:
"Tell me, I pray thee, this being done, what next dost thou order:
Shall I remain with the princes there, and await their arrival,
Or shall I follow thy steps, having first delivered thy message?"
Once more thus then addressed him the king of men, Agamemnon:
"Stay thou there; lest, intending to meet we miss one another,
Crossing unseen: for *the camp is vast*, and many the pathways.
Shout, where'er thou goest, aloud, and bid them be watchful.
Such as thou meet'st, address by the names of their fathers or lineage,
Courteously honouring all: and eschew all haughty demeanour.
Earnestly bend we our souls to the work before us: rememb'ring,
Zeus when he gave us birth ordained this heavy affliction."
Thus he spoke and his brother, instructed, went on his errand,
While he himself sought out the shepherd and guide of his people,
Nestor; and him in his tent he found by his dark-frowning vessels,
Wrapped in soft repose. His arms lay scattered beside him,
Shield and crested helm, and two sharp glittering lances;
There too lay the embroidered belt, which that warrior ancient
Girt, when for deadly combat he armed, and bravely his people
Led to the fight: for he suffered not age to deaden his ardour.
Starting from sleep, he raised his head, and leaned on his elbow,
Questioning thus the intruder bold who came to disturb him.
"Who goes there? What brings thee hither alone *and uncalled for*,
Thus through the shades of night when all are buried in slumber?
Com'st thou for some of the guards? or seek'st thou one of thy comrades?
Speak! Approach me not thus in silence. What is thy business?"
Then making answer replied Atreides, ruler of nations:
"Nestor, Neleus' son, thou glory and boast of Achaia,
Atreus' son, Agamemnon, before thee stands, above all men

Marked by Zeus for distress and care, while yet in my bosom
Lingers the breath of life—while my limbs are able to bear me.
Therefore I wander thus—since sleep on my eyelids descends not—
Sadly revolving the fortunes of war and the woes of the Grecians.
Dread for their fate invades my soul. All firmness forsakes me,
All confus'd are my thoughts. My beating heart from my bosom
Seems as about to leap, and my strong knees tremble beneath me.
Wouldst thou, however, be doing,—since sleep hath fled from *thy pillow*—
Let us together proceed and inspect the guard *that we stationed*
Outside the rampart wall, lest by toil exhausted, in slumber,
Careless of all, they indulge and neglect their watch *and their duty.*
Close at hand and alert is the foe, and *great the temptation*
Under the cover of night to assault our camp *and o'erwhelm us.*"

Nestor then, the Gerenian knight, this answer returned him:
"Atreus' son, most glorious!—thou king of men, Agamemnon!
Zeus, be assured, will never to Hector grant what he longs for,
All his *high-rais'd* hopes. *His turn will come*, when Achilles
Rouses himself and turns from his bitter wrath. Then await him,
Labour and woes unnumbered, *his short-liv'd triumph to balance.*
Thee will I follow at once. Let us summon the chiefs to attend us;
Brave Tydeides, the spearman renowned, and *the noble* Odysseus,
Aias the swift of foot, and Meges, Phyleos' offspring.
Some one, 'twere well, should speed to call Telamonian Aias,
And the redoubted Cretan prince: for their stations are distant,
Lying away at the last extreme of the camp and the vessels.
Now must I chide Menelaus, who, dear as he is and respected,
Sleeps, and leaves thee to labour alone. *This hardly becomes him.*
That must I say: though *thy brother's blame* incur thy displeasure.
Foremost of all should he be to beseech the chiefs, *and to action*
Urge them: now that so dire a need is pressing upon us."

Then forthwith replied Agamemnon, ruler of nations:
"Old *and revered as thou art*, thy blame just now he deserves not,
Sometimes indeed he seems remiss—less ready in action,
Not, however from sloth, or from dulness of thought or perception,
But that in all he looks to me, and awaits my commencement.

This time, however, alert and armed, he came ere my bidding,
And to those very chiefs thou hast wished sought out, have I sent him.
Come now! seek we the guard, and the chiefs will all be assembled
Outside the gates, beside the trench: for such were my orders."
Then responded that ancient knight, Gerenian Nestor:
"Then is he free from blame: nor will one of the Greeks disobey him,
Or in resentful mood receive the commands he shall give them." (130)
This having said, *he arose,* and drew o'er his bosom a tunic,
And to his smooth white feet his sandals rich he adjusted;
Round him a purple cloak he threw, with a clasp was it fastened;
Double and ample in fold, and thick with wool was its texture.
Grasping his stout and trusty spear, sharp pointed and glancing,
Forth he strode to the ships of the bronze-mailed sons of Achaia.
Soon to Odysseus' tent he came, Jove's equal in counsel.
Him the Gerenian knight in a moment roused from his slumbers,
Shouting aloud. The call went straight to the mind of the sleeper.
Forth from his tent at once he came; and thus he addressed them: (140)
"Why are ye going these lonely rounds through the ships and the army
Under the shade of ambrosial night? Is there cause of disturbance?"
Thus replied that ancient chief, Gerenian Nestor:
"Jove-descended son of Laertes, inventive Odysseus!
Deem not amiss that we wake thee: so dire is the need that besets us,
Come now. Rouse we the rest; each chief who may aid us in council,
Whether to fight or fly. *That issue must now be debated.*"
This when he heard, Odysseus returned to his tent *for a moment,*
Braced o'er his shoulders his painted shield, and *quickly* rejoined them.
Next unto Tydeus' son Diomedes they came, and they found him, (150)
Sleeping without his tent, full-armed: and his comrades around him
All were asleep, with their shields beneath their heads. And their lances
Fixed upright on their butt-spikes stood, while the bronze of the weapons
Gleamed, like the lightnings of Father Zeus. There slumbered the hero,
Stretched at his length on a wild bull's *ample* hide; and *for pillow*
Under his head was placed a gorgeous tapestried carpet.

Him from his sleep the Gerenian knight approaching awakened,
Stirring his heel with his foot, and thus, reproving, exhorted:
"Rouse thee! Tydeus' son. Is it thus that, indulging in slumber,
All night long thou liest; while the Trojan, close to our vessels,
On yon height is encamped, and small is the space that divides us."
Thus when addressed, from sleep upsprang the chief in an instant,
And in reply, with ready speech, this answer returned him:
"Wond'rous man! Unbowed by years thou remit'st not thy labours.
Are there not many, younger than thou, of the sons of Achaia,
Who in thy place might go these rounds and awaken the Princes?
Surely such toils are beyond thy strength. Yet nought can subdue thee."
Nestor then, the Gerenian knight, this answer returned him:
"None but the words of truth itself, my friend, hast thou uttered.
'Tis not however for lack of sons, devoted *and helpful,*
No! nor of subjects, *prompt their sov'reign's will to accomplish:*—
These might have gone my round. But the need is pressing and urgent.
Balanced, as on a razor's edge, is the fate of the Grecians:
Life is on one side; bitter defeat and death on the other.
Yet, as the younger, pitying thus my years *and my weakness,*
Up! and arouse great Phyleus' son and Oïlean Aias."
This when he heard, o'er his shoulders he flung the skin of a lion
Tawny and huge, to his feet which reached; and seized on his jav'lin.
Forth he sped and aroused the chiefs, whom he led *to the council.*
Now to the guards being come, through their lines they passed and observed them.
Sleeping they found not one of the chiefs, *not one of their foll'wers.*
Watchful, in groups they sate, each warrior grasping his weapon.
As when the vigilant dogs keep restless watch round a sheep-fold,
Hearing the lion's approaching roar, and his rush through the forest,
Down from the mountain borne on the wind, and the shouting of hunters
Mingled with baying of hounds, and sleep descends not upon them:
Thus from their anxious lids refreshing slumber was banished,
As through that dismal night they watched; with *eager* attention

Turned to the field, to gather the *slightest* move of the Trojans.
These the old chief with delight beheld and with praises encouraged,
Thus, in a few swift-uttered words addressing their leaders:
"So far, good, my children! relax not your watch, nor let slumber
Weigh on your lids and make you a laughingstock to our foemen."
Cheeringly thus having spoken, the trench he crossed, and the princes
Followed his steps: all those who were called to delib'rate in council.
Merion came, and Nestor's valiant son was among them
Whom, as they passed, the chiefs had summoned to join their assembly.
Now had they traversed the deep-sunk trench and selected a station,
Where the clear ground looked out, by the heaps of dead unencumbered
Scattered around: 'twas the place where impetuous Hector from slaughter
Turned, and checked his victorious arms, when darkness involved them.
Down they sate; and each with each exchanged his opinion.
Nestor then, the Gerenian knight, uprose and addressed them:
"*Hear me*, my friends! can a man be found so cool and so daring,
Self-possessed, and prepared for the worst, as to mix with the Trojans,
Ent'ring their camp. Some straggler perchance he may seize on its outskirts,
Or in the camp itself some glimpse may gather, some notion
What they devise among themselves, their plans and intentions:
If to remain, by our ships encamped, afar from their city,
Or to complete our defeat, and return, *rejoicing*, to Ilion,
This could he learn, and *eluding their guard, escape and* rejoin us,
Scatheless, such an exploit would exalt his fame to the heavens,
Rumoured abroad among men: and a rich reward should it bring him.
Every chief who commands a ship, in the fleet of the Grecians,
Out of his wealth a *coal*-black ewe with her lamb shall contribute,
Forming, together, a gift most rare: unequalled in value:
While at each festal board a distinguished place shall await him."
Thus he spake: and the chiefs assembled heard him in silence,
Till Diomedes, great in the roar of battle, responded:
"Nestor! my spirit is stirred, and burns to accept the adventure.
Forth will I fare, and explore the hostile camp of the Trojans,

Close as it is at hand. Yet fain would I have a companion.
Comfort it were: and mutual support would afford, and excitement.
Friend upon friend *relying*, each wit would sharpen the other,
Seizing, at once, each 'vantage point; which one, though perceiving,
Left to himself would be slow to improve, unskilled to interpret."
Thus he spake, and many a chief rose, eager to join him.
Up rose both Aiantes, the two brave servants of Ares;
Up rose Merion; rose the son of Gerenian Nestor;
Up rose Atreus' son, that spearman staunch, Menelaüs; (230)
Up rose Odysseus, patient *of toil* and daring *in action*,
Longing the Trojan lines to pierce: so prompted his spirit.
These when he saw come forward, outspake the king Agamemnon,
"Tydeus' son! most brave, most dear to my heart! a companion
Choose from among these chiefs thou see'st, the best and the bravest.
Many are those who offer. Select whom most thou approvest,
Free in thy choice; unbiassed thy mind by respect *or by favour*.
Pass not the better to choose the worse through fear of offending.
Lineage or sov'reign rank *'tis now no time to consider*."
Thus Agamemnon in dread lest the choice should fall on his brother. (240)
Brave Diomedes however took up the word, and addressed them.
"Since ye enjoin me thus to choose my companion *in danger*,
How can my soul forget the claims of godlike Odysseus,
Wary, and cool of heart, yet bold of spirit and ready,
Every danger to face, and the fav'rite of Pallas Athené?
Wisdom like his through fiery flames would safely conduct us
Back to our friends. For ready resource there lives not his equal."
Thus to his words responded the much-enduring Odysseus:
"Praise me not thus, Tydeides! Both praise and blame are superfluous
Here in the presence of Greeks who know us well, *and the time, too*, (250)
Presses. Let us begone! Far spent is the night, and the dawning
Nears. The stars in their course decline. Two watches are ended,
And but a third of the night is left to complete our adventure."
Thus the chiefs; and in arms *to their purpose suited*, equipped them.
Brave Thrasymedes then to Tydeides a two-edged falchion

Lent, his own being left in his tent *when summoned by Nestor;*
Slung o'er his shoulders his shield; and a leathern cap for a helmet,
Coneless and crestless, placed on his head: such cap as to *soldiers*
Undistinguish'd, and youth *untrained*, affords a protection.
Merion to noble Odysseus a bow supplied and a quiver; (260)
Gave him, moreover, a sword. On his head was fitted a helmet
Wrought of the bull's tough hide, and with many a thong from within it
Tightly secured. Without, the ivory tusks of a wild boar,
And the white, close-rang'd teeth in his jaws, which surrounded the helmet,
Grinned, a sufficient fence; and of thick sewed wool was the lining.
This from Amyntor, Hormenus' son, at the sack of his city
Eleon, brave Autolychus took, when he plundered his palace;
He to Amphidamas gave it, Cythera's prince, at Scandæa;
Who upon Molus his guest as a friendly token bestowed it.
Thence by Meriones, Molus' son, to be worn it descended, (270)
Destined now to protect the sacred head of Odysseus.
Thus *were* the pair *equipped*, having donned their terrible armour.
Forth they fared, and behind them left the *camp and the* council.
Then, by their path, on the right a heron *upsprang*, by Athené
Sent, as a favouring sign. They saw not the bird; for the darkness
Hid him from view; but *his cry* they heard, *and* the clang of his rising.
Gladly Odysseus heard it; and thus he prayed to Athené:
"Hear me! daughter of Ægis-bearing Zeus, who hast ever
Nobly sustained me in all my toils; who regardest my movements,
Go where I will. Now lend thy peculiar aid and protection! (280)
Grant that, achieving some great exploit, some deed that the Trojans
Deeply may rue, we regain our ships in safety and triumph."
Thus, too, devoutly prayed Diomedes, mighty in battle:
"Hear me too! invincible daughter of Zeus, and be nigh me
Ev'n as thou wentest with Tydeus, my noble father, to Thebæ,
When from Asopus' banks by the Achaians sent as their envoy,
Leaving his friends behind, he set forth alone on his mission.
Peace was his object, friendly the terms he brought the Cadmeans,
Yet *did he find* his return *a task of toil and of danger.* (289)

Dread were the deeds he achieved, by thee, great Goddess! assisted.
Me too assist, and protect *through all the toils that await me.*
So will I lead to thine altar a *spotless* heifer, a yearling,
Broad of front, unbroken, and yet to the yoke unaccustomed.
This, overlaying her horns with gold, in thy fane will I offer."
Earnestly thus they prayed, and their prayer reached Pallas Athené.
Then, to the daughter of mighty Zeus having made their petition,
On they went, like lions *who seek their prey,* through the darkness
Striding, through slaughter and blood, among thick-strown arms and o'er corses.
Nor in the Troian camp did Hector suffer to slumber
All that mighty host, but called their rulers together;
Thither they came, each chieftain brave and experienced leader:
And in their presence thus he disclosed the thoughts *of his bosom:*
"Where is the man who, for great reward, well worth his acceptance,
Danger and toil o'erpaying, a daring deed will accomplish?
He as a prize shall receive the fairest car and the swiftest
Horses, with flowing manes, which Greece can boast in her armies.
Glory, besides, shall he win, who will enter their camp, and, approaching
Close to their ships, their state and future plans shall discover:
Whether with vigilant watch they guard their vessels as usual,
Or by their late defeat and the past day's struggle exhausted,
Toil-worn, and broken in strength, they relax their guard, and contemplate
Nought but to speed their flight, *with the coming dawn, o'er the ocean.*"
Thus he spake. But th' assembly received the proposal in silence.
Now, of the Troian host was there one, the son of Eumedes,
Dolon by name; a wealthy man, and a herald by office,
Swift of foot, though ill to behold in form and in feature;
Only brother of sisters five. From the host of the Trojans
Forth he stepped, and to Hector's proposal thus he responded:
"Hector! my prompting spirit is longing to try this adventure.
Forth to their ships will I wend my way, and learn their intentions.
Hold up thy sceptre, albeit, to Heav'n, and swear thou wilt give me
Those brave steeds, and the car with brass inlaid and refulgent,

Which the divine Achilles bear, *when advancing to battle.*
Thus assured, will I prove no idle scout. Thou mayst trust me.
Into the heart of their force will I make my way; to the quarter
Where Agamemnon lies, and where all their leaders in council
Now perchance are debating the question of flight or of combat."
Hector his sceptre raised, and swore the oath he demanded:
"Witness, immortal Zeus! Loud-thundering! consort of Heré!
None of our Trojan host shall mount that car, or those horses (330)
Drive, save Dolon alone. Be his the boast to possess them."
Thus he swore. But vain was the oath. Yet the man was encouraged.
Forthwith across his shoulders his crooked bow he suspended,
Flung o'er his armour a grey wolf's skin, and braced on a head-piece,
Lined with a weasel's fur, and a sharp, light dart was his weapon.
Forth from the camp he went and shaped his course for the vessels:
Destined no more to return, and to bring no tidings to Hector.
Now had he left behind the crowd of men and of horses,
Cheerily pressing on, when Odysseus heard him approaching;
And to the coming steps he called his comrade's attention: (340)
"Hark! Diomedes. Some one comes from the camp of the Trojans:
Either a spy by the foe sent forth to discover our movements,
Or some plundering *wretch*, intent on stripping the corses.
This be our plan: Let us suffer him first some trifle to pass us,
All unsuspecting; then from behind rush smartly upon him.
Should he by swiftness of foot elude our grasp, let us drive him,
Always farther away from his friends, to the ships *of the Grecians*,
And with our threatened spears intercept his escape to the city."
Thus agreed, some space they stepped aside from the pathway,
Crouching them down among the dead. On hastened *their victim*,(350)
Thoughtless. When passed such space as the swifter mules on the oxen
Gain, when ploughs they drag from end to end of a fallow,
Cleaving the deep *tenacious* soil with the glittering ploughshare,
Quickly they followed him up. He stopped at the sound of their footsteps,
Not without *lurking* hope that on orders issued by Hector,
Messengers swift had been sent from the Trojan camp to recall him.

But when within a jav'lin's cast approached he perceived them,
Knowing them then for foes, at once to flight he betook him,
Straining each active limb: and they put forth their strength to pursue him.
As when two rough-toothed hounds through the bush and brake of the forest,
Train'd to the chase, pursue some flying hare, or a roebuck;
Screaming with terror he flies, and relentless press his pursuers.
Thus Diomedes brave, and Odysseus, razer of cities,
Hemming him in, his retreat cut off, and drove him before them.
Now had he neared the Grecian ships and the guard at the trenches,
And in Tydeides' bosom the thought arose, (by Athené
Sent) that some other hand might arrest his flight, or might slay him,
Winning *a cheap* renown, and himself stand second in glory.
Threatening then with his spear on rushed at once Diomedes.
"Stop then! or with this lance will I reach thee. Think not to 'scape me!
Take but another step, and sure destruction awaits thee."
Thus he cried, and his spear he hurled, not meaning to strike him,
O'er his right shoulder glancing the weapon passed, and before him
Stood with its point in the ground, upright. Sore trembling he halted,
Stamm'ring with fear. Loud chattered his teeth in his mouth, and a paleness
Spread o'er his *ghastly* face. On, panting, came his pursuers,
Pinning his arms where he stood. Then weeping thus he addressed them:
"Spare my life! and a ransom accept. *I am rich.* In abundance
Gold I possess, and brass, and steel well tempered and burnished.
All that I have will my father gladly send, for my ransom,
Soon as he learns that his son survives at the ships of the Grecians."
Thus then, with artful address replied deep-scheming Odysseus:
"Be of good courage. Let no thought of dying disturb thee.
Tell me at once, and tell me without *reserve or* evasion,
Why through the gloomy night, when mortals sleep, dost thou journey
Thus alone, on the way to our ships, from the camp of the Trojans?
Art thou a plund'rer intent on stripping the dead? Or hath Hector

Sent thee forth to espy our force, and our plans to discover,
Down at our hollow ships? Or goest thou in quest of adventures?"
Thus then Dolon replied, his knees still shaking with terror:
"Hector it is who hath led me, against my will, into trouble,
Off'ring *a rich reward: no less than* the steeds of Achilles.
These, and his *glorious* chariot refulgent with brass, would he give me,
Would I but go through the night's swift-fleeting shade, and approaching
Close to your host, *your state and future projects* discover:
Whether, with vigilant watch ye guard your vessels as usual,
Or, by your late defeat, and the day's past struggle exhausted,
Toilworn and broken in strength, relax your guard, and contemplate
Nought, save *at break of day*, to speed your flight *o'er the ocean.*"
Scornfully smiling, thus replied the thoughtful Odysseus:
"High hath thy mind been set, and a noble prize hast thou aimed at;
Dread Æacides' steeds! They are ill to drive, and submit them
Hardly to mortal hand; and to none, save that of Achilles,
Goddess-born as he is. *In vain would another attempt it.*
Come now! Tell me, again, without disguise or evasion,
Where didst thou leave great Hector, the shepherd and guide of his people?
Where are his martial arms, and where his *chariot and* horses?
How are the tents and watches disposed of the rest of the Trojans?
What devise they among themselves—their plans and intentions?
If to remain by our ships encamped, *afar from their city*,
Or to complete our defeat and return in triumph to Ilion."
Thus did Dolon, Eumedes' son, reply to his questions:
"All that I know without reserve or disguise will I tell thee.
Hector, with all the distinguished leaders and chiefs of the Trojans,
Gathered at Ilus' tomb, are now debating in council,
Far from the tumult and noise. For the guards of whom thou enquirest,
Chosen bands are there none keeping watch and ward for the army.
All of Troian birth, who have hearths and homes in the city,
Sleepless (for so th' occasion requires) exhort one another,
Sharply to watch. Not so those *reckless* auxiliar forces,

Summoned from far. These sleep, and cast all care on the Trojans:
Children and wives at hand have they none to render them anxious."
Then replying in turn, thus spake deep-scheming Odysseus:
"How are those foreign troops disposed? With the host of the Trojans
Sleep they mixed, or apart? This tell me clearly *and briefly.*"
Dolon, Eumedes' son, made *prompt* reply to his question:
"This too, in full detail and without reserve, will I tell thee.
Seaward are camped the Carian troops and Pæonian bowmen,
Leleges then, Cauconians next, and the noble Pelasgi.
Landward tow'rds Thymbra, the Mysians' fierce and Lydian warriors,
Phrygian charioteers, and the crested bands of Mœonia.
Yet what boots it to name by name each several nation?
If ye but seek the readiest way our encampment to enter,
There, at the farthest extreme, but just arrived, are the Thracians,
Led to the war by Rhesus their sov'reign, son of Eioneus.
Ne'er did mine eyes such steeds behold, so large and so beauteous,
Whiter than *drifted* snow, and outstripping the wind in their fleetness.
Such his steeds! and his car with gold is refulgent and silver.
Shining in arms he came, all gold, gigantic and glorious:
Wondrous to view! Such arms as scarce seem fit for a mortal
Here upon earth to wear: such arms as a god might appear in.
Send me now to the ships. *I will yield me there as your captive,*
Or, *if ye doubt,* then bind me *hand and foot,* and in fetters
Leave me here to await your return. Returned ye shall judge me,
If I have failed of the truth in *a single point of* my story."
Then with a frown severe replied the stern Diomedes:
"Think not, Dolon! now to escape, since once I have caught thee;
Though thou hast told us much that is good *and perchance may be useful:*
For should we *spare thy forfeit life* and dismiss thee in freedom,
Sure may we be to find thee again at the ships of the Grecians,
Craftily spying our ways, or in arms in the ranks of our foemen.
Now if I use a conqueror's right, and cut short thy existence,
Greece hath one foe the less to subdue, one traitor to punish."
Harshly he spake, and in suppliant guise his hand while the prjs'ner

Raised, as in act to stroke his beard, with a sweep of his falchion
Cut through his neck at once, and the severed head down tumbling
Rolled in the dust, *its unfinished prayer* still *horribly* mutt'ring.
Then from the head they stripped its weasel cap; *from his shoulders*
Tore off the grey wolf's hide; his bow recurved and his jav'lin
Seized, and to Pallas Athena, delighting in spoil *and in conquest*, (460)
Godlike Odysseus raised them aloft, and preferred his petition:
"Hail! great goddess! Accept these spoils! Of all the immortals
Thee do we first invoke. O guide our steps, and direct us
Where we may find this Thracian chief, his tents and his horses."
Such was the prayer he uttered, as lifting the spoils, he affixed them
High on a tamarisk's branch: there left them, a mark for their guidance
Back returning; and reeds he gathered, and boughs of the tam'risk
Heaped, in a pile conspicuous, to point out the place in the darkness.
Then through th' ensanguined plain, among scattered arms and o'er corses,
On they pressed, and soon they reached the band of the Thracians. (470)
Sleeping they found them, o'ercome by toil: and ready beside them
All their resplendent arms on the ground lay assorted in order,
Forming a triple line, and by each his steeds and his chariot.
Rhesus, their king, in the midst lay sound asleep, and his horses,
Swift *as the wind*, stood bound to the rail at the back of his chariot,
These, perceiving, Odysseus at once pointed out to Tydeides:
"This is the man, Tydeides, and these those marvellous coursers
Praised in such vaunting terms by Dolon, *the spy* whom we slaughtered.
Now be doing! exert thy might: for ill it beseems thee
Idly to stand, with arms in hand. Come! quickly unloose them: (480)
Or do thou slay the men, and mine be the care of the horses."
Thus he spake. But Tydeides, with rage inspired by Athené,
Smote round about him, and slew. Deep groans each sweep of his weapon
Followed in *dread* response, and the ground with blood was impurpled.
As when a *famished* lion, intent on mischief and slaughter,
Some unprotected flock of sheep or of goats hath invaded,
So came down on the Thracian host infuriate Tydeides.

Twelve had he slain. Meanwhile Odysseus, wary and thoughtful,
Fast as Tydeides struck, came after, and seized on the victim,
Dragging him back by the feet; *thus clearing a way:* for he dreaded
Lest that in leading them forth, the steeds, unaccustomed to slaughter,
Freshly arrived, and new to war, at sight of the corpses
Startled, might *rear and* refuse on *the ghastly relics* to trample.
But when Tydeides reached the spot where Rhesus was sleeping,
Him, thirteenth, he deprived of the cheerful light of the living.
Gasping he lay, for a threat'ning vision, sent by Athené,
Stood o'er his head that livelong night, like the grandson of Æneus.
Cautiously now had Odysseus the horses unbound from the chariot,
Led, by the reins conjoined, and brought them forth, with his bowstring
Lashing them on. Of the scourge he bethought him not, which was lying
Ready for use, with the arms, on the gorgeous seat of the chariot.
Sounding a signal note, then warned he the brave Diomedes.
He, meanwhile, intent on some feat of more terrible daring,
Doubted awhile, if to draw forth the car by its pole, or to lift it
Bodily out, by enormous strength; or to rush on the Thracians,
Taking the lives of many, *and spreading a wider destruction.*
Thus while he stood debating, *his guardian goddess*, Athené,
Came to his aid, and beside him stood. And thus she advised him:
"Son of the noble Tydeus! Bethink thee now of returning
Quietly back to the ships; or in flight, and pursued, thou mayst reach them,
Should some unfriendly power arouse the Trojans against thee."
Thus she spake, and Tydeides obeyed the voice of the Goddess;
Quickly the car he ascended; Odysseus lashed on the horses,
Using his bow for a scourge; and they flew to the camp of the Grecians.
Nor was the God of the silver bow unwatchful or careless.
Soon as Athena he saw thus lending her aid to Tydeides,
Down in anger he came, and mixed with the host of the Trojans,
Rousing from sleep Hippócoön, leader sage of the Thracians,

Nearly allied to Rhesus by birth: who, starting from slumber,
Soon as he missed the vanished car, and the horses of Rhesus,
Rolling in blood when he saw the corses, yet in their death-pang,
Burst forth in tears and laments, and called on the name of his comrade.
Roused by his cries, the Trojans with wild, unspeakable uproar
Ran to the spot, and aghast they stood, when they saw the destruction
Wrought by men now far beyond their pursuit, and in safety.
Now when the chiefs had arrived where Hector's spy they had slaughtered,
There did Odysseus draw the rein. Diomedes, alighting,
Took *from the tamarisk's branch* his blood-stained spoils, to Odysseus
Handing them. These in the car bestowed, he remounted.
Sounded the lash once more, and the horses flew, unreluctant
Skimming the plain to the hollow ships, *as* longing to reach them.
Nestor first perceived the approaching sound of the chariot.
"Friends!" he said, "ye leaders of Greece! ye counselling sages!
Is it illusion or truth that my mind impels me to utter?
Surely mine ears perceive the tramp of horses approaching!
Oh, may *Heav'n grant that* Odysseus and brave Diomedes returning,
Bring from the Trojan foe some chariot and steeds as their trophy!
Sadly I fear me, however, lest these, the best of our leaders,
Some mischance have befall'n in the whelming rout of the Trojans."
Still were his words unfinished, when up drove the chiefs *in their chariot.*
Down to the ground at once they sprang. Then great the rejoicing,
Many the hands extended, and cordial and warm was their welcome.
Thus then, Odysseus addressing, enquired Gerenian Nestor:
"Tell me now, great Odysseus, thou boast and pride of our nation,
Whence are these noble steeds? Have ye won them in fight with the Trojans?
Or have ye met some God in your way, at whose hands ye received them,
All celestial, and beaming with sun-bright whiteness and splendour?
Oft have I pierced the Trojan ranks and mixed with their battle,

Nor hath old age detained me a laggard here at our vessels,
Yet have I ne'er observed such steeds as these. Of a surety
These are no earthly hero's spoils. Some God hath bestowed them.
Favoured indeed are ye both by the cloud-compelling Kronion,
And by the Ægis-bearer's virgin daughter, Athené!"

Thus to his questions answered the deeply scheming Odysseus:
"Nestor! Neleus' son! Thou glory and boast of our nation!
Horses indeed like these, or better, *in form and in swiftness,*
Might some *benignant* Pow'r with ease have bestowed, had it pleased him.
These however, O reverend sire! of which thou enquirest,
Mortal by birth, are freshly arrived with the prince of the Thracians,
Whom Tydeides hath slain with twelve of his bravest companions,
Aye, thirteen; for a scout we caught not far from our vessels
Whom, as a spy, to inspect our force *and discover our movements*
Hector had sent, and all the assembled princes of Troia."

Thus, exulting, he spake. And the prancing steeds and the chariot
Thundered across the trench, and the chiefs all followed, rejoicing.
Then, when they reached at length the stately tent of Tydeides,
Freed from the yoke, the steeds were bound with thongs to the manger,
Evenly cut, and with Diomed's coursers swift, in his stable
Duly ranged, with an ample store of corn were provided.
Dolon's ensanguined spoils in the stem of his vessel Odysseus
Safely lodged as a votive off'ring, due to Athené.

Now to the beach repaired the wearied chiefs, and their persons
Laved in the sea's pure wave; and the gore and sweat which defiled them
Cleansed from their necks and reeking limbs with plenteous ablution.
Thence, restored in strength and refreshed at heart, they betook them
Each to his polished bath; where they bathed at ease and anointed,
Suppling their stiffened frames with abundant oil, *and with odours.*
Then to a full repast they sate them down; and libations
Poured, ere they drank, of the rich *red* wine, to Pallas Athené.

THE ILIAD.

BOOK XI.

BOOK THE ELEVENTH

ARGUMENT.

AT daybreak Agamemnon arms and the Greeks march forth again to battle. The fortunes of war remain doubtful till noon, when the Grecks prevail and the Trojans fly. Agamemnon performs prodigies of valour. Hector, warned by Iris to retire awhile from the fight, obeys. Agamemnon is wounded and obliged to quit the field, when Hector again advances. The tide of success now turns. Diomede is wounded by Paris, and Odysseus by Socus. Aias and Menelaus rescue him, but are forced to retreat. Machaon is wounded by Paris, and mounting the car of Nestor, is borne from the field. Achilles observes them returning and sends Patroclus to Nestor's tent to make enquiries. Nestor exhorts Patroclus to obtain permission to assume the arms of Achilles and bring the Myrmidons to aid the Greeks. Returning he meets Eurypalus wounded, who informs him of the evil plight of the Grecks.

ILIAD. BOOK XI.

EOS now had forsaken the couch of rev'rend Tithonus,
Morn announcing, *welcome* alike to Gods and to mortals.
Eris, commissioned by Zeus, now sought the ships of the Grecians,
Rearing aloft the dread *Gorgonian* symbol of battle.
High she stood on the vast dark-frowning ship of Odysseus,
Whence upon either hand might echo the sound of her war-cry,
Here from the ships and tents of the great Telamonian Aias,
There from Achilles' camp—the remotest posts—under leaders,
Sure by their valour and strength of hand to maintain their position.
There stood the Goddess, and raised the loud Orthian strain, and in accents (10)
Terrible shouted aloud; each heart with courage inspiring,
And the determined resolve to fight to the last and to conquer.
Sweeter by far to their souls was now the prospect of battle,
Than to return in their ships to the dear-lov'd land of their fathers.
Now through the camp went forth the command to arm, by Atreides
Loudly proclaimed. He himself assumed his radiant armour.
First, his *manly* legs with the polished greaves he invested,
Clasping them *firmly* on with *rich-wrought* buckles of silver;
Then o'er his *ample* chest he braced the glittering corslet
Erst by Cinyris giv'n as a parting token of friendship, (20)
And, when to Cyprus the news was borne that the Greeks had assembled,

Must'ring their ships, and preparing to sail for the conquest of Ilion,
Sent with a message of kindly regard to the sov'reign of Argos.
Ten were the bands of azure steel which its fabric surrounded,
Twelve of refulgent gold, and twenty of tin. From each shoulder,
Up to the neck, three snakes of steel were twined, and, inarching,
Shone with effulgent hues all various—ev'n as the rainbow,
Which in his clouds great Zeus hangs forth, a sign unto mortals.
Over his shoulder his sword he slung: *its hilt was of silver*,
Studded with golden stars, and a silver scabbard enclosed it,
Fitted with golden rings, *whence it hung by a baldric suspended.*
Next his protecting shield he raised, resplendent and gorgeous,
Strengthened with tenfold brass round its mighty orb. On its convex
Twice ten bosses arose of *pure* white tin, and among them,
Central *conspicuous*, one, of the dark-blue steel, where a Gorgon
Frowned, all ghastly and dread to behold; and round it were sculptured
Shudd'ring Terror and *headlong* Flight, *Defeat and Confusion.*
This, at his back when slung, by a chain was supported of silver
Bright, with a serpent of steel entwined. Three heads *of the monster*
Hissing three diverse ways, in a single neck were united.
Then on his head his helm embossed he placed, four-crested,
Horse-tail crown'd: right fearfully nodded the crests from above it.
Lastly two mighty spears he grasped: with bronze were they pointed,
Sharp; from whose gleaming blades bright sunbeams back into æther
Flashed. Loud thund'ring, Athena and Hera looked down with approval,
Joying in arms to behold the sov'reign of wealthy Mycenæ.

Now to each charioteer the command was issued, to muster
All their cars in the rear at the trench, and range them in order.
Leaders and foll'wers advanced on foot, full armed; and an uproar
Wild, unceasing, arose as they took their ground in the twilight,
Forming in line before the trench, in advance of the chariots.
These came slowly behind in array. By Kronion excited,
Burst from the host a tumultuous shout. Then down from the æther,
Torn by their cry, red drops of blood came show'ring upon them,
Dreadfully shadowing forth the fate of many a warrior.

Not less alert, on a slope o'erlooking the plain, were the Trojans
Gathered round mighty Hector, Polydamas, noble and stainless,
Great Æneas, in Troy as a god respected and honoured;
Polybus too, and Agenor divine, and, the youngest *among them*,
Acamas—godlike men, the three brave sons of Antenor,
Hector upreared in the van the smooth round orb of his buckler,
But like the baleful star now blazing forth in its glory,
Bright'ning the skies, now plunging in clouds and lost in their darkness,
Thus might the hero be seen; conspicuous now with the foremost,
Now disappearing, mixed with the rearward ranks; giving orders;
Flashing, all brass, now here, now there, like the lightnings of heaven.
As when reapers in bands opposed, advance on the harvest,
Where in some rich man's field the corn stands thick; to their sickles
Down falls the plenteous swathe, and armful is heaped upon armful:
Thus did the Trojans and thus the Greeks, in mutual slaughter
Mow down each other's ranks. None thought of flight *or of yielding*,
Equal they lifted their heads in the fight, and rushed on each other
Wolf-like. Eris looked on exulting, *and stalked through the carnage*
Sole; in the strife alone of the Gods permitted to mingle.
None of the bright celestial host were there, but inactive
Sitting (*so Zeus decreed*), each god kept close in the palace
Built for his use *by Hephæstus' art* on the heights of Olympus.
Murm'ring they sate and accused the partial will of Kronion,
Grudging the glory his high decree for the Trojans had destined.
Nought recked he of their murmurs. Alone, *superior, and awful*,
Wide remote from them all, enthroned he sate in his glory,
Viewing beneath him the Trojan tow'rs and the ships of the Grecians,
Marking the flash of their arms on the field; the slain, and the slayers.
Now, while the sacred day advanced, and the light was increasing,
Fell their blows with equal effect, and alike was the slaughter.
But when the hour had arrived, when the woodman pauses from labour
In the deep mountain dell, and prepares his meal; when with felling
Many a lofty tree his arms wax faint; with approval

Scanning his morning's work he bethinks him of rest and refreshment;
Then, with a mighty cheer, and united rush, did the Grecians (90)
Break through their foemen's line with resistless force. Agamemnon
First rushed on, and Bienor, the shepherd and guide of his people,
Smote, and Oïleus, his faithful attendant who guided their horses.
Forth from his chariot springing Bienor advanced, but Atreides
Met him as on he rushed, and deep in his forehead his jav'lin
Fixed. His vizor in vain resisted the force of the weapon,
Heavy with bronze. Through that and the bone it went, and commingled
Blood with his brains. Thus fell *the first who opposed Agamemnon.*
These on the ground he left, *in the throes of death*, with their bosoms
Bare, and exposed to the gaze of all, for he stripped off their armour. (100)
Then upon Isus he rushed, and Antiphus, eager to slay them
Both in one chariot, Priam's sons; one, offspring of wedlock;
One of unsanctioned love; and to him the reins were entrusted.
Antiphus wielded the spear and shield. By *godlike* Achilles
Both had been seized and with osier bands in the passes of Ida
Bound, where their flocks they tended, and both were released upon ransom,
Destined to fall by the hand of Atreus' son Agamemnon.
Isus *he* pierced with his spear through the breast and hurled from the chariot;
Keen, beneath Antiphus' ear fell the *side-long sweep of* his falchion.
Both he despoiled of their arms. Then first their features perceiving (110)
Well he remembered both to have seen, when down to the vessels
Captives they came from Ida's heights in the train of Achilles.
As when a lion, invading their *peaceful* lair *in the forest,*
Seizes two trembling fawns in his murderous fangs *and devours them,*
Crushing the life from their tender hearts *in the sight of their mother:*
She, although close at hand, can help them nought, but *with anguish*
Stricken, and wild with affright breaks forth, *nor stays to behold them*
Perish, but swift through bushes and *tangled* glades of the woodland
Flies, all trembling and sweat-bedewed, from the rage of the monster:

Powerless thus to avert their comrades' fate, and in terror
Each for himself, the Trojans fled from the wrath of the Argives.
Next, Pisander he smote, and Hippolochus fearless in combat.
These were Antimachus' sons, a brave *but profligate* noble,
Whom with rich gifts and gold Alexandros bribed, and persuaded
Great Menelaüs' claim to oppose, when his wife he demanded.
These, his sons, Agamemnon encountered, both in one chariot
Borne, and practised alike to *fight or* govern their horses.
Soon as Atreides they saw like a lion rushing upon them,
Lance uplifted, bewildered, the reins they dropped, *and the coursers*
Reared: then with terror struck on their knees they fell and besought him:
"Spare our lives! O Atreides, and take the ransom we offer.
Untold wealth in Antimachus' house lies stored. In abundance
Gold he possesses, and brass, and steel, well tempered and burnished.
All he hath, without stint, will he lay at thy feet for our ransom,
Soon as he hears that his sons survive at the ships of the Grecians."
Suppliant thus, and in tears they besought the king, and in accents
Gentle their prayer preferred. An ungentle speech was their answer:
"If from Antimachus' loins ye spring, *that wretch*, who in council
Dared to propose to the Trojans the murder of brave Menelaüs,
When with divine Odysseus *in sacred guise of* an envoy
Ilion's gates, with assurance of safe return, he had entered,
Die! for your father's monstrous crime this day shall ye suffer."
Thus he spake, and Pisander at once he hurled from his chariot,
Pierced through the heart supine he fell and his spirit forsook him.
Then from the car Hippolochus sprang. But the sword of Atreides
Reached him, and lopped his hands, and severed his neck; and the victor
Rolled, like a bowl, the *bleeding* head in the midst of the Trojans.
Then to the thick of the fray rushed on, where the struggle was fiercest,
Densest the ranks of the foe: and the Argives followed their leader.
Forthwith commenced a headlong rout, where footman by footman
Perished, and horse by horse. *Loud* clashed their arms, and to heaven

Mounted the dust from *thousands of* thund'ring hoofs. Agamemnon,
Hewing his way through the flying ranks, pressed on, and, unceasing,
Cheered on the Greeks to the race, and dealt destruction around him.
As when the flames invade some dense, impassable forest,
Rolling along with the eddying wind they spread, and the branches,
Trunks and roots in a mingled and blazing mass are confounded:
Thus, before Atreus' son swept down, lay the ranks of the Trojans:
Prostrate forms and helméd heads. Steeds, guideless and frantic,
Whirled through the gaps of the battle their empty cars, to the breezes
Tossing their floating manes; while the riders, *trampled behind them*,
Strewed the plain; to their wives less pleasing by far than to vultures.
Hector had Zeus withdrawn from the crush and dust of the conflict,
Out of the reach of the weapons, the slaughter, the blood, and the tumult,
While Agamemnon pursued and called on the Argives to follow.
Thus the discomfited host by the tomb of Dardanian Ilus,
Where the wild fig-tree stands in the midst of the plain, in confusion
Swept, pushing on for the town. Agamemnon, shouting behind them,
Followed them close, his hands imbrued with the blood of his foemen:
These, when the Scæan gate they at length had reached, and the beech-tree,
Panting and breathless, halted awhile and awaited their comrades,
Who through the midst of the plain from Atreides fled, like the frighted
Kine, which, in darkling hour of their ev'ning milking, a lion
Scares. All fly in dismay. One, luckless, escapes not destruction.
Her with his fangs he seizes, and breaks her neck, and *resistless*
Tears her down, and laps her blood, and gorges her entrails.
Thus did Atreides rush on the flying host of the Trojans,
Slaughtering even the hindmost, and thus were they scattered before him.
Prone from his car was hurled full many a warrior, or backward
Dragg'd, lay supine, by Atreides slain in advance of the Grecians.
But when at length he approached the lofty walls of the city,
Then *from his throne uprose* the father of Gods and of mortals,

Down from Olympus *he* came and on Ida's summit alighted,
Streaming with rills; there sate, his *right* hand grasping the lightning:
Iris the golden wing'd then summoned and charged with a message:
"Hie thee away, swift Iris! this message deliver to Hector,
While he shall see Agamemnon, the shepherd and guide of his people
Raging in front of the battle, and thinning the ranks of the Trojans,
So long bid him withdraw; but exhort the rest of his army
Bravely to fight, and maintain their ground in the *dubious* conflict. (190)
Soon as, however, by spear transfixed, or struck by an arrow,
Wounded he mounts his car, then strength will I pour into Hector
Onward to rush and slay, and to drive the Greeks to their vessels,
Ev'n till the sun shall set and sacred night shall involve them."
Thus he spake; nor did wind-swift Iris pause for a moment:
Down tow'rds Ilion's holy walls from Ida she darted.
Hector she found, great Priamus' godlike son, *mid the Trojans*
Stationed; around him a *close-wedg'd* throng of horses and chariots.
Close to his car approaching, the swift-wing'd Goddess addressed him:
"Hector! the noble Priamus' son, Jove's rival in counsel, (200)
Hear the command our father Zeus hath bid me deliver!
While thou shalt see Agamemnon, the shepherd and guide of his people,
Raging in front of the battle, and thinning the ranks of the Trojans,
So long fight thou not; but exhort the rest of thy army
Bravely to war and maintain their ground in the *dubious* conflict.
Soon as, however, by spear transfixed, or struck by an arrow,
Wounded he mounts his car, then strength will he grant thee and valour
Onward to rush and slay, and drive the Greeks to their vessels,
Ev'n till the sun shall set, and the sacred night shall involve them."
Thus, her message delivered, the swift-wing'd Iris departed. (210)
Hector, armed as he was, to the ground sprang down from his chariot.
Brandishing two sharp spears he passed through the ranks of the Trojans,
Rousing their flagging fire, and inflaming their zeal for the combat.
Quickly they rallied and turned, once more confronting the Grecians.

These, on their part, *re-formed their line, and* strengthened their phalanx.
Thus was the battle restored, and opposed they stood. Agamemnon
Foremost of all rushed on, for he burned to be first in the conflict.
Tell me, ye Muses! ye who the halls of Olympus inhabit,
Who of the Trojan host or their brave allies was the foremost
In the *fresh-kindled* fight Agamemnon's might to encounter.
Tall in stature and brave, Iphidamas, son of Antenor,
First advanced. In Thrace, rich mother of flocks and of harvests,
Cisseus had reared him, the sire of fair Theano his mother,
Ev'n from his infant years, and nursed with care in his palace;
And when arrived at the fulness of blooming youth he detained him
Still, for he loved him dearly, and gave him a daughter in marriage,
Thence, on the rumour of war with Greece, betroth'd but unwedded:
Sailed he with twelve tall ships and a goodly train of his foll'wers,
And to Percoté came, there left his ships and to Ilion
Marched, disembarked, on foot, *and joined the ranks of the Trojans:*
Such was the youthful chief who first Agamemnon encountered.
Thus then, nearing each other, when now small space was between them,
First Agamemnon aimed his spear, but wand'ring, it missed him.
Then did Iphidamas put forth his strength, and thrust with his jav'lin
Under the breastplate, full on the belt, still driving it onwards.
Stoutly the belt resisted. The brazen point of the weapon
Bent, like lead, on its silver plates, and forced not an entry.
Then Agamemnon, enraged, with his *left* hand seizing the jav'lin
Wrenched it away with a lion's force from the grasp of his foeman,
While with his sword a deadly blow on his neck he inflicted:
Thus, by too sad a fate o'erta'en, while aiding his country,
Slept the *young* hero that brazen sleep *which knows not a waking,*
Far from his virgin bride, unwed, but with many a present
Wooed and won. First gave he a hundred beeves; then a thousand
Sheep and goats from the countless flocks in his pastures he promised.
Stripped of his beauteous arms he lay. Agamemnon, *exulting,*
Tore them away, and was bearing them off to the host of the Grecians:
This when Coön perceived, the illustrious son of Antenor,

Eldest son of his sire, then a cloud of grief *and of anguish*
Shadowed his eyes, to behold his brother slain; and unnoticed (250)
While Agamemnon *passed*, stood back, and lifting his jav'lin
Pierced through his arm, just under the elbow-joint; and the weapon,
Driv'n right through, protruded its glittering point. Agamemnon
Started *with pain and alarm*, but desisted not, nor an instant
Paused in his fierce career of destructive war and of battle.
Round on Coön he *turned, and upon him* rushed with his jav'lin,
Nursling of storms. He already had grasped the foot of his brother,
Dragging him back, and shouting to all who were brave *to assist him.*
Him while his bossy shield o'er the corpse he spread, Agamemnon
Pierced with his glittering lance, and his strength and spirit forsook
him. (260)
Prone on Iphidamas sinking, his head was lopped by the victor.
Thus by Atreides' arm, these two *brave* sons of Antenor,
Joined in a *common* doom, descended *together* to Hades.
Now, so long as the blood welled warm from his wound, Agamemnon
Raged through the field, and with lance, with sword, with ponderous
fragments
Torn from the rock-strewed plain crushed down the ranks of the
Trojans.
But when the blood-flow ceased, and the wound contracted and
stiffened,
Agony *shot through the frame, and* subdued the strength of the monarch.
Pangs like those which women invade in the hour of their travail,
Bitter and keen, from th' Ilithyæ's stores, presiding o'er child-birth,
Daughters of Hera, *severely kind, who relieve by afflicting.* (271)
Not less piercing the pangs which subdued the strength of Atreides.
Into his chariot he sprang, and the charioteer he commanded
Swiftly to drive to the hollow ships, for his soul was in torment;
While to the Greeks, in departing, thus he shrieked forth his orders:
"Friends and leaders of Greece, ye chiefs of experience in council!
Yours be the task to defend us and save our fleet from destruction,
Baffling each hostile attempt: since Zeus no longer allows me
Here to remain, and this day's fight conduct to its issue."
Thus he spake. Then sounded the lash, and forth flew the horses, (280)

Urging their course with right good will to the ships of the Grecians.
White were their chests with foam and begrimed with dust which beneath them
Rose in a cloud, as they hurried the wounded prince from the battle.
Hector beheld from his car *with joy* the retreat of Atreides,
Then with a shout exhorted the Trojan and Lycian warriors:
"Lycians! Trojans! and all ye brave Dardanian spearmen!
Shew yourselves men, my friends! and be mindful of prowess *and honour*.
See where he flies—our bravest foe! Now Zeus will award me
Praise and *enduring* renown! Up! put your steeds on their mettle,
Charge on these stubborn Greeks: and immortal glory awaits you." (290)
Thus he spake, in each bosom a martial ardour inspiring.
Like as a hunter, who cheers on his white-fang'd hounds, when assailing
Some *fierce* lion or *rough* wild boar in the depths of the forest.
So did the son of Priam, in might like death-dealing Ares,
Cheer on, against the Greeks, the magnanimous warriors of Troia.
Foremost himself in their ranks, and filled with assurance of conquest,
Down on the battle he poured with a whirlwind's force, which descending
Sweeps o'er the dark blue sea and chases its billows before it.
Whom now first, whom last did the godlike offspring of Priam,
Honoured that day by Zeus *supreme*, strike down in the combat? (300)
First Assæus he slew; Autonous next, and Opites,
Dolops, Clytis' son, and Opheltius;—then Agelaüs.
Oros, Æsymnus, Hipponous fell—all chiefs of distinction,
Known as the flow'r of the Argive host: then numberless others,
Vulgar of birth, unknown to fame. As the blast of the Zephyr
Hurries along the clouds of the stormy south, when the tempest
Rises in squalls: the swol'n waves roll, and the crests of the billows,
Torn by the drifting blast, fly scattered in foam on the breezes:
Thus did great Hector sweep o'er the crests of all who opposed him.
Then had destruction been sure, irremediable ill been accomplished, (310)
Then had the Greeks to their ships in defeat and slaughter been driven,

Had not Odysseus, *the danger perceiving*, exhorted Tydeides:
"Why, O Tydeides, forget we thus our prowess and valour?
Draw we together, my friend! and make our stand. How disgraceful
Were it, should Hector thus destroy the ships of the Grecians."
Thus he spake, and responded thus the brave Diomedes:
"Yes! I will stay, and endure to the end: though small the advantage,
Useless all we can do: since cloud-compelling Kronion
Sides with our Trojan foes, and withdraws his support from the Argives."
Speaking thus, Thymbræus at once he struck from his chariot; (320)
Pierced through the heart with his spear on the ground he rolled: and Odysseus
Molion slew, his charioteer and valiant attendant.
These, their career of war cut short, *to the birds* they relinquished;
Carrying dismay and confusion then plunged in the thick of the Trojans,
Like two boars which savagely turn on the dogs that pursue them.
Turning thus, they raged through the ranks of the foe, and the Grecians
Breathed, and a respite enjoyed in their flight from the terrors of Hector.
Next on a chariot they came which the noblest warriors of Troia
Bore; two sons of Percosian Merops; best among augurs,
Skilled in prophetic lore. He had warned his sons, and forbid them
Ever to mix in destructive war. In vain: for *their valour* (331)
Urged them *to disobey; and* death's dark spell *was upon them.*
Both by the mighty spear of Tydeus' son, Diomedes,
Lifeless were stretched, and their splendid spoils were the prize of the victor.
Those of Hippodamus brave and Hypeirochus fell to Odysseus.
Thus war's equal strain great Zeus on the Greeks and the Trojans
Laid, and from Ida's height he viewed them destroying each other.
Now Diomedes Agastrophus smote with his spear on the hip-bone,
Pæon's heroic son. In vain he fled, for his chariot
Stood not at hand his escape to aid. Despising precaution,
Far in the rear had he left his car in charge; to the combat
Marching on foot in the foremost ranks, and his life was the forfeit.
Hector observed, as he darted his piercing glance through the squadrons;

Shouting he rushed to the spot with a compact mass of his Trojans.
Brave as he was, some tremor through Diomede ran, and Odysseus
Near him perceiving, thus he bespoke *his friend and companion:*
"Rolling upon us it comes—this ruin! This terrible Hector!
Now stand firm! Here keep we our ground, and, awaiting, repel him."
Thus he spake, and poising his long-forth-shadowing jav'lin
Hurled it aloft. It missed not its mark, but down on his helmet
Struck, near the crest; but its *blunted* point from the brass of the helmet
Glanced, nor his fair skin pierced: for the casque, the gift of Apollo,
Threefold and peaked in form, turned off the brunt of the weapon.
Hector retired, and far in the distance mixed with the Trojans:
Down on his knee then dropped, and his strong hand barely supported,
Pressed on the ground, his weight; and his sight was blotted with darkness.
Yet, while Tydeides followed his glancing spear through the combat
Far *in the press*, where fixed in the earth it stood, *and regained it*,
Hector recovered his breath and arose; then sprang to his chariot,
Hurried away, and was lost in the crowd, escaping destruction.
Threat'ning then with his spear thus shouted brave Diomedes:
"Dog! Thou hast had a near escape from death. To thy rescue
Phœbus Apollo has come once more: the pow'r thou invokest
Ever *when danger is nigh* and the clash of spears is around thee.
But should we meet again, that hour is thy last. I will end thee,
If but one friendly pow'r assist the arms of Tydeides.
Fly then! my conqu'ring spear shall find some other employment."
Thus he spake; then bent over Pæon's son to despoil him.
This Alexander perceiving, the fair-haired Helena's husband,
Where at the tomb of that ancient chief Dardanian Ilus,
Leaning against a column he stood concealed, on Tydeides
Bent *with deliberate aim* his bow. While the hero was stripping
From the dead warrior's bosom the corslet, the shield from his shoulders,
And *from his head* the pond'rous casque, he strained on the bowstring;
Shot; (nor in vain flew the shaft from the *practised* hand *of the archer*,)
And his right foot transfixed. Straight through went the arrow, and nailed it

Fast to the earth beneath. Then merrily laughed Alexandros;
Forth from his ambush sprang, and exultingly called to Tydeides:
"Ha! thou art hit. Not vain hath been the flight of my arrow.
Would it had pierced thy heart and ta'en thy life; that the Trojans
Freely might breathe, from the terror relieved with which they behold thee
Shudd'ring, as bleating goats behold some *ravaging* lion."
Then Diomedes, nought dismayed, this answer returned him:
"Archer! reviler! curl-bedecked, seducer of maidens!
Hand against hand would'st thou try thy strength, and meet me in armour,
Little thy *twanging* bow should avail, or thy bundle of arrows.
Grand is thy triumph, *forsooth!* to have grazed my foot with thy weapon,
Which I no more regard than a woman's scratch, or an infant's.
Light is the dart that flies from a hand so feeble and worthless.
Not so where mine alights. Its touch is death, and the message
Piercing and sharp which it bears. What foe soever receives it,
Furrowed with tears are his widow's cheeks, and his children are orphans.
There, where the crimsoned plain proclaims the fate which has reached him,
Outcast and rotting he lies: more birds than women around him."
Thus, *indignant*, he spake: but Odysseus quickly approaching
Took up his ground in front *to protect his friend*, who behind him
Seated, and *bending him down*, released his foot, and the arrow
Tore from the wound, and dire was the pang that ensued *as he wrenched it.*
So to his car he sprang, and the charioteer he commanded
Swiftly to drive to the hollow ships; for his soul was in torment.
Now was Odysseus abandoned. No Greek remained to support him,
Fear had dispersed them all, *and the Trojans were closing upon him.*
Inly disturbed, he spake, with his own brave spirit communing:
"Sore indeed am I now bested. To fly were disgraceful,
Scared by a crowd. To be set on alone were a desperate hazard,

Now that the Greeks with fear by Zeus inspired, have retreated.
Yet what need of debate? What room for doubt or for question?
This I know, that none but a coward retires from a battle.
Whoso will shew himself brave must maintain his post, and unshrinking
Stand to the last, regardless of death received or inflicted." (410)
Thus while he stood, *collecting his strength and* inly debating,
Closing upon him on all sides thronged the ranks of the Trojans,
Circling him in, and enclosing their own destruction amidst them.
As when the dogs, cheered on by youthful and vigorous hunters,
Close round a bristly boar roused up from the depth of the thicket;
Sharp'ning his tusks in his crooked jaws he stands and defies them.
Round him they crowd, and a snapping of teeth is heard, but *the boldest*
Holds aloof and awaits the rush of the terrible *savage.*
Thus round Odysseus, belov'd of Zeus, were gathered the Trojans.
On he rushed, and first on the blameless Deïopites (420)
Springing, he drove his spear o'er *the rim of his shield* through his shoulder:
Thoön then met his fate, then valiant Ennomus perished.
Then Chersidamas. Him he smote as he leaped from his chariot.
Under his bossy shield through the navel he pierced him; and prostrate
Clutching the dust in his hollow grasp he fell and expired.
These neglecting, Charops next he pierced with his jav'lin,
Hippasus' son; of noble birth: own brother to Socus.
Socus of godlike feature and form, who ran to protect him,
All too late! Coming close to Odysseus thus he bespake him:
"Noble Odysseus! famed alike for cunning and valour, (430)
One and another of Hippasus' sons this day must thou conquer;
Two such heroes as him thou hast slain, must despoil of their armour,
Or by my spear subdued, thyself must yield to destruction."
Ending, his spear he hurled at the smooth round shield of Odysseus,
Thoro' the shining orb it forced its impetuous passage,
Then through the corslet rich its course pursued, and descending,
All the skin from his side tore off; but Pallas Athené
Turned its point, and suffered it not to pierce to his entrails.

This when Odysseus felt, his wound not mortal perceiving,
Back *some steps* he recoiled, and *frowning on* Socus, addressed him:
"Wretch! thine hour is at hand, and swift destruction awaits thee.
What though perchance this day I shall fight no more with the Trojans,
Yet, be assured, thy doom is sealed. Black death *on thy footsteps Follows, pursuing thee close.* By this lance shalt thou perish, securing
Triumph for me; for thyself the downward path unto Hades."
Thus he spake: and Socus had now no thought but of safety,
But as he turned him to flight, the spear through his back found a passage,
Ent'ring between his shoulders, and issuing forth at his bosom.
Down he fell with a crash. Then Odysseus shouted in triumph:
"Socus! great Hippasus' son, that fierce subduer of horses,
Death hath cut short thy career and made an end of thy warfare.
Wretch! o'er whom, as thou liest, no mother revered and no father
Bending, shall close thy dying eyes, but ravenous vultures
Flapping their wings *obscene*, to tear thy flesh shall assemble:
While over me shall a costly tomb be raised by the Grecians."
Thus he spake, and first from his flesh the jav'lin of Socus
Drew, and its shaft disengaged from his bossy shield, while in torrents
Welled from the wound his blood, and bitter and sharp were his torments.
Forthwith the Troian host, when they saw the blood of Odysseus,
One encouraged another, and closed in crowds round the hero.
Back some steps he retreated and called for aid to his comrades.
Thrice did he shout amain, with a mighty shout, which to utter
Hardly might mortal voice suffice. Thrice heard Menelaüs
Where, supported by Aias he kept his ground, and addressed him:
"Aias! Telamon's son! Jove nurtured! chief of thy nation!
Heard'st thou that shout? 'Tis Odysseus, in sore distress whom the Trojans
Doubtless surround, and are pressing upon him alone and unaided,
All retreat intercepting, and bearing him down in the tumult.
Up! Let us pierce the throng between, and fly to his rescue.

Grievous it were, a misfortune to Greece, if abandoned and helpless
One so brave and so great should fall by the hands of the Trojans."
Speaking thus, he set forth, by Aias followed, and quickly
Came, where Odysseus they found, beloved of Zeus; and about him
Crowding the Troian host: like tawny jackals surrounding
Some broad-antlered stag in a mountain pass, which the hunter
Aiming *from far* with a dart has struck. He *turns and* escapes him,
Flying, so long as his blood runs warm and his limbs can support him.
But when the shaft has subdued his fainting strength, and he totters
Feebly, the hungry pack flocks eagerly round to devour him
In the deep thicket's shade. Then chance brings a lion upon them
Raging.—Away they fly, and the prey remains to the stronger.
Thus round Odysseus, the brave and the sage, were gathered the Trojans,
Many and strong. But with *shield, and with* lance protended, the hero
Kept them at bay and deferred the cruel fate he expected.
Up came Aias, his ample shield like a tower advancing.
Close at his side he stood and the Trojans were scattered in terror,
While Menelaüs with *friendly* hand the hero sustaining,
Led him away from the press, and awaited his chariot's arrival.
Aias *pursued the flying rout; and* first on Dorycles
Lighted his spear, one of Priam's sons: then Pandocus followed,
Stretched with the slain, and Lysander, and Pyrasus brave, and Pylartes.
As when a wintry flood comes *foaming* down from the mountains
Swoll'n with *incessant* rain by Zeus poured down; through the meadows,
Oaks uprooted and pines it rolls along, and resistless
Hurries them on, a shattered and mingled wreck, to the ocean:
Thus swept the might of Aias before him the rout of the Trojans,
Slaying both horse and man. But the sound of the tumult to Hector
Reached not; who far away to the left on the banks of Scamander
Led the assault; where thickest fell the heads of the heroes,
Where the tumultuous roar of war raged loudest and fiercest,

Where round Idomeneus bold and Nestor the Greeks were collected.
Mixed up with these great Hector fought, and wonders accomplished;
Car-borne, he dashed with his mighty spear through the ranks of their warriors,
Wasting the flow'r of their youth. Yet not for this had they yielded,
But that the youthful archer, the fair-haired Helena's husband,
Aiming a three-barbed shaft from his bow at the valiant Machaon,
Pierced his right shoulder through, and his deeds of prowess arrested.
Shuddered the Greeks, though their bosoms with high-wrought courage were panting,
Dreading the loss *of one so prized*, should the fight go against them.
Then did Idomeneus thus exhort Gerenian Nestor: (510)
"Nestor! Neleus' son, thou pride and boast of the Grecians!
Quick! my chariot ascend, and place Machaon beside thee.
Carry him off to the ships at the utmost speed of thy horses.
More than a host of men is a sage physician among us,
Skilled to extract the barbed dart, and cure us with ointments."
Thus he spake, and Nestor prepared at once to obey him,
Up on his car he sprang; and forthwith mounted beside him
Great Machaon, that noble physician, Asclepias' offspring.
Sounded the *clanging* lash, and the horses flew, unreluctant,
Skimming the plain to the hollow ships, as longing to reach them. (520)
Sitting beside great Hector, Cebriones saw that confusion
Reigned, afar, in the Trojan ranks, and called his attention:
"Hector! Here, on the skirts of the fight, mixed up with the Grecians
Waste we our time; while all is at stake elsewhere, and the Trojans
There, *on the right*, man and horse, in wild confusion are driven.
Great Telamonian Aias is routing them. Well do I know him
By the broad shield he bears, on his shoulder braced. Let us hasten
Thither, where horseman and foot *intermixed in utter confusion*,
Slaughter each other *at random*, and wildest rages the uproar.
Thither direct we our steeds and car. *There most thou art needed.*" (530)
Thus he spake, and the fair-maned steeds at once he excited
With the sharp-clanging thong; and they felt the stroke, and they bounded,
Hurrying along the car through the thick of the Trojans and Argives;

Trampling on shields and *spurning* the dead. With blood was the axle
Dripping beneath, distained; and the beauteous rim of the chariot
Spattered with drops, dashed up from the stamping hoofs of the horses,
And from the tires of the whirling wheels. Thus onward he hurried,
Eager to pierce the fighting throng, and to slay. 'Mong the Grecians
Terror he scattered, and rout; nor spared he his spear in the struggle.
Rushing amain, with sword, with spear, and with ponderous frag-
ments (540)
Torn from the plain, through the vulgar crowd he broke and dispersed
them.
Aias however, himself, great Telamon's son, he avoided.
Zeus howbeit, from his throne on high, struck Aias with panic.
Standing amazed, behind him he cast his seven-fold buckler
Bent on retreat, and eyeing, like some wild beast, his pursuers.
Often he turned him, foot behind foot reluctantly dragging.
As when the dogs and rustics rude, round the stalls of their oxen
Keeping their nightly watch, drive off some furious lion,
Suffering not their fatted kine to be seized *by the savage;*
Rav'nous for food with repeated assaults he rushes upon them, (550)
Eagerly longing to tear their flesh: in vain; for their jav'lins
Darted by strong and daring hands come thick, and the faggots
Blazing *are tossed*, which he dreads, in the height of his rage *to*
encounter.
Baffled *and growling*, at early dawn his attempt he abandons.
Aias thus drew back and relinquished the field to the Trojans
Sorely against his will, for he feared for the ships of the Grecians.
As when a stubborn ass, in despite of the boys to a cornfield
Making his way (on his sides though many a stick has been broken),
Browses the standing crop; the boys though feeble beset him, (559)
Batt'ring his hide with resounding blows; till roused to exertion
(After a plenteous meal), at length he quits the enclosure.
Thus did the Trojans bold and the hosts far summoned to aid them
Harass the slow retreat of the great Telamonian Aias,
Bristling with darts and spears the broad expanse of his buckler.
Oft did he halt and *indignant* turn, recollecting his valour,
Facing about on his foes, and charging the ranks of the Trojans;

Then, *as despairing of conquest*, resumed his retreat, but impeding
Still the Trojans' advance on the Grecian ships; interposing
Still his unconquered strength to repress the rush of the victors.
Show'ring around him the spears fell thick, by the hands of assailants
Num'rous and strong dispatched. Some reached, but pierced not, his buckler;
More, falling short, midway in the ground stood fixed, disappointed,
Thirsting for blood, and longing to tear the flesh of a foeman.
Him *by such whelming odds* opprest, when the son of Evæmon,
Noble Eurypylus, saw, and the darts fast falling around him,
Forward he rushed and beside him stood: then, aiming his jav'lin,
Phausias' son, Apisaön, the shepherd and guide of his people,
Struck through the liver beneath his waist, cutting short his existence.
On the conqueror sprang, and was stripping the arms from his shoulders;
Him Alexander perceived, the godlike in form and in feature,
Stooping, *unguarded, exposed, fit mark for the shaft of an archer.*
Taking his aim, his bow he drew, and Eurypylus wounded
In the right thigh. The shaft broke short, and severe was the torment.
Back to his comrades retreating at once, his fate he avoided.
Shouting amain as he went, and thus exhorted the Grecians:
"Friends and heroes of Greece! Her leaders in war and in council!
Rally and make a stand, and save, if you can, from destruction
Aias, who fights o'erwhelmed with spears; and, by numbers surrounded,
Hardly, methinks, will escape. Up! Greeks, *and rescue your comrade.*
Stand round the mighty Aias, the great Telamonian hero."
Thus exhorted the wounded Eurypylus. All, when they heard him,
Turned them from flight and formed in line; their shields to their shoulders
Slanted, their spears advanced. At length came Aias and joined them,
Joyfully falling in with the ranks of his friends and companions.
Then, like a fire fresh fed and rekindled, blazed forth the battle.
Now to the ships upon Nestor's car, the Neleïan horses
Panting had borne Machaon, the shepherd and guide of his nation.
These from the prow of his lofty ship the godlike Achilles

Coming beheld, as he gazed o'er the plain and witnessed the combat;
Followed the turns of the fight, and *enjoyed* the rout of the Grecians: (600)
Then from the ship to Patroclus called, his friend and companion,
Who in his tent perceived and obeyed the summons, and stepped forth
Glorious as Mars. That step was for him the beginning of mischief.
Thus then, advancing, enquired the valiant son of Menœtius:
"Why doth Achilles call? What need hath his friend of Patroclus?"
Thus in his turn replied the swift-pursuing Achilles:
"Friend most dear to my heart! Illustrious son of Menœtius!
Soon, methinks, shall I see at my feet these Greeks, for assistance
Begging, *on bended knees:* so sore the distress that o'erwhelms them.
Now, however, Patroclus, beloved of Zeus! unto Nestor (610)
Haste, and enquire what wounded chief he brings from the battle;
Like Machaon he seemed, Asclepias' son, as he passed me,
Seen from behind: *his form the same; but* I saw not his features:
All too fast was he hurried along by the speed of the horses."
Thus he spake, and Patroclus, obeying the words of his comrade,
Wended his way in haste to the tents and ships of the Grecians.
They meanwhile had reached the tent of Neleïan Nestor,
And when at length from their car on the fertile earth they alighted,
Then from the yoke Eurymedon, Nestor's faithful attendant, (619)
Loosed the steeds. And the chiefs on the breezy shore *of the ocean,*
Facing the cooling wind, dried off the sweat from their garments;
Then, to the tent retiring, they took their seats on the couches.
Fair Hecamedé prepared a refreshing draught: (Hecamedé,
Daughter of great Arsinous, Tenedos' Prince, by Achilles
Captured; for Nestor chos'n from the spoil by acclaim of the Grecians,
Hon'ring the man amongst them *in years* unmatched *and* in wisdom).
She, having placed before them a polished and beautiful table
Resting on claws of dark-blue steel, set a basket upon it
Formed of refulgent bronze, with *abundant* bread, and beside it,
Onions (a relish for drink), and the yellow *nectar of* honey. (630)
Near them, a gorgeous cup by the king brought thither from Pylos,
Knosps of gold adorned it on all sides; four were its handles,
Each of two feeding doves the forms supporting, and modelled
All of *the purest* gold: two hollow bases sustained it.

Not without effort another might lift its weight from the table
Filled to the brim with wine; though Nestor easily raised it.
This, *on the table duly placed*, their beauteous attendant
Filled with Pramnian wine, spreading goat's-milk cheese o'er the surface,
Strewn from a grater of bronze, and with white meal sprinkled the posset.
All prepared, the *wearied* chiefs to drink she invited. (640)
They, when at length their burning thirst was allayed, sate talking
One to another, cheering their hearts with sociable converse.
Just then approaching, divine Patroclus appeared at the doorway;
Him beholding sprang from his seat Gerenian Nestor,
Grasped his hand and led him within, and pressed to be seated.
This Patroclus declined, and thus excused his refusal:
"Noble old friend! persuade me not to sit *or to linger*,
Dread, and impatient of all delay is he who hath sent me
Hither, to ask what wounded chief thou hast saved. But I know it
Now; for Machaon I see, the shepherd and guide of his people. (650)
Therefore at once I return, and my answer bear to Achilles.
Well thou know'st, illustrious sage! the man, and his temper,
Fiery, imputing blame where *its very semblance* exists not."
Nestor then, the Gerenian knight, thus *sadly* responded:
"*What!* Can Achilles thus then pity the sons of Achaia
Whom he beholds with wounds opprest? The distress of our army
Little indeed he knows: how many, our best and our bravest,
Stricken with darts and spears in the ships lie wounded *and groaning!*
Brave Diomedes, Tydeus' son, lies pierced with an arrow;
Spear-struck, Odysseus and great Agamemnon's self are disabled; (660)
Valiant Eurypylus bears in his thigh the shaft *of the Trojan;*
He whom thou seest, whom but now I snatched from the *thick of the* battle,
From the *same* bowstring another bears: while *heartless* Achilles,
Wrapped in his *own proud* might, nor regards the Greeks nor protects them.
Will he then wait till our ships, in the Greeks' despite, at their moorings

Blaze with the Trojan flames, and till we ourselves, overpowered,
Perish one after another? Alas! that my strength is decaying:
Not such as once sustained these active and vigorous members!
Would I were young once more—that again such force I could summon,
As when that strife arose 'twixt the warriors of Elis and Pylos
Touching our oxen driv'n; when I, in my turn, in reprisal
Drove their herds, and *their leader*, the valiant Itymoneas,
Son of Hypeirochus, slew, who in Elis dwelt, and his oxen
Fighting to save, lay stretched at my feet by a stroke of my jav'lin;
Routed, on every side we scattered his army of rustics.
Rich was the spoil and abundant the prey we swept from their country,
Fifty droves of oxen, as many of sheep *were our booty*,
Fifty great herds of swine and of *bleating* goats: in addition
Thrice that number of bright-bay steeds we seized *in their pastures*,
All of them mares, and many had young foals suckling beneath them.
All we drove to Neleïan Pylos, all in the city
Lodged, ere the close of night: and much was my father delighted
Young as I was to see me return enriched and triumphant.
But when the dawn appeared, we sent forth heralds, to summon
All to attend and stand forth to whom debts were owing in Elis.
Then did our Pylian chiefs assemble, and make the division
Fairly; for many and great were th' Epeans' debts to our people.
Few at that time were the Pylians; much depressed in their fortunes;
Since that in by-gone days the destroying might of Heracles
Wasted our city's strength, and slaughtered our best and our bravest.
Twelve were the sons of Neleus, a blameless race. But amongst them
I was the sole survivor. The rest had bled *for their country*.
So, *o'er our low estate* exulting, the buskined Epeans
Many a wrong inflicted, and wrought full many an outrage.
Neleus a drove of oxen and flock of sheep had selected,
Setting three hundred, *the best*, apart for himself, with their shepherds.
This for a mighty debt he seized in payment from Elis.

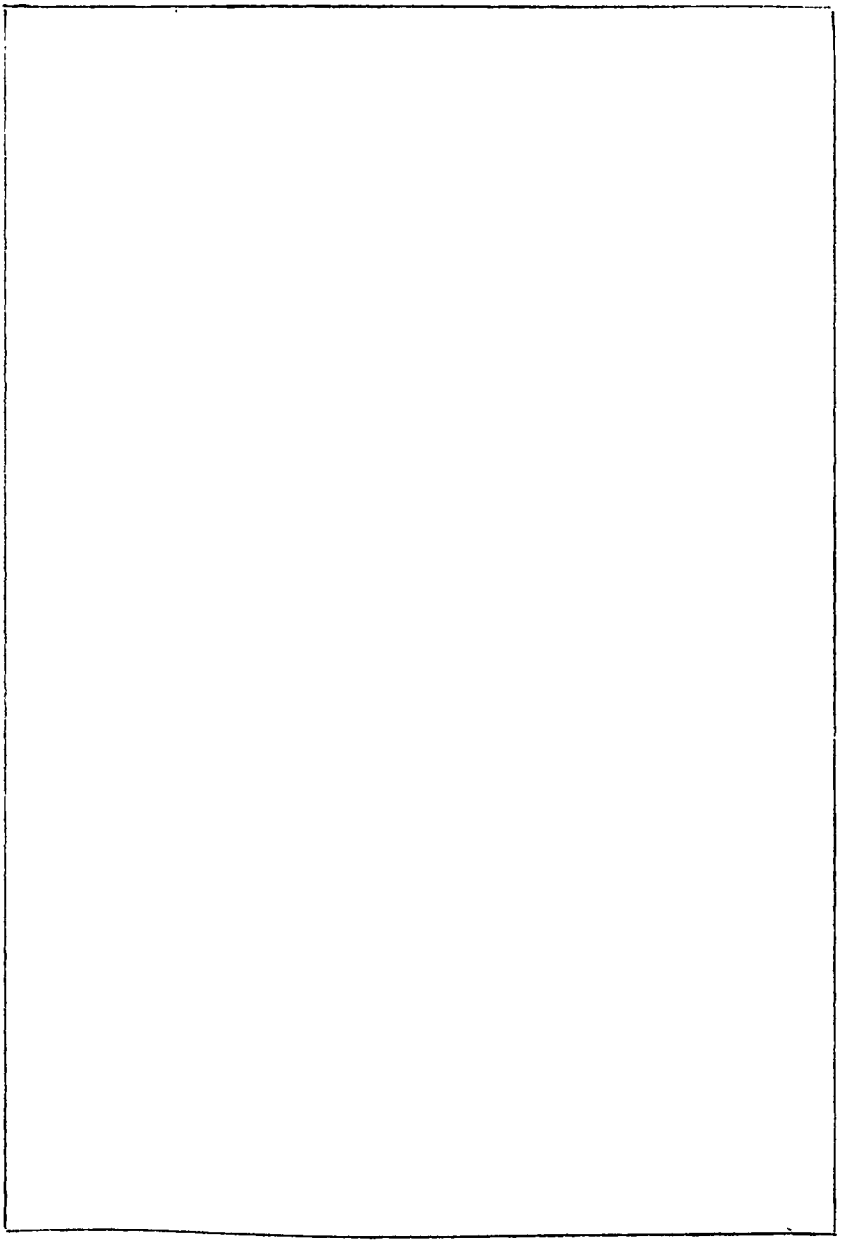
Horses four had he sent with chariots, ever victorious,
There to contend in the race. The prize proposed was a tripod.
These did Augeas, king of men, then reigning in Elis,
Seize, and their charioteers dismiss, much grieved and indignant.
Wroth at the tale they told and the outrage, thus did my father
Take satisfaction ample and full; and the rest to his people
Left to divide for themselves, that none might complain of injustice.
This when accomplished, all through the town was sacrifice offered
To the immortal Gods. On the third day down came th' Epeans
All together, in battle array, on foot and in chariots;
Both the Moliones then for the first time braced on their armour,
Actor's youthful *sons*, unskilled in war and its hardships.
"High on a lofty crag the far Alphæus o'erlooking
Stands Thryoessa, the out-most town on our Pylian frontier;
This they beleaguer'd, eagerly longing to take and destroy it.
All the wide plain had they crossed, and approached the town, when Athené
Down from Olympus came by night and bade us assemble
Armed, *for its rescue.* On willing *ears of* the Pylian nation
Fell the command. All burned for the fight: but my father forbade mé
Then to go forth in arms, and concealed my steeds *and my chariot.*
Thinking me *still too young*, unversed in the practice of warfare.
Thither however on foot I marched with the cars and the horsemen
Mingling, not undistinguish'd, for Pallas led me to glory.
"Where Minyæia's stream flows down to the ocean, and joins it
Close to Arene, halted our chariots, and waited for daybreak,
While from all sides kept pouring in the hosts of our footmen.
Thence setting forth in complete array, all *glitt'ring* in armour
Marched we, and reached by noon the sacred stream of Alphæus.
There to almighty Zeus our holiest offerings we rendered;
Sacrificed then to Alphæus a bull, a bull to Poseidon,
And, from the herd, unyoked, to the blue-eyed goddess a heifer.
Troop by troop where we stood, we consumed our ev'ning provision.
Each man then lay down in his arms, and slept till the morning,
Stretched on the river's bank. Meanwhile the valiant Epeans

Formed in array, with elated hopes, the city beleaguered.
Vainly! then first they saw what a work of war was before them.
For, when the sun's first beams illumined the earth *with their splendour*
Battle we joined; to Zeus our prayers addressing, and Pallas.
Foremost of all in that fight between the Epeans and Pylians
Mulius, a spearman *skilled*, I slew, and seized on his horses.
(*Mulius*, to whom Augeas the king had united in wedlock
Golden-hair'd Agamedé his eldest child, who the virtues
Knew of each healing plant which the wide Earth yields *in its bounty*).
On he rushed in his might, but soon in the dust had I stretched him,
Pierced by my brazen spear. Then at once I sprang to his chariot,
Taking my place in our foremost line. With dismay the Epeans
Witnessed their noblest hero's fall, the best of their horsemen,
Bravest of all their chiefs: *and they broke, and* scattered on all sides.
Then *in pursuit, o'er the plain* I swept like a blackening whirlwind.
Fifty chariots I took, from each two warriors hurling.
Biting the ground with their teeth they fell by my conquering jav'lin.
Then had I slain the Moliones twain, the offspring of Actor,
But that the dread earth-shaking Father, the mighty Poseidon,
Saved them, in mist involved, and snatched them away from the combat.
Then did almighty Zeus give valour and might to the Pylians.
All through that vast and wide-outstretching plain we pursued them,
Slaught'ring their flying host, and loading ourselves with their trophies.
Far as Buprasium's fertile fields we pushed on our horses:
Far as the Olenian crag, and the gentle slope, as Aleisium
Known. There at length we stopped: for Athena recalled us from conquest.
'Twas by my hand their last man fell. Then back the Achaians
Drove their triumphant cars from Buprasium's *pastures* to Pylos.
Loud rose the praises of Zeus among Gods, among mortals of Nestor.
Such was I, long, long since, among men of renown. But Achilles,
Proudly conscious of might *unused*, will deeply repent him,
Bitterly mourn in tears when unaided the Greeks shall have perished.

Ah! my friend! How well I remember Menœtius' counsels
Spoken that day when from Phthia he sent thee to join Agamemnon!
Both of us, present *as guests*, myself and noble Odysseus,
Heard each word that *at parting* he spake in the palace of Peleus.
Thither we came when through Greece we passed, collecting her armies,
And to his royal halls repaired to deliver our mission.
There that *glorious* hero we found, thy father Menœtius,
There thyself and Achilles. That ancient warrior, Peleus,
Burned unto thundering Zeus a bull's fat thighs in the court-yard
Open to heav'n. There stood he, a golden goblet upraising
Pouring the dark red wine on the blazing fires of the altar.
There were ye both in attendance, dividing the flesh. In the gate-way
Rev'rent we stood. In glad surprise sprang forward Achilles
Grasped our hands, and brought us within, and bade us be seated,
Welcome affording, and all that pertains to friendly reception.
Hunger and thirst appeased, I entered at once on our mission,
Claiming your aid, and exhorting you both to march with our armies.
Joyfully both agreed. Much sage advice did your parents
Give you. The rev'rend Peleus simply exhorted Achilles
Aye to be brave, and to take the lead in the ranks of the foremost.
But unto thee was this *weighty and solemn* advice by thy father
Spoken. My son! Achilles by birth is far thy superior:
Yet art thou more mature in years. He excels thee in valour,
Yet may'st thou oft with wise and prudent counsel direct him,
Point out the path of right, and lead him *by virtuous example.*
Such were the old man's words: forgotten alas! But occasion
Urges. Yet may'st thou speak the word, and yet may he listen.
Who shall say, if some God assist, how far thou mayst move him?
Welcome are even a friend's *reproofs: thrice welcome his* precepts.
But if some oracle dwell on his mind, of terrible import,
Something by Zeus decreed which his Goddess mother hath told him,
Then *go thou in his place:* let him send thee forth with his people,
All the brave Myrmidon host, to give light and hope to the Grecians;
Let him too lend thee his own bright arms to shine forth in the battle
Like to himself, and the Trojans deceived will shrink from your onset,

Giving a breathing time to the martial sons of Achaia,
Wearied and overborne, how short soever the respite.
Fresh as ye are, with ease shall ye drive from our ships and our vessels
Back to their town a host already exhausted with fighting."
Thus the sage: and Patroclus' heart was stirred in his bosom.
Forth he sped on his way through the ships, to return to Achilles.
But when he came to Odysseus' ships, where the place of assembly
Lay, and the judgment-seat was erected; where to th' immortals
Altars were raised and establish'd rites performed *by the Princes*,
There he encountered Eurypylus, high-born son of Evæmon
Wounded, and painfully dragging with limping gait from the battle,
Fixed in his thigh, the shaft: while fast from his head and his shoulders
Ran down his back the sweat. Dark blood from his wound forth trickling
Marked his steps. But his mind was firm *and his spirit unconquered.*
Pity and grief o'ercame the valiant son of Menœtius,
Seeing *his friend in evil plight*, and thus he addressed him:
"*And is it come to this?* Ye hapless chiefs of Achaia!
Thus are ye destined, far away from your friends and your country
Falling, to glut with your fat the rav'ning dogs of the Trojans?
Tell me, Eurypylus, now, Jove-nurtured, tell me I pray thee,
Still do our Greeks resist th' o'erwhelming prowess of Hector?
Or do they shrink, consumed beneath his withering jav'lin?"
Thus then Eurypylus, heav'n-inspired, replied to the question:
"Jove-descended Patroclus! No *hope* remains for the Grecians,
Help *there is none.* On their ships they must soon fall back *in confusion.*
There already, by spears and by darts *disabled*, their leaders,
All the noblest and best of our host, lie wounded and bleeding,
Under the Trojan attack, whose force each moment increases.
But do thou, O my friend! to my ship support, and assist me.
Cut out this barb from my thigh, and with warm *and soothing* ablution
Cleanse the black blood from my wound; those healing simples applying,
Which from Achilles, so fame reports, thou hast learned to distinguish,

Taught him by Cheiron himself, the wisest and best of the Centaurs.
Both our physicians, Machaon and Podalirius, are absent.
One, I believe, in his tent hard by lies grievously wounded,
Needing, himself, a wise physician's aid; and the other
Still presents in the field an unflinching front to the Trojans."
Thus to his friend responded the valiant son of Menœtius:
"How will this end? My brave Eurypylus! How can I aid thee?
Hence must I speed in haste, a message to bear to Achilles,
Sent by Nestor himself, the guardian and stay of the Grecians;
Yet can I not desert thee and leave thee here in thine anguish!" (840)
Thus he spake, and around his waist embraced and upraised him,
Bearing him into his tent. There hides were spread by the servants,
Where having laid him, Patroclus extracted the barb of the arrow,
Skilfully using his knife; and with warm *and soothing* ablution,
Washed the black blood from the wound. Then a styptic root he selected,
Sov'reign all pain to assuage, which he crushed with his hands and applied it:
Instant the bleeding wound closed up, and the anguish abated.



THE ILIAD.

BOOK XII.

BOOK THE TWELFTH.

ARGUMENT.

DIGRESSION, descriptive of the ultimate destruction of the Greek fortifications at a subsequent period. The Trojans advance, with Hector at their head, in pursuit of the Greeks, to the edge of the trench; where by the advice of Polydamas they leave their chariots and divide into five attacking parties. Asius however retains his chariot and attacks the gate defended by the Lapithæ. At sight of an omen, Polydamas advises Hector to retreat. He rejects the advice, passes the trench (under cover of a dust storm) and pushes on to the wall. Sarpedon and Glaucus attempt to scale it. Glaucus is wounded by Teucer. Hector meanwhile arrives opposite the gate, which he bursts open by the blow of a huge stone and rushes in followed through the gate and over the wall by the whole Trojan army, who pursue the Greeks to their ships.

ILIAD. BOOK XII.

THUS in the tents was detained the valiant son of Menœtius,
Tending his wounded friend. Meanwhile the Greeks and the Trojans
Fought, in confusion mixed. No more might the trench for protection
Serve, which the Greeks had dug, nor the rampart broad, that above it
Frowned, which to guard their ships they had reared. 'Twas built, and around it
Drove they the trench, while yet to the Gods were no hecatombs offered,
Prayers were there none addressed, that a guard it might prove to their vessels,
And to their *costly* spoil. With adverse Gods was the structure
Finished. With adverse Gods, no work of man is enduring.
Therefore, while Hector lived, and Achilles raged; while to Priam (10)
Still unsubdued, the sway remained of his city *and nation*,
So long only endured that mighty wall of the Grecians.
But, when *the power of* Troy *was quelled and her* heroes were slaughtered,
When after ten long years the city lay smoking in ruins,
When, of the Greeks though many were left, yet many had perished,
And, to their dear-loved homes the *survivors* returned in their vessels,
Then took counsel together Poseidon and Phœbus Apollo,
And to destroy it resolved. Then brought they the rivers to aid them,

All that from Ida's height pour down their streams to the ocean.
Rhesus, Heptaporus lent their floods, Grenicus and Rhodius,
Mighty Caresus, Asepus, and holy Scamander assisted,
Simoïs too, on whose banks *the bones of* many a hero
Mouldered, and men half gods; where shields lay scattered and helmets.
Thither by Phœbus Apollo were all their courses diverted.
Nine whole days did they beat on the walls: while Zeus *from the mountains*,
Poured down in ceaseless rains, to wash them away *and destroy them*,
Wielding his *powerful* trident, Poseidon, lord of the earthquake,
Led the assault, uprooting the strong foundations, and whelming
Timbers and stones, which the Greeks with toil had piled, in the ocean.
All on the shores of Hellespont's stream lay levelled and even,
By the returning sand swept o'er, and buried for ever.
Thus was the wall demolished. The streams, restored to their channels,
Glided in smooth and peaceful flow, as of old, *through the pastures*.
This for later years was reserved, for Poseidon and Phœbus
Destined. But now the flames of war and the rage of the battle
Burned round the strong-built wall; and the battered beams of its turrets,
Rattled with shafts and stones: while the Greeks cooped up and confounded
Under the scourge of angry Zeus, were huddled together,
Close round their hollow ships, and shrank from the terrors of Hector,
Who, in his might, like a *wintry* storm kept raging around them.
As when a lion or *mountain* boar turns round on his hunters,
Fiercely glaring; on men and dogs in his fury he rushes:
Massed together they stand with compacted strength to resist him
Hurling from *strong and practised* hands full many a jav'lin.
He nor fears nor retreats. The fiery force of his nature
Drives him on to the fight, though death be the end that awaits him.
Often he turns and makes a rush; and wherever he rushes
Back they recede, and break their front, *giving way to his fury*.
Thus went Hector careering along through the host in his chariot,

Urging his warriors to leap the trench. *In vain: for* their horses,
Trembling, refused the leap. Loud neighing they stood on its margin,
Pawing the ground, in affright at the *yawning* gulf. For a chariot
That were no easy bound; no light adventure its passage.
Steep down on either side was the precipice scarped, overhanging
Just at the very verge; and with sharp palisades, was the bottom
Thickly and firmly beset, *in bristling array;* by the Grecians,
Planted, to face and repel th'approach of hostile invaders.
O'er it no car might pass by horses drawn—but the footmen,
Eagerly longed to attempt the feat, and break through the barrier.
Thus then Polydamas proffered advice, brave Hector approaching:
"Hector! ye leaders of Troy! and ye brave confederate chieftains!
Madness it were, to attempt yon trench with horses and chariots.
Steep is the plunge, and lo! what a range of stakes at the bottom
Pointed and sharp appear; and behind is the wall of the Grecians.
Never can horsemen there descend, nor fight, if descended,
Wedged in so narrow a space; where wounds *and death* would await them.
If 'tis the will of thundering Zeus that the Grecians should perish,
If he will aid our arms *and grant us safety and triumph*,
Welcome indeed were the boon, and would that at once it were granted!
So shall they fall inglorious, afar from their homes and there country:
But should they turn, should a sally be made from the ships, on our warriors,
Here in this deep sunk trench, entangled and crowded together,
Hardly a man of us all, methinks, would escape *in the struggle*
Back to the city, to bear the news, from the rallying Grecians.
Therefore *be warned*, and let all adopt the advice I shall offer.
Let our attendants detain at the trench our horses and chariots,
All of us then on foot, full armed, and closely compacted,
Follow *great* Hector's lead: and the Greeks will fly from our onset,
If, *as it seems*, destruction at length impend on their army."
Thus he spake; and his safe advice was pleasing to Hector.
Down to the ground at once he sprang full armed from his chariot;
Nor did the rest in their cars remain, but dismounting, *in order*

Formed, and at once rushed on, when they saw the example of Hector.
Each man his orders gave to his charioteer, in attendance
Ranged, at the trench's brink to retain his steed and his chariot.
Breaking then into bands, they formed in line, and in order
Marched, in five columns distinct, *five separate* leaders obeying.
Hector, the first commander, by brave Polydamas aided,
His was the strongest band, and the bravest; those who the rampart
Longed to assault, and bursting through it, to fight at the vessels. (90)
Third in command, Cebriones marched. To the charge of his chariot
Hector a *younger and* less distinguished chief had appointed.
Paris commanded the next, with Alcathous joined, and Agenor,
Helenus led the third with Deiphobus, *glorious and* Godlike,
Both of them Priam's sons and Asius with these was united
Third in command: (great Asius, Hyrtacus' son, who his horses
Fiery and tall from Arisbè drove and the stream of Selleïs).
Fourth in order a band by the noble son of Anchises
Godlike Æneas was led. With him were the sons of Antenor,
Acamas brave and Archilochus, chiefs experienced in battles. (100)
Mighty Sarpedon led the bold confederate warriors,
Close at his side were Glaucus and warlike Asteropæus,
Known to him well as the bravest and best of all their commanders
Next to himself: for he far surpassed all others in valour.
On then marched they, shield touching shield, and burning with ardour
Greece to encounter. *Proudly* they deemed that none could resist them,
All would before them be swept, and the Greeks hurled back to their vessels.
All the Trojans, and all the allies far-summoned to aid them,
Acted at once on the counsel by brave Polydamas offered.
Asius alone, great Hyrtacus' son, refused his compliance, (110)
(*All unused to control*) nor committed his car to a servant,
Thinking to *force his way through the gates and* push on to the vessels.
Rash, *and by fate for destruction marked!* No more was he destined
Borne on his car from the Grecian ships *in safety and triumph*
Back to return to *his home in* wind-swept Ilion's city.
Soon by the spear of mighty Idomeneus, son of Deucalion,

Doomed, by an evil fate o'erwhelmed and entangled, to perish.
Far to the left of the *line of* ships he drove, where the Grecians
Hurrying away from the field with their cars and steeds were retreating,
Thither he pushed in pursuit, and the gate had reached where the doorway
Standing wide open he found, and the bar removed that secured it.
Held by the Greeks unclosed was the gate, to receive their companions,
Who, from the battle escaped, to their ships were flying for safety.
Eagerly forward he drove, and with clamorous shouts his companions
Followed, for now they thought that *surely* nought could resist them,
But that *at length o'erpowered,* the Greeks to their ships would be driven:
Soon undeceived! Two heroes bold stood guarding the gateway,
Men of the strong Lapithæan race, high-hearted and fearless,
Brave Polypœtes, great Peirithoüs' son, and beside him
Huge as death-dealing Ares, the stalwart form of Leontêus.
These in front of the lofty gates stood forth, *and the passage*
Barred against hostile approach. Like two tall oaks on the mountains
Firmly fixed by their vast and wide-spread roots, and abiding
Many a day, unmoved, the wintry rain and the tempest:
Thus those heroes twain, in their might and valour confiding,
Fearless awaited the coming foe, nor flinched from their stations.
On came the Trojans against the strong-built wall in a body,
Holding their leathern bucklers aloft and terribly shouting.
Close round Asius their Prince were Iamenus grouped and Orestes,
Acamas, Asius' son, and Thoön and brave Œnomäus.
They, who at first were exhorting the Greeks within to be steady,
Firmly to stand to their arms and guard their ships from destruction,
Soon as they saw, to assault the gate, the Trojans advancing,
Heard the cries, and beheld the flight of the terrified Grecians,
Forward rushed; and took their stand in front of the gateway,
Eager to fight: like fierce and savage boars in the mountains
Rushing to meet the tumultuous approach of dogs and of hunters.
Slantwise *across the glades* they dash. Mid the crash of the forest
Trampled and cut to the root, they grind their tusks, *and the white foam*

Flies from their jaws; and regardless of death they rush on
the jav'lins.
Thus they rushed on: and the shining brass of their armour resounded
Ringing with blows in front. Right bravely they struggled, relying
Both on their own vast might, and the aid of their friends on
the rampart.
These on the foe beneath from the lofty height of the turrets
Hurled down massive stones *in a last and desperate effort,*
Yet from destruction to save themselves, their tents, and their gallies.
Thick as the snowflakes *fill the air,* when the blasts of the winter
Drift them along, with the shadowy clouds, and whiten the pastures.
So from the hands alike of Trojans and Greeks did the missiles
Pour; and a dry and clattering sound arose from the helmets
Battered by tumbling crags; and the high-bossed orbs of the bucklers.
Asius, Hyrtacus' son, then groaned *with despite,* and indignant
Smote on his thigh with his hand, and thus gave vent to his anger:
"Father Zeus! Thy faith is void, thy promise deceitful!
How could I e'er suppose that the Greeks, thus pressed, would
resist us,
Turn on our strength and abide th' assault of our conquering armies?
See! how, like active and lithsome wasps, or bees, that *in crannies*
Build their nests in some rugged pass, and repel their assailants,
Hov'ring around their hollow domes; and, reluctant to quit them,
Fight to the last in defence of their *hidden stores and* their
offspring;
So do these Greeks still cling to their gates, nor cease to defend them;
And, though there be but two, set capture and death at defiance."
Thus he spake. But Zeus regardless heard his remonstrance,
Hector alone was his care. Him only he destined for glory.
Others, meanwhile at distant gates were collected and fighting.
Hard 'twere for mortal bard their deeds to relate *or their praises*
Sing: for round all the walls the conflict of stones *and of weapons*
Raged like a fiery storm. Sore pressed, and perforce, for their vessels
Battled the Greeks; while all those Gods who favoured the Argives
Grieving, the struggle beheld, *forbid to assist or to save them.*
Still unsubdued at their post the brave Lapithæans resisted.

Stern Polypœtes first, Peirithoüs' son, with his jav'lin
Damasus smote. The spear through the brazen cheek of his helmet
Drove: nor resisted the stubborn cone, but the point of the weapon
Broke through the bone and clave the skull, and the brains of the hero
Scattered abroad. Thus *Damasus* fell, as he rushed to the combat.
Pylon and Ormenus next he slew, and despoiled of their armour.
Pierced through the belt by the spear of Leontêus, scion of Ares,
Brave Hippomachus fell, *the noble* Antimachus' offspring.
Instant *the victor* drew from its sheath his glittering falchion, (190)
And on Antiphates rushed through the broken ranks *of the Trojans*,
Grappling him, hand to hand; and supine he fell, *in his death-pang.*
Menon, Iamenus, next he slew, and valiant Orestes.
Headlong, one on another, he dashed to earth and despoiled them
One and all, as they lay, of their bright and glittering armour.
Thus while these two were engaged, by Polydamas headed and Hector;
All the best of the Trojan youth, who were eager to combat,
Break down the Grecians' wall and burn their vessels, were standing
Gathered in anxious suspense at the brink of the trench, undecided.
Just when about to cross, in the space dividing the armies (200)
Close on their left had a sign appeared. High soaring an eagle
Bore in his talons a bleeding snake, still living and hissing,
Twined in a monstrous *coil*, yet *fierce*, unconquered, and struggling.
Backward writhing his head, he stung the bird in the bosom,
Close to his neck, who dropped the snake, all smarting with anguish,
Tossing him down to the earth, in the midst of the *terrified* army:
Then on loud clanging wings, swift floated away on the breezes.
Shuddered the Trojans with fear when they saw the serpent among them
Writhing, the dire portent of Ægis-bearing Kronion. (209)
Thus then his thoughts Polydamas spake, fierce Hector approaching:
"Hector! thou chidest me oft when I raise my voice in our councils
Giving thee good advice; for that wrong and unseemly thou deem'st it
Either in council or war, for a citizen, one of the people,
Aught thou say'st to oppose, or not to support thee in all things.

Yet will I *freely* speak my mind. *The occasion demands it.*
Let us no farther advance, nor fight the Greeks at their vessels.
All will end *in defeat and disaster*, sure as this omen
Comes, our Trojans to warn, and forbid their assault on the rampart.
Lo! on our left in the open space, high soaring, an eagle
Bore in his talons a bleeding serpent alive: yet he dropped it (220)
Forced to relinquish his hold ere home to his nest he could bear it,
Forced to forego *the hope of* a *plenteous* meal for his nestlings.
Thus though we burst our way through the gates and walls of the Grecians,
Strong in our might, and themselves before us fly, we shall find it
No light task to return by the way we came, and in order.
Many a Trojan *corpse* shall we leave behind, in the conflict
Slain by the Grecian spears in defence of their *tents and their* vessels,
So would each augur declare, of experience and skill to interpret
Omens divine: *by his brethren approved*, believed by the people."
Crest-waving Hector replied with a scornful look of displeasure: (230)
"Think not, Polydamas, counsels like these will meet my approval.
Easily might'st thou a nobler conclusion have drawn *from the omen.*
But if in serious mood *and earnest faith* thou hast spoken,
Then most surely th' immortal Gods have deprived thee of reason.
And wouldst thou bid me then forget that solemn assurance
Giv'n me by thundering Zeus himself *so late; or distrust it?*
Bid me rely on the flitting of broad-wing'd birds, *and their movements*
Watch, whether right or left they fly,—to east or to westward—
Soar in the light of dawn, or plunge in night and in darkness?
Careless I view such signs. They concern me not, nor disturb me. (240)
Zeus is our guide and protector. His sov'reign will we accomplish:
Zeus, who supreme o'er mortals and Gods extends his dominion.
One and the best of omens is ours to fight for our country.
Thou of all men hast least to fear from war and its struggles,
For should the rest of us, one and all, at the ships of the Grecians
Perish beneath the Argive spears, thy risk would be trifling,
Wanting the heart to fight, and the spirit that leads into danger.
But should I see thee hanging back, or others persuading,
(*Filling their souls with groundless fears like thine own,*) to desert us,

Pierced by my *vengeful* spear thy *recreant* life shalt thou forfeit." (250)
Thus having spoken, he led the way, and with shouting and clamour
Followed the troops. Then thundering Zeus from the mountains of Ida
Sent forth a mighty blast, which, raising the dust in a whirlwind,
Drove it full on the Greeks. Their courage he quelled, *and their ardour*
Damped: and with glorious hopes the Trojans encouraged and Hector,
Who on his manifest aid, and their own fierce valour relying,
Now rushed on to assault that mighty wall of the Grecians:
Tore down the battlements high, and the solid strength of the breast-work;
Heaved with levers amain at each buttress firm, which projecting
Forward, in front of the towers the Greeks had fixed to support them;
Trusting that, these once levelled, the wall must yield. But the Argives (261)
Fell not away *in that hour of fierce and desperate trial.*
Buckler to buckler, *man to man*, they filled the embrasures,
Show'ring on all who approached both stones and spears from behind them.
High on the wall through the Danaan host the united Aiantes
Went their round, exhorting, and cheering them on to the combat.
Some they addressed with warm and encouraging words of approval,
Others rebuked, whom haply they found neglecting their duty:
"*Hear me*, my friends! Each Greek, whatever his force or his valour,
Hero, and warrior of small renown, the strong and the feeble, (270)
Fight! There is work for all—though all be not equal in valour.
All of you see *how sore we are pressed.* But let no man among you
Scared by yon vaunter's boasts to our ships but *dream of* retreating.
Rather push on and meet the foe, supporting each other.
So shall Olympian Zeus, *your determined courage rewarding*
Change to defeat their success and drive them back to their city."
Loudly thus did the two brave warriors cheer on the Grecians,
And, as the snow-flakes fall on a wintry day, when the Thund'rer
Brings round the season's change in the deep design of his counsels,
Op'ning his *fleecy* stores on high he displays them to mortals: (280)
Lulled are the winds, and the *silent* snow falls thick: on the mountains

First; and each summit and craggy peak *shows white:* o'er the meadows,
Next; and their clovery *pride* it conceals, and the husbandman's labours;
Wide o'er the shores of the hoary sea then spreads and the havens:
Bounded alone by th' advancing wave. All else it envelopes,
Cov'ring it deep; as the thickening drift descends and o'erwhelms it.
Thus fell the stony show'r upon either side, by the Grecians
Down on the Troian host, by the Trojans back at the Grecians
Hurled; and along the wall loud rose the roar of the battle.
Yet had not Hector, brave *as he was*, nor the Trojans, succeeded (290)
Either in scaling the wall, or in bursting the gates and their barriers,
Had not immortal Zeus his son Sarpedon excited
Onward, against th' opposing Greeks to rush like a lion.
Straightway his smooth round shield he upreared and held it before him
Rich, all shining with plates of brass, by the skill of the artist,
Thick overlaid; with many a fold of leather beneath them,
Firmly sewn, while bands of gold encircled its margin.
This he advanced on high, and forward strode to the combat,
Brandishing two *sharp* spears. As a lion which reared in the mountains
Strong in his inborn fierceness and urged by the cravings of hunger
Down on the flock descends, close penned albeït and guarded: (301)
Who, though he find the shepherds *alert and prepared to repel him*,
Keeping with dogs and spears their nightly watch o'er the sheep-fold,
Scorns to retreat *unhurt*, and leave the prey unattempted.
In, *at all risks*, he springs, and seizes the first he encounters,
Pouncing upon him, reckless of wounds, of darts and of jav'lins.
Not with less ardent prompting the spirit of godlike Sarpedon,
Urged him to rush at the wall, and break through the strength of its breastworks,
Turning to Glaucus then, Hippolochus' son, he addressed him:
"Glaucus, my friend! Why claim we the chiefest place in our nation, (310)
Highest in honour, first at the festal board, when the wine-cup
Flows *at* our Lycian *feasts?* Why as Gods do the people regard us?

Why upon Xanthus' banks do the fairest and widest allotments
Own us as lords, the best of the vineyard, best of the corn-land?
Should we not then be found commanding the Lycian squadrons,
Foremost ever in martial feats and the heat of the battle?
So shall each mail-braced Lycian warrior exclaim when he sees us:
'Truly these sov'reigns of ours are no inglorious *weaklings*
'*Born but* to feed on the fat of the land and in *idle enjoyment*
'Drink of the honey-sweet wine. *They rule.* They have spirit and vigour. (320)
'Ever in front of our armies we find them, leading the onset.'
Oh! my friend: if withdrawn from war and its dangers avoiding,
Endless life and perpetual youth were the portion of mortals,
Neither would I rush headlong on, to fight with the foremost,
Nor would I send thee forth to join in the glorious conflict.
But since *in peace* a thousand deaths beset us on all sides,
Deaths which none can *foresee or* avoid, let us on; *and* for glory
Strike. We shall win it ourselves or, falling, confer it on others."
Thus he spake: nor did Glaucus refuse. And *exultingly* onward
Both advanced at the head of the *far-famed* Lycian forces. (330)
These with alarm to the tow'r which he held advancing, Menestheus
Peteos' son beheld *close banded*, bearing destruction.
Anxious along the Grecian line he gazed, to discover
Haply, some chief at hand who might lend his aid to repel them.
Not far off th' Aiantes twain he perceived, for the combat
Always prepared and eager, and Teucer just *to the rampart*
Come from his tent. But to reach them no shout might avail through the uproar,
Raging on all sides round, and the din that mounted to heaven,
Clashing of stricken shields and of battered helms, and *the thunder*
Echoing from all the gates (for all were attacked, and the Trojans (340)
Crowded around them, exerting their utmost efforts to burst them).
So to th' Aiantes a message he sent by Thoötes the herald:
"Noble Thoötes! run with all speed, and summon th' Aiantes.
Both, it were better, should come. There is need of both; for impending,
Swift and sudden destruction awaits us here *unassisted.*

Such and so fierce is the Lycians' attack, who, whate'er the occasion,
Most determined of all our foes, advance to the battle.
But if the stress of war be there severe, and its labours,
Then let Oïleus remain: let the brave Telamonian Aias
Come, and let Teucer bring his unerring bow and his arrows."
Thus he spake and the herald his message receiving departed.
Swiftly along the line of the bronze-mailed Greeks on the rampart
Running, th' Aiantes he found at their post, and thus he addressed them:
"Noble Aiantes! chiefs of the bronze-mailed sons of Achaia,
Jove-descended Peteos' son hath sent me to bid you
Come with all speed, for howe'er so short a time, to assist him.
Both of you come if you can. There is need of both: for impending
Swift and sudden destruction awaits him there, *unassisted:*
Such and so fierce is the Lycians' attack who, whate'er the occasion,
Most determined of all our foes, advance to the battle.
But if here also the stress of war be severe and its labours,
Then let Oïleus remain, and do thou, Telamonian Aias!
Come, and let Teucer bring his unerring bow, and his arrows."
Thus he spake: nor refused the great Telamonian hero.
Parting however, these hurried words he addressed to Oïleus:
"Aias, *my friend!* Do thou remain with brave Lycomedes.
Strive to maintain your post, and cheer on the Greeks to the conflict.
I, for a while, must leave you; for there my assistance is needed:
Soon will I join you again, when once my task is accomplished."
Thus having spoken, the great Telamonian Aias departed;
Teucer beside him, his brother, his father's son; and Pandion
Bearing his *chieftain's* bended bow, attended their footsteps.
Soon at the tow'r they arrived, by brave Menestheus defended.
Mounting the wall, by foes sore pressed and endangered they found him.
Up, as *if swept by* a whirlwind's drift, the Lycian leaders
Climbing the breast-work *a footing had gained,* and dire was the clamour,
Fierce the encounter of arms; for hand to hand was the combat.
First in the fight, the great Telamonian Aias a hero,

Godlike Sarpedon's companion and friend, the valiant Epicles
Slew. Upraising a rugged stone which high on the rampart
Coping a battlement lay (such a mass as hardly a mortal,
Such as now live, in the pride of youth and strength could have lifted,
Straining with both his hands) *on his head* from above he discharged it.
Crushing the cone of his four-plumed helm it fell, and within it
All the bones of his skull. Head foremost *hurled* from the rampart
Down, like a diver, he plunged and, *the wreck of a man*, he expired.
Glaucus, *in act to mount*, was grappling the wall, and unguarded
Thrust forth his naked arm. This Teucer marked, and an arrow
Sent *from his bow* which a wound inflicted, disabling the hero.
Down from the wall he sprang, dissembling his hurt lest the Grecians
Seeing him struck, might scoff and insult him with words of derision.
This Sarpedon with grief beheld; for Glaucus retreating
Soon he perceived: but his grief with rage was mixed. With his jav'lin,
Full at Alcmæon, Thestor's son, he thrust, and transfixed him,
Quickly withdrawing the weapon, which dragged him down; and Alcmæon,
Forward fell on his face, and his bright arms rattled around him.
Then *with a spring*, Sarpedon the battlement seized, and it yielded,
Under the strain of his mighty grasp, wide toppling in ruin,
Stripping the rampart, and op'ning a breach where many might enter.
Aias and Teucer at once took deadly aim at the hero.
Teucer's shaft struck sharp on the glittering band, which his buckler
Fastened across his breast; but Zeus averted destruction,
Suffering not his son at the ships of the Grecians to perish.
Leaping upon him, Aias dismissed his spear, and the buckler
Rang with the blow but it pierced not through: yet it checked him advancing.
Back from the breach some space he recoiled, yet not as retreating:
Turning him round to his godlike Lycian troops, he addressed them,
Loth to relinquish his *ardent* hopes of conquest and glory:
"Lycians! why, forget ye your *ancient renown and* your valour?

Think you that I, unsupported, how brave soe'er, through yon barrier
(Burst by my strength though it be) can hew out a path to the vessels? (411)
Follow me then! where numbers, no less than courage, are needed."
Thus he spake, and the Lycians rebuked by the words of their sov'reign,
Pressed round the prince, by his prowess inspired, revering his wisdom.
Nor did the Greeks meanwhile neglect to concentre their phalanx,
Drawn up within the wall, for they knew what a struggle impended.
Nor could the Lycians brave succeed in breaking the Grecians,
Forcing a path through the breach, and *cutting their way* to the vessels;
Nor could these from the wall drive back the Lycian warriors,
Now that they held the breach, and had gained firm footing upon it. (420)
As when two men in narrow space disputing their bound'ries,
Each with his measuring rod in hand, at the line of division
Stand, of their common field, and maintain their claim to possession:
Thus did the wall divide the contending hosts. In the struggle
Thick descended the blows on their broad round shields, and the targets
Lightly upborne, whose tough bull-hides defended their bosoms.
Many a wound was giv'n and received from their pitiless weapons.
Here, through the back exposed came the deadly thrust, when *a recreant*
Turned him to flight: there, pierced through his buckler perished *a hero.*
Battlement, buttress and lofty tow'r *in that desperate struggle,* (430)
Streamed alike with the *mingled* blood of Greeks and of Trojans.
Yet had the Greeks no thought of flight; but *straight and unswerving*
Held their line;—as some diligent matron, just in her dealings,
Poises the wool in her scales, and draws it out, till it equals
Nicely, its weight; thus earning a scanty support for her children.
Thus on an even poise hung balanced the fates of the battle,
Up to the time when Zeus should crown great Hector with glory,
Destined the first to break in, and o'erpass the fence of the Grecians.
Then with a mighty shout he called up his troops to the combat:
"*Now is your time,* ye Trojans! Now burst through the wall, and *be ready,* (440)

Torches to hurl on the ships, and in one vast blaze to consume them."

Thus in loud and exciting tones he spake, and the Trojans
Heard *with fresh kindled zeal*, and rushed in crowds to the rampart,
Jav'lins in hand. And they *climbed the wall, and* the battlements mounted.
Hector then seized on a mighty stone, which in front of the gateway
Stood, like the prow of a ship projecting, broad at the bottom,
Sharp at the point; which scarce two men now living among us,
Chos'n from among the strongest, could heave from the ground to a waggon,
Ev'n with a lever's aid: but alone he easily raised it,
(Zeus, the son of mysterious Kronos, lightening the burden). (450)
Not with more ease, scarce feeling the wooly weight, does the shepherd
Bear off in both his hands some ram's huge fleece *from the shearing*.
Poising the rock, he approached the lofty gate, which compacted
Stood, with its planks by massive beams cross-braced, and within it
Fast'ning its two broad doors were *ponderous* clasps, that uniting,
Clenched, and with one *strong* bolt were secured. Confronting it, Hector
Planted himself on wide-extended feet, to concentrate
All his force on the blow. *And it fell!* Struck full in the centre,
Down went the gate, with a thundering crash; out-torn from the framework,
All the hinges were wrenched, and the crag broke through, by its impulse (460)
Shiv'ring the planks. Nor resisted the bars, *sent flying* in splinters,
This way and that through the air. In rushed the conquering Hector
Dreadful in aspect as gloomy night. Far flashed from his armour,
Lurid and fitful gleams as he moved. Two lances he brandished,
As through the gate he sprang, with his eyes in flame. To resist him
Vain were all mortal force; for none but a God might have dared it.
Turning him round to the Trojans, he called them up to support him,
Bidding them scale the wall: and they hurried *in crowds* at his summons,
Some *with a desperate rush* surmounted the rampart, and others

Poured through the broken gate. Then fled the Grecians in terror,
Back to their hollow ships, and all was rout and confusion.

THE ILIAD.

BOOK XIII.

BOOK THE THIRTEENTH.

ARGUMENT.

POSEIDON observing the battle from Samos, comes to the aid of the Greeks, who renew the fight. Idomeneus excited by him slays Asius and otherwise distinguishes himself, as do also Merion and Menelaüs on the side of the Greeks, and Æneas on that of the Trojans. These assailed by the two Ajaces begin to give way. Hector at the instance of Polydamas traverses the field to collect the Trojan chiefs. He finds Paris, who joins him, and together they return to Polydamas and restore the fight.

ILIAD. BOOK XIII.

THUS to the Grecian ships when Zeus had the Trojans conducted,
There he left them, engaged in their toilsome and arduous struggle,
While *from the scene of slaughter* his beaming eyes he averted,
Viewing the distant lands by the *bold* equestrian Thracians,
By the close-combating Mysians held, and the pure Hippemolgi
Nurtured on milk, of peaceful lives, and the justest of mortals.
Troy *and her hosts* no longer he *deigned to* behold. Of th' immortals
None, he expected, would *dare to* descend *from Olympus*, and render
Aid, *or encouragement offer* to Greece or Troy *in their conflict.*
Yet, with a watchful *and anxious* gaze, earthshaking Poseidon (10)
Wond'ring, the *long-protracted* war and the *turns of the* battle
Viewed from his Thracian seat, from the wood-clothed mountains of Samos,
Whence might be seen far stretching away the summits of Ida,
Ilion's *lofty tow'rs* and the *close-ranged* ships of the Grecians.
There, from the ocean rising, he sate, and sore for the Argives
Grieved, by the Trojans subdued; and with Zeus his soul was indignant.
From the huge mountain's rugged height in haste he descended
Striding along; and its forests shook and its pinnacles trembled,
Under *the earthquake tread* and immortal weight of the monarch.
Wide over land and sea, three strides he took, and in Ægæ (20)
Planted his foot at the fourth. There a gorgeous palace received him
Deep, deep down in the ocean wave, incorruptible, golden.

There to his chariot he yoked his swift and brazen-hoofed coursers,
Crested with beauteous manes wide floating in gold o'er their shoulders.
Gold was his panoplied mail, and the broidered scourge which he wielded,
All with gold was inwrought. *Triumphant* he mounted his chariot.
Over the waves it rolled. Sea monsters gambolled around it,
Rising *in shoals* from the deep to behold their king: and the billows
Leaping with joy divided, *and smoothed a path where* the chariot
Skimmed o'er the main; nor wetted the brazen axle beneath it. (30)
Thus flew the bounding steeds till they neared the ships of the Grecians.
Under the sea which Tenedos parts from the mainland of Imbros,
Opens a wide-expanding cave in the depths of its waters.
There arrested his chariot the great earthshaking Poseidon,
Loosed his steeds from the yoke and strewed them ambrosial fodder:
Round their fetlocks shackles of gold he cast to detain them;
Shackles which none might unloose or break; that so he might find them
Ready, awaiting their lord's return. Then joined he the Grecians.
Troia's hosts meanwhile, with the rage of the fire or the tempest
Swept after Hector in crowds, all eager, thirsting for battle, (40)
Raising triumphant shouts. For now the ships of the Grecians
Surely they trusted to capture and slay their best and their bravest.
Mighty Poseidon however, who shakes the world with his earthquakes,
Now from the waves uprising assumed the semblance of Calchas;
Like him in form and resounding voice, and encouraged the Argives.
First th' Aiantes addressing, already alert and excited:
"Noble Aiantes! On you must Greece rely for her safety.
Valiant ye are. No thought of flight e'er freezes your ardour!
Elsewhere *along our lines* I fear not the might of the Trojans,
Who in such numbers have scaled our walls and are rushing upon us.
Sure that our bright-greaved Greeks will receive their assault and repel it. (51)
Here however, where Hector himself, the fierce and the fiery,
Boasting himself the fav'rite of Zeus, leads them on to the battle,
Sorely I dread lest evil befal the sons of Achaia.
Wherefore I trust, some God will inspire your bosoms, and prompt you

Bravely to bear your parts in the fight, and encourage your comrades.
So shall ye drive him back from the swift-sailing ships *in confusion*,
Fierce as he is; though Zeus himself be his friend and supporter."
Thus having spoken, the world-encircling lord of the earthquake,
Laid upon each his sceptre, and filled them with courage and vigour,
Suppled their joints, and confirmed the strength of their hands and their members.
Then, as a hawk upborne on rapid wing from his station
High on some rugged cliff soars forth *in air*, and his quarry
Far and wide o'er the plain pursues *in devious circuit*,
Thus from their presence darted the great earth-shaking Poseidon.
First was the God-head perceived by the swift Oïlean Aias.
Instantly thus he bespoke the great Telamonian hero:
"Aias! I feel it within me! A God hath come down from Olympus,
Taking the prophet's form, and enjoins us to fight for our gallies.
He, *be assured*, is not the seer he resembled, old Calchas.
Well did I mark, as he left us, his *gliding* feet and his movements.
Unlike men's is the carriage of Gods, and we easily know them.
Now too, within my bosom my heart beats high for the combat;
More than ever my spirit excites me to war and to conquest.
Strength is in every limb, and my hands seem nerved for the battle."
Thus then in turn replied the great Telamonian Aias:
"I too feel the same! My soul is stirred in my bosom,
Light in my eager grasp is the spear, and to bear me to battle
Wings seem lifting my feet, and alone I yearn to encounter
Hector the son of Priam, in all the height of his fury."
Thus with exulting joy, these two brave heroes conferring,
Each unto each the ardour revealed which the god had imparted.
He meanwhile, the great earth-circling Pow'r to the rearward
Passed, where the Greeks in their ships had a respite sought and a refuge.
Worn and exhausted with toil, their limbs were relaxed and their bosoms
Heaved with pangs of *o'erwhelming* grief, when they looked on the Trojans,

Scaling *by thousands* the mighty wall *they had built:* and, beholding,
Tears *of despite and shame* from their eyelids streamed: for they knew not
How from so dire a strait they should e'er escape. But Poseidon
Mingling among their ranks restored their strength and their courage.
Teucer and Leïtus first his words aroused, and their ardour (91)
Kindled; Thoas, Deipyrus, next and Pènelêus mighty
Merion, Antilochus, warlike chiefs, experienced in battles,
All became eager to fight, when in words like these he addressed them:
"Shame on ye, Argive youths! To your valour and strength might be trusted,
(So we vainly believed) the safety of Greece and her navy.
But if ye shun the dangerous fight, and shrink from the conflict,
Then we behold at length the day when Troy shall o'erwhelm us.
Gods! What a sight is this! That these eyes should e'er have beheld it!
Dreadful! *incredible!* such as *no Greek* could e'er have predicted! (100)
Trojans close at your ships! *That cowardly race,* who but lately
Ran like the timorous deer, a prey to each beast of the forest,
Jackals and pards and wolves; a rout of *stragglers and* weaklings,
Loose in array, unfit for war, for its toils or its glory.
Such is this *rabble of* Troy, who the valour and arms of the Grecians
Never in times gone by could withstand: no, not for an instant.
Now, from their city advancing they beard us here at our vessels,
All through our chief's misconduct, and lack of zeal in our warriors
Who, *at his tyranny* wroth, refuse to fight, and our navy
Suffer unguarded to fall, and themselves to perish beside it. (110)
What, if it be his fault, if blame must rest on our leader
Atreus' heroic son, the wide-ruling king Agamemnon?
What, though he *foully* dishonoured the swift-pursuing Achilles,
Must we for that *desert our posts and* shrink from the battle?
Rather push on and retrieve. The brave but doubt for a moment.
You of all others the last should be found giving way to a panic,
Brave as ye are, the flow'r of our host. For the weak and unwarlike,
Such I *disdain to* blame. *They but yield to the bent of their nature.*

You when I see subdued, my soul is indignant within me.
Think not, my friends! *you behold the worst.* Far heavier the mischief,
Weakness like yours will cause. Oh! think on the shame and the ruin,
Ready on all to alight; for the last sharp struggle is pending.
Hector himself approaches your ships. *Already* his war-cry
Rings in your ears. Your gates are burst *and the foe is among you.*"
Thus while the great earth-shaking god encouraged the Grecians,
Closing around th' Aiantes twain had collected a phalanx,
Solid and square, where Ares himself, were he present amidst them,
Nought could have found to blame, nor Athena disperser of armies.
There the bravest of all the brave stood fronting the Trojans
Spear levelled close by spear, and buckler wedged upon buckler,
Target on target, man upon man, and helmet on helmet
Nodding in one compacted and gleaming mass with their horsetails
Waving in air. Thus close they stood; and the spears which they wielded,
Shook with the force of their stalwart gripe. Supporting each other
Kept they their ground, yet longed to advance, and yearned for the onset.
On came Troy to the charge, and Hector in front of the Trojans,
Rushing amain: like a boulder crag from the brow of a mountain,
Torn by the wintry floods when the rain comes down in a torrent,
Mining its base, and loos'ning its hold on the cliff; and in ruin
Bounding along it flies, and the forest crashes beneath it.
Whirled in its headlong career o'er the steep it rolls unimpeded.
Down to the plain: there stops;—in its path of destruction arrested.
Thus rushed Hector along with threats and with tumult, expecting
Soon at the sea to arrive, at the ships and tents of the Grecians,
Slaughtering *all on his way.* But the serried lines of the phalanx
Stopped him at once as they closed; and the *biting* brands by the Argives
Wielded, and two-edg'd spears thrust home, presented a barrier
Passing his might to surmount. *Amazed, some steps* he retreated.
Turning him then to his troops, in a thundering voice he addressed them:

"Trojans and Lycians all, and ye staunch Dardanian warriors,
Hold your ground and be firm. Not long will the Grecians resist me,
What though they stand compacted in close array like a rampart.
Soon shall this spear disperse them. On Zeus I rely for assistance,
Zeus, the first of the Gods, the thundering consort of Hera."
Thus he spake and each heart was stirred, each spirit excited.
Forth stept Deiphobus first, the high-soul'd offspring of Priam,
Bearing aloft his broad round shield full-orbed *and refulgent.*
Light was his tread as secure he advanced beneath its protection.
Straight at the prince Meriones aimed his glittering jav'lin,
Hurling with force. It missed not its mark but right in the centre
Smote, of the full-orb'd shield with bull's-hide stiff. But it pierced not.
Short at the shank it broke: for Deiphobus, dreading a weapon
Wielded by Merion's might, far forward in front of his bosom
Held off the shield to receive it. Then back the Greek, disappointed,
Into the crowd of his comrades plunged, sore vexed and indignant,
Both for his ill success and his broken spear: and he hasted
Back to the camp and the Grecian ships *on the shore,* to procure him
There, from the stores in his tent, a more available weapon.
Thickened meanwhile the fray, and loud grew the roar of the conflict.
First Telamonian Teucer a chieftain slew of the Trojans,
Imbrius, Mentor's son, renown'd for the breed of his horses.
Who at Pedæum dwelt, ere Greece before Ilion mustered,
Medesicasté fair having married, a daughter of Priam.
But when the Grecian ships arrived, in support of the Trojans,
Back to the city he came, and lived distinguished among them,
Lodged in the royal palace and honoured as one of its princes.
Him through the throat great Telamon's son transfixed, and the jav'lin
Quickly withdrew. Down sank he, as some tall ash on a mountain,
Once conspicuous, *a well-known mark,* by the axe *of the woodman*
Prostrate laid, with its leafy crown *and wide-spreading branches.*
So did he fall, and his shining arms re-echoed around him.
Teucer at once rushed forward in eager haste to despoil him.
Hector however his gleaming spear dismissed; which perceiving
Fierce as it flew, *by a dext'rous spring* he escaped, and it passed him

Close; and Amphimachus, Cteatus' son and grandson of Actor,
Boldly advancing *in front of his comrades*, pierced in the bosom.
Down he fell with a crash, and his armour rattled around him.
Hector at once sprang forth, *o'er the prostrate form of the hero*
Stooping, to tear from his head the crested helm that adorned it,
This great Aias beheld, and his beaming lance against Hector (190)
Hurled: but in vain, for the prince by his brazen panoply guarded,
Scatheless stood and untouched. On the boss of his shield it alighted,
Driv'n with *enormous* force; and thrust him back. He retreated
Leaving the two fall'n chiefs in the hands of the conquering Argives.
Stichius, Menesthēus, Athenian chiefs Amphimachus carried,
Out of the press, unspoiled; and with care consigned to his comrades.
Imbrius the brave Aiantes themselves bore off from the Trojans.
As when two lions have snatched from the fangs of dogs, who had seized him,
Some wild goat *still bleeding and newly slain;* o'er the brush-wood,
High upraised in their jaws they bear him away through the thicket.
Imbrius then th' Aiantes upholding bore, and his helmet (201)
Tore from his head and his glittering armour stripped. Then Oïleus
Wroth for Amphimachus slain, his head dissevered, and tossed it
High o'er the the crowd and it *fell*, in the dust *disfigured, and onward*
Rolled like a ball to Hector's feet, *all bleeding and ghastly.*
Not with less rage was Poseidon filled at the fate of his grandson,
Thus *in his very sight* struck down in desperate conflict.
Once more among the tents he passed and the ships of the Grecians
Cheering the Danaan host and woes for the Trojans preparing.
There he encountered Idomeneus bold, who had quitted the combat, (210)
Anxious to save a wounded friend, from behind at the knee-joint
Pierced by a spear, whom his comrades were bearing away from the battle.
He to the leeches' care had consigned him, and now was returning
Back to his tent, for he longed once more to join in the combat.
Him then the mighty Poseidon addressed, in voice *and in feature*
Lik'ning himself to Thoas, Andræmon's son, who o'er Pleuron

Reigned, and Ætolia's realm, and Calydon's rocky recesses,
Where, as a God respected and honoured, the people obeyed him:
"Noble Idomeneus! Creta's sov'reign! How have they vanished,
All those threats which Achaia's sons once hurled at the Trojans?"
Then in his turn responded the valiant prince of the Cretans: (221)
"Thoas! Not one of the Greeks, methinks, deserves thy reproaches.
All are familiar with arms. *Each Greek in soul is a warrior,*
None is by heartless fear withheld. No Grecian among us
Yields himself up to sloth or shrinks from the labour of warfare.
Zeus himself is our foe. His decrees have doomed us to perish
Nameless, inglorious, far remote from our home and our country.
Thee have I ever known as a warrior fearless and active,
Thoas! Exciting the laggard alike by word and example.
Go then. Each man *thou meet'st* urge on to fight to the utmost." (230)
Thus made answer in turn the great earth-shaking Poseidon:
"*Curst be* the wretch this day who lingers and shrinks from the battle,
Ne'er may he live to return from the shores of Troy to his country!
Here may his carcase *rot*, the sport of dogs *and of vultures!*
Come then, resume thy arms and return with me. The occasion
All our haste demands. Though but two, we may render assistance.
Even the feeble united are strong: and we with the foremost
Rank where deeds of arms are performed and the valiant are gathered."
Thus having said, the god rushed on and mixed in the struggle,
While to his stately tent for his arms Idomeneus hastened. (240)
Soon had he donned his glittering arms, two lances selecting.
Then, as the lightning by Zeus displayed from the heights of Olympus
Brandished aloft in his *red right* hand for a sign unto mortals
Darts forth in *forked* gleams of unendurable splendour—
So, as the hero ran, flashed forth bright rays from his corslet.
Merion first he encountered, his brave and faithful attendant
Close by the tent *he had left*, who came to provide him a jav'lin.
Meeting him thus on his path, the Cretan monarch addressed him:
"Swift-footed Merion! Molus' son, best lov'd of my comrades,
Why do I find thee here deserting thy post in the battle, (250)
Say! by a wound from some hostile lance received art thou suff'ring
Or peradventure, a message bear'st to myself? But I hasten

Back to the field, for my soul is on fire to join in the combat."
Bold Meriones, prudent *as bold*, this answer returned him:
"Mighty Idomeneus! sov'reign at once and guide of the Cretans,
'Tis for a spear I come, if such in thy tents be remaining.
That which I bore to the fight broke short, my thrust disappointing,
Leaving its head deep fixed in fierce Deiphobus' buckler."
Thus making answer in turn replied the Prince of the Cretans:
"Spears thrice sev'n wilt thou find in my tent. Thence choose as thou listest.
Ranged round its snowy walls they stand. All Troïan weapons,
Ta'en from their bearers in battle slain. For not from a distance
Is it my wont to fight. *I strike down* my foe *and despoil him.*
Thus have I store of spears and bossy shields *in abundance,*
Many a casque, and *many a* breast-plate polished and gleaming."
Merion, prudent and brave, these words returned him in answer:
"Neither within my tent nor the darksome hold of my galley
Lack there Troïan spoils: but the distance is far to procure them.
For, *though I say it myself*, no want of spirit or courage
Holds me back from the glorious fight. There I stand with the foremost
Ever prepared for war when the moment of battle approaches.
What though among the Greeks I fight unnoticed by others;
Not so, at least, by thee. *I have fought by thy side*, and thou know'st me."
Thus making answer in turn replied the Prince of the Cretans:
"Well do I know thy valour. What needs there this to remind me?
Were from among our host, for an ambush, the bravest selected—
That sharp trial which tests most surely the soul of the warrior;
Where by his bearing the hero stands displayed and the coward,—
None would mistake thy conduct, or doubt thy strength or thy valour:
There if a coward be placed, his colour shifts, and alternate
Varies from red to pale, and his heart is troubled within him.
Crouching, on both his heels he sits, or shifts his position.
Then too, against his corslet his heart beats hard, as he pictures
Death's approach, and his chatt'ring teeth give sign *of his terror.*
Not so the brave. His colour remains unchanged; his behaviour

Calm and composed, when he sits him down in the ambush of heroes.
Only he prays to be doing, and pants for the moment of action.
Thee should some flying shaft attain, or thrust of a jav'lin
Stretch thee, o'erpow'red *in the dust*, no wound in the back would disgrace thee,
Or in thy nape exposed. On thy breast, and in front it would strike thee
Forward pressing and leading the charge with the first of thy comrades.
Cease we this talk however, *more* fit for children *than warriors*.
Loitering, bitterly those who want our assistance will blame us.
Haste then! Run to my tent and choose the best of my lances."
Merion, as Ares brave, obeyed the words of his sov'reign,
Ran to the tent, and chose forth a sharp and glittering weapon,
Following then on Idomeneus' steps he rushed to the combat.
Just as when death-doing Ares himself advances to battle
Followed by TERROR, fearless himself, but dreadful to mortals,
Best lov'd son of the God, whom the bravest shrinks from beholding,
Forth out of Thrace when in arms they come, where Ephyré's warriors
Fight with the Phlegyans bold, *by both invoked, but* according
Only to one of their hosts, the prize of conquest and glory.
Thus these chieftains, *heroes themselves and* leaders of heroes,
Sheathed in refulgent brass, marched on to the scene of contention.
Merion now *resumed the discourse and* Idomeneus questioned:
"Son of Deucalion! where dost thou mean to enter the battle?
Or on the right, the center, or left? To the left, as it seems me,
Sorest the Greeks are pressed, and most they need our assistance.
This is the place, and now the time, to make our decision."
Thus making answer, in turn replied the Prince of the Cretans:
"There at our central ships *they need us not*, they have others.
Both Aiantes are there. There Teucer fights; as an archer
First of th' Achaian host, and in close, *stern* combat excelling.
Hector, the son of Priam, may rage as he will with his Trojans,
These will afford him fighting enough, be he ever so valiant,
Ever so greedy of battle and war: full hard will he find it,
Strength such as theirs to shake, and subdue their invincible firmness.

This must he do, ere he burn our ships, should Zeus not assist him,
Showering down *from the skies*, his fiery bolts *to consume them.*
Nor does the man exist, sustained by the fruits of Demeter,
Whom either weapon can wound, or rocks can crush, who could *conquer,*
Aye! or stir from his post, the great Telamonian Aias.
Not from the mighty Achilles himself would he flinch in the combat,
Closely encountered, hand to hand; though inferior in swiftness.
Hold then thy course for the left. There fate will soonest determine
Whether the victor's meed we shall win, or confer it on others."
Merion, as Ares brave, obeyed the command of his sov'reign,
Striking *across*, by the path which he pointed out, to the army.
Now, when the foe beheld them approaching in glittering armour,
Brave Idomeneus first, like a flame, and his valiant attendant,
One on another they called, and in crowds came rushing upon them.
Fierce was the combat now that raged round the prows of the gallies.
As when in *eddying* blasts the shrill-voiced winds are contending,
What time *the ground is parched, and* the dust lies thick on the pathways,
Whirled up aloft in clouds, it rises *and darkens the region:*
Thus waxed fiercer and thicker the fight. Each warrior among them,
Reckless of wounds himself, sought only to slay his opponent.
Horrent and bristling with spears, were the close-prest lines of the battle
Long, flesh-rending. The brazen gleams that blazed from their helmets,
Flashed from their freshly polished shields, and glittering corslets,
Dazzled the sight. Right stern were the heart that with joy could behold them
Lab'ring in that dread work; nor feel some movement of horror.
Such were the toils and woes which the sons of mysterious Kronos,
Each in his might, adopting opposing sides in their quarrel,
Heaped on th' heroic chiefs in that wild struggle contending.
Zeus, on his part, remembering his promise to honour Achilles,
Hector and Troy had agreed to *support, and* lead them to conquest.
(Not that he meant to destroy the Greeks, *or Ilion to rescue;*
Thetis howbeit *above all*, and her valiant son, he regarded,)

While, from the hoary deep, unobserved emerging, Poseidon,
Mixed with the Greeks, and their hearts sustained; for he grieved to behold them
Crushed and subdued by Troy: and at Zeus his soul was indignant.
Equal their lineage, one their race: but Zeus was the elder,
First in right of his birth, and first as excelling in wisdom.
Therefore, in semblance a man, through the Grecian army Poseidon
Passed unperceived, nor dared to appear revealed in his Godhead.
Thus was the direful issue of war, and unyielding contention
Forced on the hosts, and a strong compulsion, stern and relentless,
Chained them together, in mutual hate, in mutual slaughter.
Then did Idomeneus, grey albeit, *with years and with hardships*,
Cheer on the Greeks and, springing upon them, scatter the Trojans:
First by his hand Othryoneus fell, who to Troy from Cabesus
Came, ere its siege had been long declared, for love of Cassandra,
Whom from her father Priam he sought, though dow'rless, in wedlock;
Dow'rless in all but beauty. And much he vaunted his prowess,
Promising speedy deliv'rance to Troy from the sons of Achaia.
Priam agreed. His consent he pledged, and his daughter he promised,
And on his promise relying, the chief marched boldly to battle,
Striding abroad in defiant guise, but his ponderous jav'lin
Full at his front Idomeneus aimed: nor resisted his corslet,
Strongly compact with brass; but the spear stood fixed in his navel,
Down he fell with a crash. Then thus exulted the victor:
"Valiant Othryoneus! great will be now thy renown among mortals,
Shouldst thou indeed redeem that pledge thou gavest to Priam,
When, in return for thine aid, as thy bride his daughter he promised.
We too have somewhat to promise. Change sides: and then will we give thee
Royal Atreides' fairest daughter. Hither from Argos
Shall she *in triumph* be led, to wed thee. Only assist us,
Lending the force of thy mighty arm, proud Ilion to conquer.
Come then! seek we our ships, and there the terms of thy marriage
Let us arrange. No doubt thou wilt not despise our alliance."
Thus having said, through the press by the foot Idomeneus dragged him.

Asîus *beheld, and* at once stepped forth resolved to avenge him,
Fighting on foot; while behind, at his shoulders, the breath of his coursers
Played, by his charioteer kept close on his steps; at the victor
Just preparing to thrust; but he, more ready and watchful,
Smote him below the chin, in his throat. Right through went the weapon.
Down sank the chief as sinks some oak, or *wide-spreading* poplar,
Or as some stately pine on the mountains felled, which the shipwright
Hews with fresh-whetted axe, to shape some beam for his vessel.(391)
Thus lay the hero, prostrate before his steeds and his chariot,
Gnashing his teeth, and clutching the bloody dust *in his death-pang.*
Struck was his charioteer with *benumbing fear,* which deprived him
Ev'n of the power of thought: nor dared he turn and his coursers
Save from the enemy's hands. Then brave Antilochus, aiming
Full at his front, his spear dismissed; nor resisted his corslet,
Strong-compacted with brass: but the spear stood fixed in his stomach.
Groaning he fell from the beauteous car, which Antilochus mounting,
Nestor's heroic son, from amid the ranks of the Trojans (400)
Drove off in triumph, and mixed with the bright-greaved sons of Achaia.
Up came Deiphobus, burning with rage at the slaughter of Asîus,
Close to Idomeneus stood, and dismissed his glittering jav'lin.
Watchful, the prince the act beheld, and eluded the weapon
Crouching, and lifting oblique the smooth round orb of his buckler
Formed of the tough bull-hide and of polish'd brass, while within it
Two strong bars its grasp secured, and strengthened its fabric.
Over it glanced the brazen spear, and grazing across it
Gave forth a harsh dry sound; *but retained its force as it bounded*
Off, and it flew not in vain from the pow'rful hand *of its master.* (410)
Hippasus' son, Hypsenor, the shepherd and guide of his people,
Under the waist through the liver it pierced, and he fell in his death-pang.
Thus then in loud and terrific strain Deiphobus shouted:
"Not unavenged hath Asius fall'n. Methinks that his spirit
Wending its *downward* path through the massive portals of Hades
Somewhat of joy will feel, to think what a guide I have sent him."

Thus did he boast. But his taunts were as stings to the hearts of the Grecians;
Deepest of all was the gen'rous soul of Antilochus wounded.
Yet in his wrath did he not forget to protect his companion
Fall'n; but around him stalked, and o'er him his buckler extended.
Raising him then from the ground his dear *and faithful* companions,
Echius' valiant son Mecisteus and noble Alastor
Bore him with many a sigh to the hollow ships of the Grecians.
Nor did Idomeneus yet *shrink back, or* relax in his efforts;
Ever his soul was yearning to wrap some Trojan in darkness,
Or with a mighty ruin himself to fall for his country.
Such was his mood when Alcathoûs *he met,* who boasted a lineage
All but divine, from *great* Æsyétas. He from Anchises
Sought and obtained his eldest *and fairest* daughter in marriage,
Hippodameia, the cherish'd at heart of her father and mother,
Light of their home; who her young compeers in mind, as in beauty,
Far surpassed, and in ev'ry female work and adornment;
Happy in winning the noblest youth in Troy for a husband.
Him to Idomeneus' spear an easy conquest Poseidon
Gave; obscuring his sight and loos'ning the bands of his sinews,
Nor could he fly nor turn him aside, but *dazed and bewildered*
Stood, like some column or lofty tree, *awaiting his foeman*
Fixt, *unresisting.* Full in the breast Idomeneus smote him,
Hurling his spear, which shattered the brazen *strength of his* corslet,
Tearing the stiff defence which so oft had saved him in battle.
Broken, it gave forth a crackling sound and admitted the weapon;
Crashing he fell: and fixt in his heart the spear to its handle
Quivered, through all its length, to the strong rebound of its pulses.
There was the force of the jav'lin stayed and its fury expended.
Thus then, in loud and terrific strain Idomeneus shouted:
"Tell me, Deiphobus: must we not call it a handsome requital,
Three to be slain for one? since such is the style of thy boasting.
Wretch! Wilt thou match thy force with mine, and meet me in combat?
Soon shalt thou learn what the offspring of Zeus *in fight can accomplish.*
Hither as such I come. For Minos, sov'reign of Creta,

Zeus for his father boasted. Then next Deucalion, the blameless,
Minos begat; myself Deucalion. In Creta's dominion
Many are those who own my sway. From Crete in my vessels
Troy-ward I sailed, to thyself a scourge, to thy father and nation."
Thus he spake. But Deiphobus doubtful stood; undecided
Whether, retiring *awhile* he should choose some friend from the Trojans,
Valiant ever in fight, or alone attempt the adventure.
Soon he resolved *on his course.* Far wiser he deemed it and better
Brave Æneas to seek. In the rear of the Trojans he found him
Stationed, holding aloof, for he bore some grudge against Priam, (460)
Who, with disdainful neglect o'erlooked his prowess, *and wisdom.*
Taking his stand the prince beside, then thus he addressed him:
"*Noble* Æneas! Guardian of Troy *in war and* in council,
Up! and avenge thy sister's wedded lord, if thou lov'dst him.
Follow me. Rescue Alcathous slain who watched o'er thy boyhood
In thy ancestral halls, by ties of domestic affection
Bound. From mighty Idomeneus took he his death wound."
Thus he spake, and the hero's heart was stirred in his bosom.
Seeking Idomeneus, *van-ward* he strode, on fire to confront him.
Nor did Idomeneus shrink, or child-like shun the encounter; (470)
Firm he stood, like some huge mountain boar who confiding
Stands in his might, and awaits th' advancing din of the hunters,
Deep in some desolate pass. Up bristles his back with excitement,
Fierce glows the fire in his eyes, and he whets his tusks in his fury,
Ready to rend both dogs and men who shall dare to attack him.
Thus, collected, the Cretan stood, nor thought of retreating,
While with a shout Æneas advanced. But he called on his comrades
All within sight: Ascalaphus brave, Deipyrus, Merion,
Mighty Antilochus, Apaneus too; all chiefs of distinction; (479)
Claiming their aid: and thus with urgent appeal he addressed them:
"Hither, my friends! Support me! I stand alone, and Æneas
Rushes upon me. I dread his assault, since *ardent and* active,
In the full flow'r of his youth and strength he comes, and accustomed
Heroes to meet opposed in arms, and to slay them in battle.
Had I but youth like his to second the spirit within me,
Great should our combat's glory be to the one or the other."

Thus he spake: and the heroes all collected around him,
All in one mind, *close-locked*, with their bucklers sloped to their shoulders.
This perceiving, Æneas on his part called for assistance,
Paris, Deiphobus, round him pressed, and noble Agenor,
Leaders of Troy. And the troops when they heard the summons came rushing,
Num'rous as sheep which follow the lead of the ram, in the meadows,
Flocking to drink *at a pool*, while the heart of the shepherd rejoices.
Thus rejoiced in his bosom the heart of Æneas, beholding,
Gath'ring behind himself and his friends, the host of the Trojans.
Then round Alcathoüs rose a close and desperate conflict,
Spear *crossing* spear: then fearfully rang the bronze of the breastplates
Under the *fast and furious* thrusts by each at the other
Aimed through the thick of the fray: where the two redoubtable chieftains,
Brave Æneas, and godlike Idomeneus, valiant as Ares,
Each came seeking the other's life, and burned to destroy him.
First at the Cretan prince was hurled the spear of Æneas.
Deftly shifting his ground he avoided the blow; and the weapon
Held on its course, and deep in the ground stood rooted and quiv'ring,
Sent on a bootless quest from the mighty hand of its master.
Then, by Idomeneus' spear through the midriff pierced, Ænomaüs
Sank. Through the swelling brass beneath his girdle it entered.
Grasping the dust he fell and his entrails gushed from the death-wound.
Forth from the corse the victor his long-forth-shadowing jav'lin
Plucked; but to strip from his shoulders his beauteous arms and despoil him,
Time, nor his strength sufficed. Hemmed in by weapons on all sides,
Feeling no more in his feet their accustomed spring, when he darted
Forward his spear to recover, or leaped aside *from his foeman's;*
Still though in standing fight he was firm, and kept death at a distance,
Hardly they bore him with slow and weary steps from the battle.
Him thus slowly retiring from fight Deiphobus *marking*
After him sent a *parting* spear, for he hated him ever.
Wide of its mark the weapon flew, but Ascalaphus wounded,

Son of the God who delights in war. Through the shoulder it pierced him,
Issuing behind. Down sank he, and clutched the ground where he grovelled.
Nor did the furious God know aught of the death of his offspring,
Sitting aloof, so Zeus had decreed, on the heights of Olympus,
Canopied o'er with golden clouds, where the Gods were assembled,
All, *by the dread command of their sire*, withheld from the battle:
Thus saw he nought, nor knew of his fall in that desperate struggle.
Now round Ascalaphus rose a fierce and terrible combat.
From the dead hero Deiphobus snatched his glittering helmet:
Merion however, prompt as Ares, and brave as the war-god,
Springing upon him, pierced his arm. Then dropped he the helmet.
Loud was the ring of the crested casque, as from earth it rebounded.
Pouncing upon him, vulture-like, *to recover his weapon*,
Merion tore forth the lance from his wounded arm, and retiring
Mingled again with the host of his friends. Forth started Polites,
Grasped round the waist his brother, and bore him forth from the combat,
Out of the press, to the rear, where his coursers stood, to his chariot
Beauteous and rich to behold *by their driver bound*, and awaiting
Only their master's need *to bear him away from the battle.*
These to the city Deiphobus bore, all bitterly groaning,
Fainting with pain, while the blood poured fast from the wound in his elbow.
Meantime the fight went on, and its roar waxed louder and fiercer.
Aphaneus first, Caletor's son, as he turned to confront him,
Full in the throat Æneas smote, and the head of the hero
Sideways dropped, by his helmet's weight opprest, and his buckler
Weighed him down, and the shadows of death came floating around him.
Next upon Thoön Antilochus sprang, who had turned to avoid him
Ent'ring his back obliquely the spear drove on, in its passage
Rending away *the flesh and* all the veins which along it
Hold their course to the neck; and supine he fell; and extended

Both his hands, in the dust as he lay, for aid to his comrades.
On rushed Antilochus, seizing his arms, which he stripped from his shoulders,
Warily looking around him the while. For about him on all sides
Pressed the Trojans, bristling his shield with many a jav'lin:
All in vain. Not a spear might graze but the skin of the hero
Safe in its cover. Mighty Poseidon protected his fav'rite,
Nestor's offspring, and kept him secure in the midst of the weapons.
All who came on he faced, nor shrank from his foes, and he held them,
Turning from one to another, at bay; while his jav'lin he brandished
Now, as in act to hurl it, and now, as watching the moment
Forward to rush, and thrust it home to *the hearts of* his foemen.
Adamas, Asias' son, when uncertain thus he beheld him
Rushing upon him close, with his lance, in the midst of his buckler,
Struck him a sharp strong blow: but the dark-haired lord of the ocean,
Grudging *so precious a* life, enfeebled the force of the weapon.
Part remained fixed in the shield, like a half-burnt stake. The remainder,
Splintered, flew from his grasp, and strewed the ground *with its fragments:*
Baffled, the warrior withdrew to his comrades, shunning destruction.
Merion then aimed his spear at the flying chief; and it struck him
Deep in the belly's rim, betwixt the groin and the navel;
Just where to suff'ring mortals the pang of a wound is the keenest;
There stood the spear infixed: and he struggled and writhed in his torment.
As when an ox, which herdsmen have bound with cords in the mountains,
Writhes in his bonds, while they drag him along in spite of his struggles,
Thus for a while he writhed.—Not long—till Merion approaching
Plucked from the wound and recovered his spear. *He fell, and his life blood*
Ebbed away, and the darkness of death o'ershadowed his eyeballs.
Helenus next with Deipyrus closing, full on his temple

Dealt with his mighty Thracian sword a blow; and the helmet
Struck from his head. On the ground in the dust it rolled, and a Grecian
Raised it and bore it off from amid the feet of the warriors:
Down he sank, and night in her ghastly shadow involved him.
Grief then seized on the soul of Atreus' son, Menelaüs.
Down on King Helenus threat'ning he came and a jav'lin he brandished
Pointed and keen, while the Trojan adjusted a shaft to his bowstring:
Thus together they came: this eager to wound with his jav'lin,
That *in his foeman's heart* to plant, from his bowstring, an arrow.
Forth sprang the shaft of the Trojan prince, and it rang on the breast-plate
Convex *and smooth*, but bounded off *and left him uninjured;*
As from the fan tossed forth on the spacious floor of the thresher
Lightly rebound the vetches and dark-skinned beans, as they leap forth
Driv'n by the shrill-voiced blast and the *sturdy* winnower's impulse:
Thus from the corslet repelled of that glorious chief Menelaüs
Far rebounded, blunted and baffled, the shaft of the Trojan.
Then Menelaüs, great in the roar of battle, his weapon
Hurled, and it struck the hand which the bow supported, and nailed it
Fast to the polished wood, pierced through. Then retreated the hero,
Mingling among the host of his friends, and avoided destruction,
Trailing the ashen spear from his wounded hand, which disabled
Hung at his side. But Agenor came, and, extracting the weapon,
Bound up the hand in a sling of twisted wool, by a servant
Handed him, eager to aid the shepherd and guide of his people.

Now came Peisander in full career, against brave Menelaüs
Rushing, whose adverse fate had marked him for death and destruction,
Thee, Menelaüs! to grace with his fall, in the struggle of heroes.
Thus as they neared each other, when now small space was between them,
First Menelaüs his pointed lance dismissed: but it wandered
Wide of its mark. Peisander next on the shield of Atreides
Smote, *with a sharp, full blow;* but to pierce it availed not. The weapon
From the wide orb recoiled, and the blade broke short from the socket.

Nor did he less exult, nor in aught was his confidence lessened,
Ev'n when Atreides his sword drew forth all studded with silver
And at Peisander sprang. He, no whit daunted, a pole-axe
Drew from beneath his shield. Of bronze was its blade, and the handle
Long; smooth olive the wood. At once each struck at the other.
From Menelaüs' helmet the ridge was shorn, where the horse-tail
Rises aloft to a plume: but across the front of Peisander
Just at the spring of the nose fell the sword. The bones it divided:
Down rolled his bleeding eyes in the dust at his feet, and he writhed him
Falling. Then Menelaüs the corse despoiled, on the bosom
Planting his heel, and exultingly thus loud boasted the victor:
"So may ye all relinquish your hold on the ships of the Grecians
Insolent, overreaching race, insatiate of slaughter,
Where is the outrage and wrong which ye have not wrought? What scandal
Brought not on me and my house? Vile hounds! Nor the dread retribution
Fear ye, which thundering Zeus, the guardian of homes and of friendships,
Threatens, and yet will accomplish, and lay your city in ruins.
Honoured and welcomed ye came, but *in trait'rous guise* ye departed,
Bearing away from her home my fair young wife and my treasures.
Now, *to complete your crime* ye would burn the ships which should bear us
Homeward; hurling destructive brands, and slaying our heroes.
Soon shall your rage be subdued, and a terrible lesson be taught you.
Father Zeus! supreme as we hold thee in wisdom and justice,
High above Gods and men. Such deeds as these dost thou sanction?
Canst thou abet in their guilt these insolent Trojans, and bid them
Joy in their course of fraud and crimes, implacable ever
In their unbridled rage, and yearning for war and destruction?
Sleep, the delights of love, the charms of song, and the graceful
Dance—all better than war—all far more pleasing to mortals,
Yet find a limit in man's desires. To none but the Trojans
War and its horrors afford an uncloying feast of enjoyment."

Thus spake the brave and blameless chief. From his vanquished opponent
Stripping the blood-stain'd spoils, to his comrades' charge he consigned them:
Then to the front advancing he mixed once more in the combat.
Forth, to confront him, Harpalion sprang: the son of a sov'reign,
King Pylæmenes. He to the wars had followed his father;
Troy he reached; but his country no more was doomed to revisit.
Close approaching, his spear he hurled, and the shield of Atreides
Smote: but in vain, for the brazen point availed not to pierce it,
Back to the ranks of his friends he fled, destruction avoiding,
Looking around him the while, lest a spear should reach him retreating.
Merion perceived, and a dart from his bow he sped, and it struck him
On the right hip from behind. The shaft passed onward, and gliding
Down, 'twixt the bone and the bladder its course pursued: and arrested,
Down on the spot he sank, in the arms of his friends and companions
Breathing his last; like a worm in the dust extended and grov'ling;
While bedewing the ground, his dark blood poured *in a torrent.*
Round him, *with pious care*, his brave Paphlagonians gathered;
Raised, and laid on a chariot his sad remains, and to Ilion
Bore him in mournful array. In tears his father attended:
Nor could *those tears avail to* avenge the death of his offspring.
Grieving and angered, Paris beheld his fall. In his travels
Long had he dwelt as a guest with the Paphlagonian warriors.
Thirsting for vengeance, a *random* shaft at the Greeks he directed.
One of the foremost, Euchæmon, a chief both wealthy and valiant,
Son of the seer Polyeidus, in Corinth who dwelt, had to Troia
Come, well knowing his fate, with the Grecian fleet: for his father
Oft had foretold—the good old man—that home in his palace
Death he would meet in ling'ring and painful disease; or in battle
Fall, in defence of the Grecian ships, by the hands of the Trojans.
This he preferred. Far better he deemed it to die for his country,
Far less grievous to bear, than disease and disgrace to encounter.

Pierced through the cheeks and the ear he fell; and the strength from his members
Fled, with his life: and the shades of eternal darkness involved him.
Thus, like a raging fire, *still faster and fiercer*, the combat
Raged, to the left of the ships. Yet came no tidings to Hector,
How in that quarter the Greeks prevailed; and would soon be victorious.
Such and so mighty the spirit the great earth-shaking Poseidon,
Breathed through the Argive host, and such the strength that he gave them.
He, at the self-same place where he burst the gate, and where *swarming*,
O'er the *demolished* wall came *pouring the host of the Trojans*,
Still persisted in furious efforts to break through the Grecians, (680)
Joining their shields; where the ships of Aias and Protesilaüs,
High on the shore of the hoary sea were drawn; where the rampart
Lowest was built; where *space was left in front of the vessels*,
Horses and men *to* muster, in fierce and determined resistance.
There the Bœotians fought, and there the long-mantled Iones,
There too the Phthian and Locrian hosts, and the valiant Epeians
Kept the assault of Hector at bay, and protected the vessels.
More could they not. Like the blaze of devouring fire was his onset.
First were the chosen Athenian bands, and among them Menestheus,
Peteus' son, commanded; and Pheidas, Stichius, Bias (690)
Lent him their strong support. Next Meges, Phyleus' offspring,
Headed th' Epeian force, with Drakeios bold, and Amphion;
Then came the Phthians, led by Medon and mighty Podarces,
(Medon indeed, the spurious son of godlike Oïleus,
Brother of Aias himself, at Phylacé dwelt, from his country
Far, having slain a chief, the brother of fair Eriopis,
Whom, as his lawful bride, his father Oïleus had wedded:
While, from Iphiclus sprung and in Phylacé born, was Podarces);
These led the Phthian force, and among the Bœotian warriors
Took their place in the line, and stoutly defended the vessels. (700)
Aias the swift, Oïleus' son, through the stress of the combat
Not for a moment quitted the great Telamonian hero.
Just as when two black bulls, through the stubborn soil of a fallow,

Labour with one accord to drag the plough. Down their foreheads
Pours, from the roots of their horns outbreaking, the sweat: and together,
Close to the smooth-worn yoke, they press; and each on the other
Leans, as the furrow they tread, and heave up the soil with the ploughshare.
Thus they toiled on, and side by side supported each other.
Many and brave were the troops of the great Telamonian Aias,
Foll'wing where'er he led, and bearing his ponderous buckler,
When by fatigue o'erpower'd, he sought relief from its burthen.
Not so the Locrians followed the valiant son of Oïleus.
Hand to hand they fought not, nor ventured to close with their foemen;
Helmets of brazen proof, horse-tailed and glancing they wore not.
On the tough ashen spear and the buckler's orb they relied not.
Armed but with arrows and bows, and the wool-twined cord of the slinger,
Came they to Ilion's shore. With these, on the ranks of the Trojans,
Hurled they destruction frequent and fast, and scattered their squadrons.
These in close-serried lines, and in bright and various armour,
Fought *upon equal terms*, with the bronze-mailed Trojans and Hector.
Those, from the rear, concealed from view, with their *thick-falling* missiles
Daunted the Trojan host and spread confusion among them.
Now from the tents and ships, with loss and defeat, had the Trojans
Back been forced to retreat to their wind-swept Ilian city
Had not Polydamas Hector the brave approached, and addressed him:
"Hector! Thy spirit is ever averse from counsel *and guidance.*
What, though the Gods above all with prowess and valour have graced thee,
Wouldst thou be held alike supreme in *wisdom and* prudence?
'Tis not for mortal man to be first and greatest in all things.
Glory to one, and martial exploits by the Gods are accorded;
One man excels in the dance; in the song and in harping another;

While in the breasts of a few, all-seeing Zeus hath implanted
Wisdom *and forethought*, priceless gifts, for the good of the many.
Such are the saviours of states. They know, *and they feel* it *within them.*
Hear me then! while in *a few brief* words I declare my opinion.
Lo! how, encircling thee round, on all sides blazes the battle:
Yet, of the Trojan host who have scaled the wall, there are many
Standing apart with their arms, inactive: while the remainder
Fight, with the many the few, dispersed through the ships and divided.
Therefore some space withdraw and call together our leaders,
So shall we fully discuss our further plans, and determine
Whether to rush once more on the beaked ships of the Grecians,
Trusting to Heav'n and our strength for success, or retire from the contest,
Saving ourselves from utter defeat: for sorely I fear me
Lest they repay us the *fearful* debt of yesterday's carnage.
There at the ships is ONE who but holds him aloof from the battle,
Dreadful in war; nor long will abstain when he sees us advancing."
Thus spake Polydamas. Safe seemed the counsel and pleasing to Hector.
Down on the ground at once he sprang full armed from his chariot,
And in reply these words addressed in haste to the chieftain:
"Thou, O Polydamas! here collect our leaders around thee;
First must I visit our squadrons, and place our battle in safety,
Soon to return when all is arranged and the troops have their orders."
White with conspicuous plumes, like a snow-capped peak, he departed.
Shouting, the Troïan host and their brave allies he encouraged,
Flying through all their ranks: while the chiefs great Hector obeying
Gathered round brave Polydamas, Panthoüs' son, at his summons.
Hector the while, through the foremost ranks, in the front of the battle
Ranging, Deiphobus sought in vain; nor King Helenus found he;
Adamas, Asias' son; nor Asius, Hyrtacus' offspring.
Many a Trojan, wounded, though not unto death, he encountered;
Many a hero stretched on the sand, by the sterns of the vessels,

Lifeless he found, struck down by the *slaughtering* brands of the Argives,
Or at the wall, by their spears and darts transfixed and expiring.
Paris he soon perceived, the fair-haired Helena's husband,
Fighting, grievously prest on the left of the field, and his comrades
Cheering, and urging them on with encouraging words to the conflict.
Hector approached, and *in bitter mood* thus sharply addressed him:
"Paris! too fatally fair! Seducer of women! Deceiver!
Where is Deiphobus? Where King Helenus, *prophet and* warrior?
Adamas, Asias' son, and Asius, Hyrtacus' offspring? (771)
Where is Othryoneus? Now, alas! from her base to her summit
Ilion nods to her fall. Now sure destruction awaits us!"
Paris *in gentle terms* replied, addressing his brother:
"Hector! *thy words are unjust.* This time thy reproof I deserve not,
Backward indeed may I sometimes seem,—less eager for combat,
Yet not wanting in courage or force hath my mother produced me.
Here, since first at the ships thou formed'st the array of our battle
Firm have we stood, and unflinching repelled th' assault of the Grecians.
As for the friends thou seek'st they are dead. Deïphobus only,
Helenus too, from the field have retired disabled, and wounded
Each in the hand by a spear: though by Zeus preserved from destruction.
Now lead on wherever thy heart and spirit direct thee,
Fully resolved, we follow. No cause shalt thou have to reproach us,
Nor shall our courage fail thee in all that man can accomplish.
Bear, however, this truth in mind, and be just to our efforts:
No one beyond his strength can fight, how willing soever."
Soft fell the hero's words and appeased the mood of his brother.
Thither they fared, where loudest rose the din of the combat
Round Cebriones, round Polydamas noble and valiant, (790)
Phalces, Orthæus the bold, and the all but divine Polypætes,
Palmys, and both Hyppotion's sons, Ascanius and Morys,
Who but the day before from the fertile plains of Ascania
Joined, reinforcing the Trojans; by Zeus hurried on to the battle.
On they rushed, like the wrathful blast which down *from the mountains,*
Driv'n by the thunders of Zeus, invades the plain, to the ocean,

Sweeping in wild uproar, high tossing the billows beneath it
Churned into foam, and curled aloft, and *clashing together*
Loud-resounding;—wave upon wave, one chasing another:
Thus came the Trojans, rank upon rank, and squadron on squadron,
Sweeping along, as refulgent in arms they followed their leaders.
Priam's heroic son in the van, like death-dealing Ares,
Marched; his bright and full-orb'd shield uprearing before him
Thickened with many a hide, and with bronze o'erlaid. From his temples
Flashed with each nod *as he moved* the brazen gleam of his helmet.
Each of the Grecian bands in turn he essayed, and advancing
Under that mighty shield, he tried their force and endurance.
Yet not an Argive heart knew fear, nor shrank from the trial.
Aias at length strode forth from their line, and provoked him to battle:
"Madman! come on! Thus think'st thou then to frighten the Grecians?
We too know something of warlike deeds, and martial encounters,
Albeit the wrath of Zeus just now weighs heavy upon us.
High are thy hopes, no doubt, to ravage our fleet, *and destroy us;*
We too however have hands *and hearts, and know* to defend them.
Long before that shall your *vaunted* Troy, *so rich and* so peopled,
Lie at our feet, by Grecian hands destroyed and subverted.
Thou thyself, be assured, to Zeus and to all the immortals
Soon shalt have cause *in thy terror* to pray, that, fleeter than falcons
Scouring the plain in headlong flight, in dust *and dishonour*
Soiling their snowy manes, thy steeds to the city may bear thee."
Thus as he spake, behold! on his right high soaring an eagle
Floated conspicuous in air. Then arose a shout from the Argives
Hailing the omen with joy; while Hector sternly responded:
"Aias! boastful and loud! what words are these thou hast spoken?
Would I were *half* so sure to be called a child of the Thund'rer,
Ever in life and in light to reign, *as if* Hera had borne me
Honoured by Gods and men like Athena herself, or Apollo,
As that this very day shall destruction bring to the Grecians

One and all. Nor thyself shalt escape shouldst thou dare to
withstand me—
Dare to await my spear. Thy dainty flesh shall it feed on!
Dogs and the vultures of Troy shall tear thy limbs, and shall fatten
On thy *unburied* remains outstretched on the shore by the vessels."
Thus having said the assault he led. Loud shouts from his foll'wers
Rose; and the ranks behind redoubled the shouts of the foremost.
Shouted the Greeks in reply; and, their ancient prowess rememb'ring
Stood to their arms; and unmoved, the Troian onset awaited.
Borne through the air to the courts of Zeus their clamour ascended.

THE ILIAD.

BOOK XIV.

BOOK THE FOURTEENTH.

ARGUMENT.

NESTOR alarmed at the near approach of the Trojans seeks Agamemnon, whom he finds in company with Odysseus and Diomede. Agamemnon advises to launch the ships and make a precipitate retreat. Odysseus reproves him. Diomede proposes, wounded as they are, to shew themselves and encourage the troops. On their way Poseidon encourages Agamemnon. Hera, to inveigle Zeus, adorns herself and borrows the cestus of Aphrodite, then, with the aid of the God of Sleep, she succeeds in enchanting Zeus with her charms, and throwing him into a deep sleep. Of this Poseidon takes advantage, and openly succours the Greeks. Hector is struck down by Aias with a huge stone and carried off the field. The Trojans again give way.

ILIAD. BOOK XIV.

NESTOR the shouting heard, *where he sate retired* with Machaon,
Quaffing the dark-red wine; and thus he bespake his companion:
"Tell me, Machaon divine, what means this *unwonted* confusion?
Loud, and nearer the shouts of our youth approach to the vessels.
Stay thou here, and with *cordial* wine replenish thy goblet.
While Hecamedé the genial bath prepares *for thy comfort*,
Strengthening and warm, and cleanses the clotted gore *from thy shoulder*,
I to some lofty point will proceed, and observe what is passing."
Thus he spake, and the gorgeous shield of his son Thrasymedes
Lying *by chance* in his tent he took, all brazen and gleaming;
(He, *by some hap*, had borne his father's shield in the combat),
Snatched up his trusty spear with bronze sharp pointed, and issued
Forth from his tent. Unseemly *and sad* was the sight that he witnessed—
Greeks in confused retreat, and the haughty Trojans pursuing,
Routing their rear: and the wall they had built *to protect them* demolished.
As when with balanced sway, all silently heaving, the ocean
Darkens, idly awaiting the shrill-voiced wind which shall drive it
This way or that: uncertain it swells and subsides, till the moment
Comes, when some heav'n-sent blast determines the sweep of its billows:
Thus the old chief in his mind debated, much undecided,
Whether at once to join the Greeks *and share in the conflict*,

Or to Atreides repair, the shepherd and guide of his people.
This he at length resolved; for wiser it seemed in his judgment
Great Agamemnon to seek. Meanwhile contending, the warriors
Slew and were slain. Loud clanged the protecting bronze on their bosoms,
Under the *fast-falling* strokes of spears and two-edged falchions.
Nestor, the while, on his path the Grecian princes encountered,
Wending their way by the ships; those chiefs whom wounds had disabled;
Atreus' son, Agamemnon; Odysseus; brave Diomedes.
Far from the scene of combat the Grecian vessels were stationed,
High drawn up on the shore of the hoary sea; and beyond it,
Far on the land were the first, whose sterns by a wall were protected.
Broad was the beach, yet sufficed it not for the number of vessels.
Close together arranged they stood, and the people were crowded.
Rank behind rank drawn up, they filled, in unbroken succession,
All the recess of the spacious bay, from headland to headland.
There came *the princes*, pacing along, and viewing the battle,
Leaning upon their spears: while *dismal and gloomy* forebodings
Saddened their souls. Nor did Nestor's *observed* approach reassure them.
Filled were their hearts with alarm, when they saw him advancing to meet them.

King Agamemnon first demanded the cause of his coming:
"Nestor! Neleus' son, thou glory and pride of Achaia!
Why art thou here? Why leav'st thou the *bleeding* ranks of the battle?
Sorely I dread lest Hector make good that vaunt which he uttered,
Threat'ning aloud, and with boastful words haranguing his Trojans.
Never, *he swore*, would he quit our ships and return to the city,
Till in one fiery blaze he had wrapped them, and slaughtered our army.
Thus he harangued, *thus threatened*, and now will his threats be accomplished.
Doubtless, ye Gods! the rest of the Greeks, no less than Achilles,
Hate me, and harbour resentful thoughts against their commander,
Else would they surely fight, thus pushed to the sterns of their vessels."

Thus then replied that ancient knight, Gerenian Nestor:
"Such is our state indeed! *Too true the things thou hast spoken.*
Scarce could the Thunderer's self avert the ruin impending.
Fall'n is our rampart wall, that *all but* impregnable barrier,
Which, as the sure defence of ourselves and vessels, we trusted.
Still however in front of the ships our obstinate conflict
Rages. 'Twere hard to say, how close soe'er thine inspection,
Where is the direst confusion, where worst the Grecians are routed.
All promiscuous they fall, and the skies are rent by the clamour; (60)
Therefore consider we now what course to adopt, if our counsels
Aught may avail *in so dire a strait.* For to rush into battle
Counsel I not. The wounded can lend but feeble assistance."

Thus then in turn responded the king of men, Agamemnon:
"Nestor! now that in front of our ships the battle is raging,
Now that our wall unavailing has proved, and the trench, which the Grecians
Fought so hard to defend,—which we thought an impassable barrier,
Which, as the sure defence of ourselves and our armies, we trusted;
Clearly I see that Almighty Zeus hath willed our destruction,
Willed that from Argos afar the Greeks inglorious shall perish. (70)
Once I *fondly* believed that he favoured our cause and would aid us,
Now the reverse is clear. Like Gods he honours the Trojans,
Greece he forsakes, and binds our hands and enfeebles our courage.
Now then attend to my words, and lend me all your assistance;
Let us at once these ships which are nearest the shore to the water
Draw, *thus clearing the beach*, and set them afloat on the ocean,
Moored to their sleepers. There let them ride till night shall envelope
All in her veil, and the Trojans awhile shall cease to assail us.
Then let us launch the rest, *and embark;* for blameless I hold it,
Even by night, *if we can*, to escape from certain destruction. (80)
Better to fly and be safe, than remain and fall into mischief."

Scornfully frowning thus replied the thoughtful Odysseus:
"What do I hear? What words have escaped thy lips, O Atreides?
Craven! would that some other, some baser host thou commandedst,
Rather than us with thy sway disgrace, to whom Zeus hath accorded

Ever, from youth to age, with honour to fight, and accomplish
Each stern duty of war, until death *shall crown us with glory.*
What? wouldst thou then abandon the wide-wayed city of Troia,
Long beleaguered, at such dire cost of endurance and hardship?
Speak not those words again, lest some other Achaian should hear them:
Words, which to pass his lips no mortal would ever have suffered,
Gifted with spirit and sense to discern the *right and the* prudent:
Much less a king, and the king of a *mighty* nation, in numbers
Such, and in warlike fame as that thou rulest in Argos.
Nor do I less thy judgment impeach *than thy spirit and courage:*
Who, while the battle is raging *aloud,* wouldst order the vessels
Down to the sea to be drawn, to complete the joy of the Trojans,
Giving them all their heart's desire, already victorious,
Headlong destruction bringing on Greece: for how can the Argives
Fight, and their ground maintain, while dragging their ships to the ocean?
That to perform they must quit their ranks, and abandon the battle,
Such were the end of thy scheme! *Most sage and valorous* leader!"

Then making answer replied the king of men, Agamemnon:
"Deeply I feel thy cutting and sharp reproof, O Odysseus!
Nor have I yet commanded the Greeks to abandon the battle,
Launch their ships on the deep, unwilling, and fly from destruction.
Therefore, whoe'er he be who shall proffer a wiser opinion,
Old or young, let him speak, and with joy will Atreides receive it."

Then Diomedes, great in the roar of battle, responded:
"Here is the man, not far to seek, if indeed ye be willing,
Calmly to hear, nor reject with disdain the advice I shall offer,
Wanting the sanction of riper years and maturer experience.
Yet from a brave and noble sire may I boast my extraction,
Tydeus, whose high sepulchral mound is conspicuous in Thebæ.
Portheus had three brave sons, distinguished for virtue and valour,
Who in the lofty Calydon dwelt, and *the city of* Pleuron,
Agrius, Melas, and, last by birth though foremost in prowess,
Œneus, my father's sire, that *fierce and redoubtable* horseman.
Œneus at home remained, but my father, an exile, to Argos

Wandering, dwelt: so Zeus ordained and the other immortals.
There, to Adrastus' daughter wedded, he built him a mansion
Stately, and lived in wealth. Full many an acre of corn-land,
Owned him for lord; rich vineyards; flocks *and herds* in abundance.
Far before all in Achaia his fame went forth as a warrior.
Things like these, *well known*, must needs be fresh in your mem'ries.
Scorn not then my advice as of one unworthy your notice,
Base-born and low, of a race unknown to fame and distinction.
Let us at once to the fight, though wounded. Such is our duty,
Yet must we stand aloof, and bear no part in the combat,
Out of the reach of arrows, lest wound on wound be inflicted.
There be our task, to cheer the brave, and urge on the laggard,
Such as delight not in war, and would spare themselves in the struggle."
Thus he spake, and the chiefs gave heed to his words and obeyed them.
Forth they wended; the way being led by king Agamemnon.
Watchful beheld their march the great earth-shaking Poseidon,
Who in the form of an ancient warrior advancing to meet them,
Grasped, and pressing with friendly warmth the hand of Atreides,
Thus with encouraging words revived the hopes of the monarch:
"*Royal* Atreides! Now doth the vengeful heart of Achilles
Leap in his bosom for joy, when he sees the defeat of the Grecians,
Routed and slain; devoid alike of shame and of pity.
So may he perish! so with disgrace may the Gods overwhelm him!
Think not howbeit they all in wrath thy cause have abandoned.
Yet shall thine eyes behold the Troian princes and leaders,
Scouring in headlong flight o'er the dusty plain, and to Ilion
Hurrying, and leaving behind our tents and vessels *uninjured*."
Thus having said, *he left them, and* rushed o'er the plain to the battle
Furious, sending before him a *dire and terrible* war-cry
Loud as the shout of ten thousand warriors closing in battle.
Such and so vast the roar from the ample chest of Poseidon
Sent forth abroad. Fresh strength to each Grecian heart it imparted,
Still to maintain the struggle, and fight it out to the utmost.
Heré now from her golden throne on the heights of Olympus
Turned her *resplendent* eyes, *to behold the actions of mortals.*

Soon she perceived and knew her brother (her own and her consort's)
Actively mixing in fight, and her soul rejoiced *when she saw him.*
Zeus too, on Ida's loftiest peak all streaming with fountains,
Sitting apart she beheld, and her heart was embittered with hatred.
Straightway, *however,* the thought arose in the mind of the goddess,
How to beguile, *and divert for a time;* the Thund'rer's attention. (160)
This to her mind appeared the most available counsel:
Ida to seek, arrayed in all her choicest adornments,
There in soft dalliance to hold him engaged, unsuspecting and careless,
Till o'er his senses should steal the o'erpow'ring pressure of slumber,
Quenching the light of his eyes in darkness, his thoughts in oblivion.
So to her chamber fair she repaired, by Hephæstus constructed.
Closed were its solid doors with a secret bolt, which his mother
Only, among the Gods, possessed the skill to unfasten.
Entered, she closed the door, and locked it secure *from intrusion.*
Then with Ambrosia laved her *pure and* delicate person, (170)
Making the fair yet fairer, and rich ambrosial unguents
Copious affused, and odorous oils, which, sprinkling the pavement,
Wafted afar through the *bow'r and the* bronze-built halls of Olympus
Fragrance, *by winds caught up and* diffused through earth and through heaven.
Such the perfume from the Goddess that breathed. Then combing her tresses,
Wavy and bright; with her *slender* fingers she twined them *in ringlets,*
From her immortal head *down rippling in gold o'er her shoulders.*
Next round her form an ambrosial robe she flung, by Athené
Curiously wrought, with many a wond'rous feat of embroid'ry,
Which to confine o'er her bosom, with golden clasps she secured it;
Adding a zone of an hundred fringes her waist to encircle. (181)
Gleaming pendants hung from her pierced ears, and a jewel
Threefold sparkled in each. All grace shone forth in her movements.
Floating adown from her queenly head a veil there descended
Beauteous and newly wrought, which shone like the sun in its splendour.
Under her snowy feet her sandals rich she adjusted;

Stepped forth then from her chamber in perfect and faultless adornment,
And to her presence summoned the goddess of smiles, Aphrodité.
Thus then, apart from the rest of the Gods, she *blandly* addressed her:
"Say, dear child! wilt thou give me thine aid and do what I ask thee?
Or must I look for nought at thy hands save angry refusal
For that I favour the Greeks, thy wishes inclining to Troia?"
Thus then spake in reply the daughter of Zeus, Aphrodité:
"Heré! Goddess august and revered! great daughter of Kronos!
Only declare thy will, and be sure of my ready obedience,
If it be aught that lies within my pow'r to accomplish."
Thus then, in words of deceptive guile, great Hera responded:
"Give me that charm of love and of *unresisted* attraction,
Which to thy will subdues *all hearts of* Gods and *of* mortals.
Now on a visit I go unto Earth's extremes, where the Ocean,
Parent of Gods, extends, and to Tethys, mother of all things.
These received me from Rhea: they nursed with care and they reared me
In their *primeval* mansion, when Zeus with Kronos contending
Whelmed him beneath the earth and the barren *expanse of the* waters:
Thither I go on a mission of peace, to heal their dissensions.
Long have they kept asunder, refusing each other's embraces,
Shunning their mutual couch, their hearts embittered by anger.
Could I with soft persuasive words appease their aversion,
Bring them together again, and join them in love for the future,
How would they then revere my name and acknowledge my kindness!"
Then making answer replied the goddess of smiles Aphrodité:
"Vain in itself, and unseemly too, were the thought of refusal
To the great queen of heav'n who reclines in the arms of its sov'reign."
Thus she spake, and unbound from her waist th' *all-powerful* cestus,
Wondrously wrought, in whose circuit lurked each charm and allurement,
Longing Desire and adoring Love, sweet mutual Endearment,
Soft seductive Persuasion which steals the soul from the prudent.

This in the hands of Hera she placed, and thus she bespake her:
"Take this sash, conceal it, and wear it pressed to thy bosom.
In its embroidered circlet are all my charms. It will aid thee
All thou desir'st to perform; nor return with thy wish unaccomplished."
Thus she spake; and with smiles the goddess accepted the cestus:
Joy dilating her glorious eyes, in her bosom she placed it.
Then to her palace returned the daughter of Zeus, Aphrodité.
Heré down from Olympus plunged, *not losing a moment*,
Swift o'er the rich Pierian plains, and Emathia the lovely,
Passed; and o'er Thracia's snowy peaks and loftiest summits
Skimmed; her feet not touching the earth: then downward from Athos
Glancing swept, far borne o'er the billowy face of the Ocean,
Lemnos at length she reached, the realm of Thoas the Godlike.
There the abode of Sleep, Death's brother, she sought: having found him
Eager she clung to his hand, and named him by name, and addressed him:
"Sleep! subduer of every God, of every mortal!
If thou hast e'er obeyed my words, or accomplished my wishes,
Now be persuaded; and grateful for ever henceforth shalt thou find me.
Close the refulgent eyes of Zeus, and weigh down his eyelids,
Soon as in love's soft trance on his couch reclined thou shalt find him;
So will I give thee a golden throne untarnishing, gorgeous,
This shall my limping son, my Hephæstus, make; *for thy comfort*,
Placing beneath it a rich-wrought footstool *soft and convenient*,
Where thou mayst rest thy feet *in luxurious ease*, at thy banquets."
Thus making answer replied the soft dispenser of slumbers:
"Heré! Goddess august and revered! great daughter of Kronos;
Over all other Gods might I *wave my rod, and* in slumber
Easily seal their eyes. Not Oceanus' self could resist me,
Though round the world his streams he roll, the producer of all things.
Zeus however I may not approach, unbidden, uncalled for,
Nor on Kronion's lids presume to shed my enchantments.
Once before has thy dread command impelled me to try it,
When his own all-too daring son, *the mighty Heracles*,
Sailed from the Troian shores, *full flushed* with the conquest of Ilion.

Then did I pour myself round the Thunderer's soul, and insidious
Steal on his sense, while thou wrought'st out thy project of mischief,
Rousing the angry winds and scatt'ring his fleet o'er the waters;
Hurrying the hero away, deprived of his friends and companions,
Far aside to the Coan Isle. When the Father awakened
Dire was his wrath; and Gods on Gods he hurled through Olympus.
Me did he chiefly seek, and down to the sea had he dashed me
Lost for ever: but Night was my refuge. Flying I sought her
Mother of Gods and men. For Zeus, however indignant, (260)
Dreaded the realm to invade of that swift *mysterious* Power.
And shall I now once more incur so fearful a hazard?"

Thus he spake, and thus imperial Hera responded:
"Why art thou thus dismayed, O Sleep? *Why talk'st thou of danger?*
Think'st thou that thundering Zeus such vengeance will take for the Trojans
As for Heracles, his own dear son, when his wrath was excited?
Hear me! *Do this*, and a bride will I give thee, one of my Graces,
Youngest *and fairest* of all, Pasithea's self. Thou shalt wed her,
Her, whom thy heart for many a day hath worshipped and longed for."

Thus she spake, and delighted Sleep this answer returned her: (270)
"Swear then! Swear by the dark inviolate Stygian torrent!
Stretch forth one of thine hands on the fruitful earth, and the other
Over the cold and barren expanse of the sea; and to witness,
Call those infernal and awful Gods, the associates of Kronos,
That thou wilt give me Pasithea's self, of thy Graces the youngest,
Her whom my heart hath so long desired, and unite us in wedlock."

Thus insisting he spake: nor did Hera refuse her compliance;
What he requir'd she swore; and she named the names of the Titans,
(So are they called) beneath Tartarus dwelling *in pain and in darkness;*
Calling them all to witness. When now the oath was completed (280)
Forth they fared: the Lemnian isle and the cities of Imbros
Leaving, in mist involved they pursued their path o'er the waters.
Ida, the nurse of savage beasts and the mother of fountains,
Soon did they reach, and Lectos where first they quitted the Ocean.
Thence over land they swept, and the dense woods shivered beneath them.

There, to avoid the eyes of Zeus, Sleep lingered behind her,
Mounting aloft on a spiry fir, the tallest on Ida,
Rearing through *cloud and* mist its stately form to the Heavens.
There did he sit, concealed by its thick o'ershadowing branches,
Likened in form to the bird which sends forth its shriek *to the night-wind*, (290)
Chalcis called by the Gods, but to mortals known as Cymindis.
Hera to Gargarus now, the loftiest summit of Ida,
Speeded. The cloud-compelling Zeus perceived her approaching.
Soon as he saw her, love o'er his senses stole, and a rapture
Seized on his soul like that when first he gained her affections,
Leading her, *nothing loth*, to his couch, unknown to their parents.
Rising to meet her he went, and endearingly named and addressed her:
"Hera! Why leav'st thou Olympus? What cause hath brought thee to Ida?
Why do I see thee here without thy steeds and thy chariot?"
Thus then in words of deceptive guile bright Hera responded: (300)
"Hence on a visit I go unto earth's extremes, where the Ocean,
Parent of Gods, extends, and Tethys, mother of all things.
These in their mansion received, and reared me with care and with kindness,
Thither I go on a mission of peace, to heal their dissensions.
Long have they kept asunder, refusing each other's embraces,
Shunning their mutual couch, their hearts embittered with anger.
Here on the skirts of many-rilled Ida my steeds and my chariot
Stand, awaiting my pleasure, to bear me o'er land and o'er ocean.
Thou thyself art the cause that to Ida I come, *thy permission Seeking;* so that hereafter thou blame me not, as in secret (310)
Stealing away to visit the ocean Pow'rs in their palace."
Thus to her artful speech the cloud-compeller responded:
"Hera! suffice some future day to accomplish thy mission.
This, ere it pass, to love and to joy let us give: for *more beauteous Ne'er didst thou seem in mine eyes*, nor ever for Goddess or woman
Glowed my heart with such rapturous love as now that I view thee.
Not so loved I Ixion's spouse, who, *returning my passion*,
Made me Peirithoüs' sire, that rival of gods in his wisdom:

Not so inspired me Danaë the fair, Acrisius' daughter,
Mother of mighty Perseus, the most illustrious of warriors:
Not so the daughter of Phœnix, the first and most famous of Princes,
She to whom Minos owed his birth, and divine Rhadamanthus:
Not so Semelé, not so the lovely Theban Alcmena
(Semele gave Dionysus birth, chief solace of mortals,
Fair Alcmena my noble son, the mighty Heracles):
Not so the *yellow* locks and the queenly grace of Demeter,
Leto, or ev'n thyself in *the pride of thy maidenly beauty*,
Filled me with love like that thy charms now raise in my bosom."
Thus then in words of deceptive guile bright Hera responded:
"Offspring of Kronos dread! What words are these thou hast spoken?
This is no fitting place in love to indulge and in dalliance,
Here upon Ida's top where all is exposed and unsheltered.
How would it be if one of the Gods should chance to behold us
Locked in each other's arms in sleep? and should hie to Olympus
Telling the tale? And think'st thou I e'er could return to our palace,
Fresh from thy arms? *I should sink*, o'erwhelmed with shame and confusion.
Yet if thou long for the sweet exchange of love and endearment,
Shun we the public gaze. Thy Hephæstus hath built thee a chamber,
High on Olympus, by doors and bolts secured from intrusion:
There, if thou wilt, retire, *and spare my shame and my blushes.*"
Then making answer in turn, the cloud-compeller responded:
"Dread not, Hera! the gaze to encounter of Gods or of mortals;
Such *and so dense* a golden cloud will I raise to involve us,
Not the all-seeing sun, whose beams through the earth and the heavens
Dart, shall avail to pierce that *thick, mysterious* covert."
Thus he spake, and her *beauteous form* in his arms he encircled.
Straightway the earth from her teeming lap fresh flow'rs in abundance
Poured forth. The crocus bright and the hyacinth sprang, and the lotus
Dewy; and soft interwoven they swelled, and bore up the lovers,
Forming their couch: and above them a cloud all *fragrant and* golden
Gathered, and *pearly* dews distilled, as it thickened around them.

Thus in the arms of Hera, by love and by sleep overpowered,
Zeus on Gargarus' height lay entranced, *forgetful of all things.*
SLEEP without loss of time set forth for the ships of the Grecians,
Bearing the news to the God who surrounds the world with his waters.
Close to his elbow he stood, and thus delivered his message:
"Now, O Poseidon! bestow thy heartiest aid on the Grecians;
Lead them to victory on: for a while at least, while Kronion
Lies *by my pow'r subdued, and* wrapped in a mantle of slumber,
Yielding himself to love's soft spells and Hera's delusions." (360)
Ending, he flew to dispense his gentle solace to mortals.
Then on another and bolder effort Poseidon determined.
Springing at once to the front, in a voice of thunder he shouted:
"Argives! Victory thus will ye tamely abandon to Hector,
Yield to the son of Priam your ships, and crown him with glory?
Only because Achilles still holds him aloof in his anger,
Dares he put forth this vaunt and indulge in this *insolent* menace.
Small were our need of Achilles' aid, were we only determined
Firmly to hold our ground, and stoutly stand by each other.
Up then! Let all attend, and let each man do as I order. (370)
All whose heads by the best and strongest helms are protected,
All who carry the broadest shields, whose lances are longest,
All who have strength to wield such weapons and courage to use them,
Follow my lead. Let us on! and we soon shall see whether Hector,
Let him be ever so eager for fight, will dare to await us.
Such of the brave and strong, as have small, unsuitable bucklers,
Change them with feebler men whom weightier shields but encumber."
Thus he spake; and all to his words gave ear and obeyed him.
Wounded *and lame* as they were, the Princes lent their assistance.
Brave Diomedes, Odysseus, and Atreus' son, Agamemnon, (380)
Aided the troops to exchange their ill-sorted arms, and allotted
Such as were best to the stalwart and brave; the worst to the feeble.
Soon they resumed their ranks, having donned their glittering armour,
Then marched on. At their head the great earth-shaking Poseidon
Bore in his pow'rful grasp a long and ponderous falchion,
Lightning-flashing and dreadful to view. Recoiling with horror,
Mortal valour rebuked would shrink, nor venture to face it.

Hector to meet such stern assault *concentered his* forces,
Undismayed, *and* arrayed *them with care in th' order of battle.*
Fiercer than ever before, both sides prepared for the struggle,
Azure Poseidon leading the Greeks, great Hector the Trojans.
Furious the sea dashed up to the ships and tents of the Grecians,
Answ'ring *with rude applause* to their shout as they closed in the conflict:
Not with a wilder roar do its waves roll in from the offing,
Scourging some *rocky* beach, with the blasts of impetuous Boreas;
Not with such whirlwind rush do the crackling flames of a mountain
Roar, in some rifted gorge confined, where the forests are blazing;
Not with such fierce persistent howl do the winds in their fury
Tear through the foliaged crowns of the lofty oaks that oppose them;—
As *through the field* prevailed when the Greeks closed in on the Trojans,
Shouting defiance and rage, *and rending the sky with their clamour.*
Hector first on advancing Aias darted his jav'lin,
Full at his breast, and the spear went straight to its mark; but alighted
Just where the two broad belts on his bosom crossed, which supported,
This, his *enormous* shield; that, the sword *with its scabbard of* silver.
Thus he escaped unhurt, while Hector, *baffled and* angry
So to have failed, and in vain dismissed the spear that he trusted,
Back to the ranks of his friends withdrew, in bitter vexation.
Foll'wing him up as he went, the great Telamonian Aias
Lifted one of the blocks which beneath their feet in abundance
Lay, having served as supports for the ships, and hurled it against him,
Whirling it round: and it spun like a top from his hands, and alighting
Over the rim of his shield, where springs the neck from the shoulder,
Crushed him down. Like an oak he fell, which the bolt of the thund'rer
Smites from its root, amid *smould'ring smoke and* sulphury vapour,
Signs of his wrath, and a shudder of dread on all who behold it
Falls, when in presence thus they witness the might of Kronion.
Suddenly smitten to earth thus Hector lay, and his jav'lin
Quitted his grasp, and his mighty shield and helm overwhelmed him,

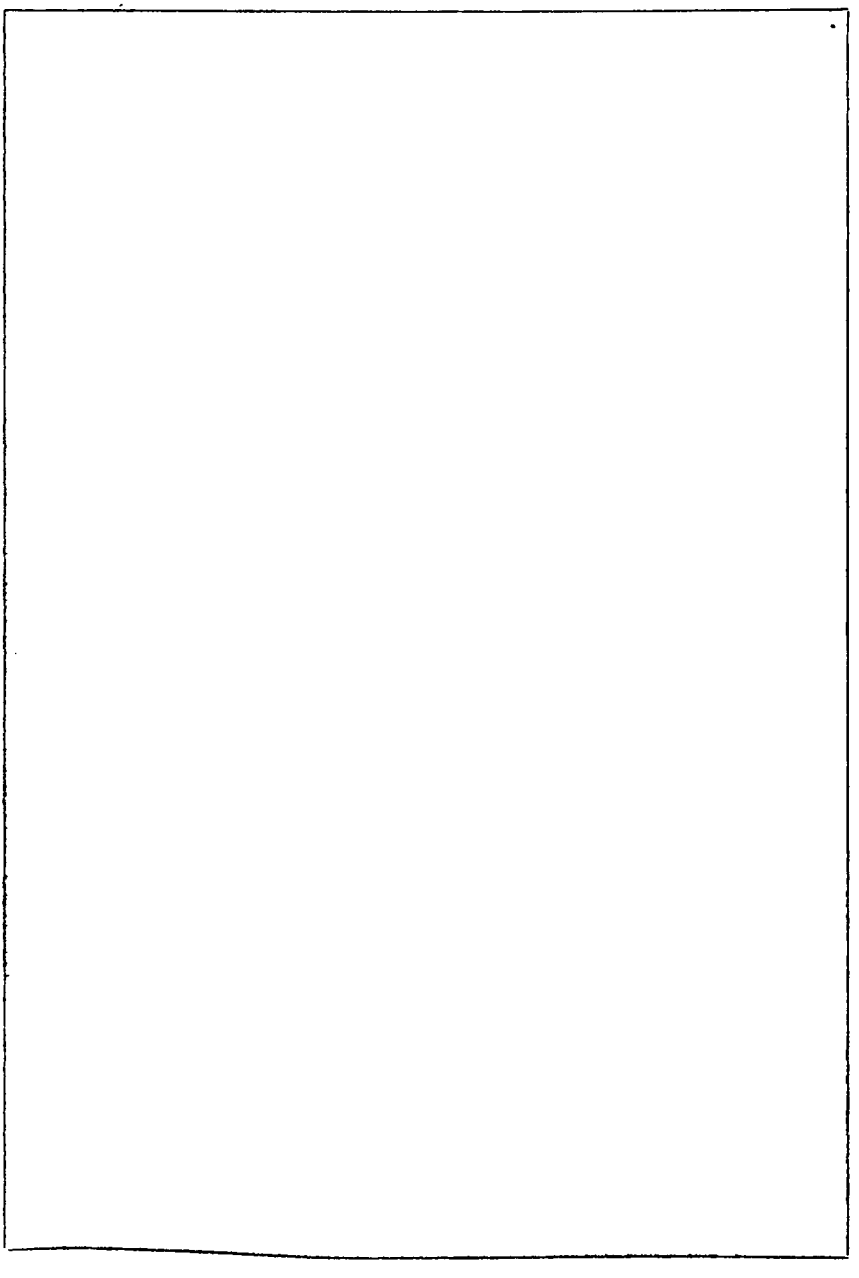
While in his fall loud clashed his brazen and various armour,
Up to the spot ran shouting *in crowds* the sons of Achaia.
Hoping to drag and despoil his corse, and many a weapon
Aimed at him *where he lay;* but that form so royal and sacred
Spear nor arrow availed to wound: for the Princes of Troia
Gathered around him, Polydamas brave, and godlike Agenor,
Great Æneas, Sarpedon the Lycian sov'reign, and Glaucus.
Nor did the rest of his friends neglect the defence of their leader.
Round him they closed their full-orb'd shields; while others behind them
Lifted and bore him off from the press: then sought out his chariot
Far in the rear, where his horses stood, and attendants, who held them
Ready at need to the bright car harnessed. There did they lay him,
Gently towards the city the groaning hero conveying.
Now had they reached the ford of the fair wide-eddying Xanthus,
Xanthus, offspring of Zeus immortal. There they alighted,
Lifting him softly down from the car; and water they sprinkled,
Copious and fresh. Then he breathed once more, and lifting his eyelids
Looked on the sky; then knelt, black gore from his bosom ejecting;
Then once more sunk back on the ground, and the shadows of darkness
Gathered afresh round his swimming sight, and his senses forsook him.
Soon as the Greeks perceived great Hector borne from the combat,
On with renewed and impetuous force they rushed at the Trojans.
Foremost of all sprang forward the swift Oïlean Aias:
Satnius, Œnops' son, with his spear he pierced, whom a Naiad
Bore, on the flowery banks of Satnio's stream, by his father
Œnops frequented, who tended his flocks and herds on its borders.
Him on the flank Oïleus smote, the redoubtable spearman
Closing upon him. Supine on the ground he fell, and above him
Trojans and Greeks engaged in a fierce and desperate struggle
Mighty Polydamas, Panthous son, stood forth his avenger,
Hurled his spear, and full on his shoulder struck Prothoënor,

Great Areïlochus' son. The spear passed straight through the shoulder,
Issuing behind: and he fell, and clutched the dust in his death-pang,
Thus then in loud and arrogant tones Polydamas shouted:
"Never in vain, methinks, doth a jav'lin speed on its errand
Sent from the strong right hand of Panthoüs' son. In his person
One of the Greeks just now hath felt its point. Let him take it:
Fit support for his downward steps to the mansion of Hades."
Such was his vaunt, and stirred was each Argive heart at the insult;
Deeply it moved the wrath of the great Telamonian Aias, (459)
Close at whose side he stood when struck; who, lifting his weapon,
Aimed it full at the Trojan chief in the act of retiring.
Deftly springing aside from the blow, black death he avoided,
While in his stead Archilochus, offspring of *godlike* Antenor,
Caught the full force of the blow, foredoomed by the Gods to destruction;
Just at the nape, where the neck sustains the head, it alighted,
Cutting the bones and tearing the two strong sinews asunder:
Down dropped his head: on the face it fell, and the mouth and the nostrils
Reached the ground, while the limbs for a moment supported his body.
Answering then to Polydamas' taunt, great Aias responded:
"Man for man, come tell me, Polydamas! which is the worthier, (470)
Doth not he who hath fall'n to my spear outweigh Prothoënor?
Base, or of vulgar descent I deem him not: for his features
One of Antenor's race proclaim him. Nay, if I err not,
One of his sons, for I trace in the lines a family likeness."
Thus he spake, well knowing the man. Sore grieved were the Trojans.
Acamas then, fierce stalking around the corpse of his brother
Promachus slew, the Bœotian chief, by the feet who had seized him.
Then in exulting tones thus shouted aloud to the Grecians:
"Argives, no better than bowmen! In threats more abounding than actions!

Not upon us alone shall the toils and sorrows of warfare (480)
Fall. You shall have your share; and wounds and death be your portion.
Lo! where your Promachus sleeps, by my spear subdued. *For a lesson*
Take it. Long unrequited I left not the death of my brother.
Happy the man who can boast that *come what may, if in battle*
Destined to fall, he leaves in his father's house an avenger."
Thus he spake: and each Argive heart was stirred with emotion.
Peneleûs' warlike soul was the first that burned with resentment,
Who upon Acamas rushed. But he turned and fled, nor awaited
Royal Peneleûs' charge. Ilioneus next he encountered
(Son of the wealthy Phorbas, whom Hermes, best of the Trojans, (490)
Cherished and loved, and with flocks and herds and boundless possessions
Gifted), *his father's joy, and* the only son of his mother.
Him through the eye he pierced, and the spear passed straight through its socket,
Forcing the eyeball out; and its course held on till it issued
Forth at the back of the skull; and down he sank, and extended
Helplessly both his hands. Then Pèneleus' sword from the scabbard
Drew he, and lopped his neck. Down dropped the head with its helmet
Still by the spear transfixed. This lifting aloft, like a poppy
Borne on its stalk, he shewed to the Troian host, and, exulting,
Shouted aloud, and thus with triumphant scorn he addressed them: (500)
"Trojans! report what ye see to your boasted Ilioneus' parents.
Tell them to *raise the funeral wail, and* lament in their palace.
Bitter will be the grief, too, of Promachus' wife when she hastens
Forth, her husband to greet, the offspring of great Alegenor:
We meanwhile in our ships shall return, victorious, from Troia."
Thus while he spake, pale fear and horror seized on the Trojans,
Each gazing anxious around for a way of escape from destruction.

Tell me, ye Muses! ye who the halls of Olympus inhabit,
Which of the Greeks first won the blood-stain'd spoils of a foeman,

Now that earth-shaking Poseidon had turned the tide of the battle.
Hyrtius fell to the spear of the great Telamonian Aias, (511)
Gyrtias' son, a chief of renown, and the Mysians' leader.
Phalces and Mermerus next to Antilochus fell, and he spoiled them.
Morus, Hippotion, sank beneath brave Merion's jav'lin.
Prothoön died on Teucer's spear, and fierce Periphetes.
Atreus' son, Hyperenor, the pastor and friend of his people,
Struck through the flank; and the thirsty spear, plunged deep in his entrails,
Drank his blood: while his life through the *gaping* wound, which the weapon
Left *when withdrawn*, exhaled, and darkness closed o'er his eyelids.
Far surpassing them all in the number *and might* of his victims, (520)
Swift Oïlean Aias o'ertook the flying, and slew them;
Matchless in speed to pursue whom Zeus in disorder had scattered.



THE ILIAD.

BOOK XV.

BOOK THE FIFTEENTH.

ARGUMENT.

ZEUS awakening, and seeing the Trojans in flight, the Greeks advancing aided by Poseidon, and Hector disabled, is indignant, and threatens Hera, who appeases him. She is sent to Olympus to summon Iris and Apollo, who go to receive the orders of Zeus. Hera excites discontent among the Gods and in particular that of Ares by the news of his son's death. He is on the point of breaking into open rebellion, but is prevented by Pallas. Iris is dispatched to Poseidon to order him to leave the field, which he does with reluctance; Apollo restores Hector and brings him again on the field: then advancing at the head of the Trojans with the Ægis of Zeus, he levels a portion of the trench and wall, over which they enter and attack the fleet, but are for the present prevented by the prowess of Aias from firing it.

ILIAD. BOOK XV.

NOW in their flight had the Trojans recrossed the ditch and the rampart,
Leaving behind them many a comrade slain by the Grecians.
Panting and pale with fear beside *the line of* their chariots
Gathered they stood, *and breathed awhile.* Now Zeus upon Ida,
Rousing himself from *his dream of love by* the side of his consort,
Sprang to his feet, *looked down*, and beheld the Greeks and the Trojans;
These in disordered rout, those following up their advantage,
Scatt'ring their rear, and Poseidon himself *assisting the Grecians.*
Hector too he beheld on the plain outstretched, his companions
Sitting around, while his breath came thick, and his senses were wand'ring,
Vomiting blood: for not by the feeblest Greek was he wounded.
Pitying beheld him the Father of Gods and men; and *indignant*
Bent upon Hera an awful frown, while thus he addressed her:
"*This is thy doing!* These thine arts! Deviser of mischief,
Hera! By thee is Hector removed from the fight, and his warriors
Routed. Sure am I not that the fruit of this wicked contrivance
Thou shalt thyself not reap, and feel the scourge of my anger.
Hast thou forgotten the day when on high suspended, with anvils
Slung to thy feet, I held thee chained by the hands, and in fetters
Golden, infrangible, swung thee aloft 'mid clouds, in the æther?
Sore were the Gods on Olympus' height distressed when they saw thee,
Standing around in dismay, unable to free, or to aid thee.

One did I seize in my wrath and dashed him down from the threshold
Breathless and bruised to the earth. Nor yet was my anger abated:
Such were my grief and rage at the woes of godlike Heracles,
Whom thy malignant hate, the subservient tempests arousing,
Chased o'er the desolate sea by the aid of impetuous Boreas.
Hardly the Coan shore he reached. There I came to his rescue,
Saved him *from utter destruction* and landed him safely in Argos,
Famed for its steeds, though sore distressed and exhausted by suff'rings. (30)
[Then, nor till then, did I free thy feet, and those ponderous masses
Down, as a sign to all future time, I hurled upon Troia.]
This recal to thy mind and abandon thy schemes of deception. (31)
Learn from this, how little thy semblance of love and affection
Aids thy cause, when Olympus thou quit'st, intent to beguile me."

Thus he spake, and a shudder of dread pervaded the Goddess,
While in these eager words *of ready excuse* she addressed him:
"Witness, O Earth! Bear witness, thou boundless æthereal concave!
Deep-gliding waters of Styx, *attest my words!* By th' immortals
Ever the holiest of oaths esteemed, *inviolate*, awful—
By thy own sacred head I swear—by that which of all things
Least would I lightly invoke, our virgin bed:—*Oh! believe me:* (40)
Not by persuasion of mine doth the great earth-shaking Poseidon
Harass the Trojans and Hector and lend his aid to the Argives.
Prompted alone by his own desires he joins in the conflict,
Pitying the Greeks, at their ships attacked, *and ready to perish.*
Would he but hear my advice, he would quit the field and betake him
Whithersoe'er my cloud-enshrouded lord may command him."

Thus she spake, and, *appeased*, the Father of Gods and of mortals
Smiled *once more on his wife*, and *in gentler accents* responded:
"Wouldst thou henceforward, Hera! my bright-eyed queen and my partner,
Think with thy lord, and support his pow'r in the conclave of Heaven,
Soon would the great Poseidon his proud rebellious behaviour (51)
Change, and adopt the side by us both approved and supported.
If then the truth thou speak'st, if really sincere thine intentions,
Join the assembled synod of Gods, and summoning Iris

Send her to me. Send too the glorious archer, Apollo.
Iris first, to the host of the bronze-mailed sons of Achaia
Speeding, shall bear my dread command to the Monarch of Ocean
Back to his waves to retire, and mix no more in the contest.
Hector shall Phœbus Apollo restore to strength and to vigour,
Soothing the pains he endures, and once more eager for combat
Send him fresh to the fight, where the Greeks in turn he shall scatter
Headlong in flight; to panic abandoned and helpless confusion.
Flying, a refuge the Greeks will seek at the ships of Achilles,
Peleus' son, who will send them his loved companion Patroclus.
Many a Troian chief by his hand will fall, and among them
Ev'n my own godlike son, Sarpedon himself: until Hector
Stretch beneath Ilion's walls the lifeless corse of Patroclus.
Then shall Achilles rise in his wrath, and Hector shall perish.
Thenceforth, uninterrupted success shall commence for the Grecians.
Back from their ships and tents shall the Trojans retreat to their city:
Ilion at length shall fall, through the counsels and aid of Athené.
This be assured: henceforth unappeased my wrath will continue,
Nor will I suffer one of the Gods to give aid to the Argives
While of Peleides' prayer one whit remains unaccomplished.
This have I promised, this by my nod confirmed, unto Thetis,
On that *eventful* day when my knees she embraced, and entreated
Vengeance and compensation full for the wrongs of Achilles."

Thus spake Zeus: nor did fair-armed Hera withhold her compliance.
Ida she quitted, and reached the spacious halls of Olympus
Swift as when some *wayfaring* man, rememb'ring his travels
Far over land *and sea*, in his thoughts runs over the distance:—
'Here was I now, now there'—each scene through his memory glancing:
Such and so swift was the eager and darting flight of the Goddess.

Now in the halls of lofty Olympus she stood, where th' immortals
All assembled she found. Up rose each God at her coming,
Duteous, and welcomed her back with goblets *brimming with nectar*.
Themis the fair alone she noticed, who hast'ning to meet her
Handed a flowing bowl, which Hera received, while the Goddess

Thus to her sov'reign addressed these anxious words *of enquiry:*
"Why so disturbed, O Hera! What means this look of amazement?
Say! Hath thy lord, dark Kronos' son, said aught to alarm thee?"
Thus in her turn to Themis the fair-armed Hera responded:
"Ask me not, Themis! well thou know'st his imperious temper,
How unbending in spirit, how harsh and stern in his conduct.
Take thy place, and preside o'er the equal feast of th' immortals.
Then shalt thou hear, with all the rest, what Zeus is preparing;
What an array of ills he announces:—such as, believe me!
Few of the Gods or of men will be found to approve, and to some here
Feasting complacently now, *will cruelly mar their enjoyment.*"
Ceased the Goddess august and her seat resumed, and amazement
Fell upon all th' assembled Gods: for a smile, as of mock'ry,
Played on her lips, while her clouded brow seemed fraught with displeasure.
Thus, addressing the Gods, in indignant words she harangued them:
"Fools that we are to waste on Zeus our impotent anger,
Flatt'ring ourselves that by word or force we can soothe or restrain him;
Sitting aloof in gloomy state apart from our councils,
Conscious of pow'r supreme and transcendent strength, he *despises*
All we can do, nor heeds our complaints, nor is moved by our anger.
Therefore endure, *as best ye may*, whate'er he may send you,
Bitter to bear *though it be*, and take your example from Ares.
Slain on the battle-field Ascalaphus lies, his belov'd one,
Dearest of mortal men to his heart, and the boast of his father."
Thus she spake, and at once *up sprang infuriate* Ares;
Smote with his hands on his stalwart thighs, and wildly addressed them:
"Deem not amiss, ye Gods! that I quit your Olympian dwelling,
Hurrying down to avenge my son at the ships of the Grecians,
Reckless of Zeus *and his wrath*, though he strike me down with his lightning,
Hurled, among dust and blood, on the heaps of the dead and the dying."
Ending, to Fear and Flight his command he issued, his chariot

Quick to prepare, while himself in his radiant arms he invested.
Then on th' immortals all would a dire and terrible vengeance
Surely have fall'n at the hands of Zeus incensed; but Athené,
Filled with alarm *for herself and* for all the host of Olympus,
Started at once from her throne, and rushed to the gate *ere he passed it,*
Snatched from his head the helm, and tore the shield from his shoulders;
Wrenched from his pow'rful hand the brazen spear which it wielded,
Striking it *deep* in the ground; and indignant, thus she addressed him:
"Ares! furious! insane! Thou art lost!—deprived of thy senses.
Hast thou not ears to hear? By shame art thou wholly abandoned?
Hast thou, I say, not heard the words of Hera *our sov'reign,*
Newly come from Olympian Zeus; *what wrath she denounces?*
Wouldst thou be hunted back, against thy will, to Olympus,
Groaning with pain and bitter despite, yet forced to obey him;
Bringing upon us all the wrath thy fault hath excited?
Hither in haste will he come, and here will he vent his displeasure,
Leaving the Greeks and Trojans to fight it out; nor distinguish
Guilty from innocent: all will feel the weight of his vengeance.
Therefore suppress thy wrath for the death of thy son; and remember,
Mightier by far than he, more skilled in the use of their weapons,
Time out of mind have fall'n and still must fall. 'Tis the sentence
Passed upon all mankind; nor can aught avail to avert it."
Thus she spake, and led to his throne th' infuriate war-god.
Heré now from the hall forth beckoned Apollo and Iris,
Iris who bears the commands of Zeus to Gods and to mortals.
Both her summons obeyed; then thus the Goddess addressed them:
"Zeus requires your prompt and immediate attendance on Ida;
Thither repair. From himself ye shall learn when ye stand in his presence
What are his high behests. These fail ye not to accomplish."
Thus having said, the Goddess august returned, and in silence
Seated herself on her throne. Then Phœbus and Iris to Ida
Hasted, the nurse of savage beasts and the mother of fountains.
Seated they found the father on Gargarus' loftiest summit,
Round him a mist suffused of *rich, ambrosial* fragrance.
Rev'rent, the cloud-compeller approaching, they stood in his presence.

He, with their prompt attendance pleased, and with Hera's obedience,
Mildly received them, and shewed no sign of wrath or displeasure.
Iris first he addressed, *and this the commission he gave her:*
"Iris! Hie thee hence, and seek the monarch Poseidon,
All I tell thee repeat, with strict and careful exactness.
Bid him desist from war, and at once retire from the battle,
Join the assembly of Gods on high, or return to his ocean:
Should he refuse to obey, and with scorn reject my injunction,
Bid him reflect, and consider it well. Can he hope to withstand me
Strong as he is, when *in person* I come, to compel his obedience?
Bid him remember too that, superior in might and dominion,
Mine is the right of elder birth: nor presumptuously boast him
Equal to Zeus, whom all obey as their lord and their master."
Iris obeyed, and swift as the winds, from the mountains of Ida
Darting, alighted at once near the sacred city of Ilion.
As when the snowy drift, swept on by the impulse of Boreas
Hurries along, or the freezing hail, while the clouds he disperses.
So pressing on with eager speed the swift-winged Iris
Close to Poseidon arrived, and thus delivered her message:
"Dark-browed King! who surround'st the earth with the roll of thy billows:
Hither I come, with a message from Ægis-bearing Kronion.
These are his orders. Desist from war. Withdraw from the battle.
Join the assembled Gods on high, or retire to thine ocean.
If thou refuse to obey, and with scorn reject his injunction,
Hear what he threatens. Himself will descend and in person compel thee.
Therefore he bids thee reflect in time, and avoid his encounter;
Bids thee remember too that superior in might and dominion,
His is the right of elder birth; nor presumptuously boast thee
Equal to Zeus, whom all obey as their lord and their master."
Grievously angered, thus replied the lord of the earthquake:
"Gods! what a menace is this! Thus thinks he by force to coerce me,
Strong though he be, his equal if not in might, yet in honour?
Brethren three we derive our birth from Kronos and Rhea,
Zeus; myself; and the third-born, Hades, ruler of Orcus.

All was divided between us: and each in his share is a sov'reign.
First to myself by lot it fell to inhabit the ocean,
Ever supreme in its hoary *depths:* In the region of darkness
Hades next: Zeus last, in the clouds, the skies, and the æther
Earth however and lofty Olympus are free and in common.
Therefore to me is his will no law, be he never so mighty.
Let him remain, content, in his own allotted dominion,
Nor to base threats of force expect me to yield, like a coward.
Bid him reserve such words of vain and insolent menace
For his own sons and daughters with whom he hath peopled Olympus.
Those may he safely threaten, for those are bound to obey him."
Iris, swift as the winged wind, this answer returned him:
"Must I then bear unto Zeus, O dark-browed lord of the ocean!
Such a reply, so fierce, so unbending, as that thou hast spoken?
Surely *thou wilt not persist:* thou wilt change thy mind: for the noble
Know when to yield. And, remember! the Furies side with the elder."
Thus then in turn replied the great earth-shaking Poseidon:
"Iris! goddess! thy words are just: I know, I admit it.
Happy it is when an envoy perceives the right, *and can urge it.*
Sharp was however the pang which pierced the heart in my bosom
When from thy lips I heard the rebuke he dares to address me—
Me! his equal in rank nor aught his inferior in fortunes.
Yet for the present I yield *and retire,* though justly indignant.
One thing however I tell thee, and threat *for threat* thou shalt bear him.
If, disregarding myself and Athenè spoiler *of cities,*
Hera, Hephæstus and Hermes alike from his councils excluding,
Ilion's lofty towers he spare, and refuse to destroy them,
And to the Greeks deny their meed of glory *and conquest,*
This let him know, that implacable hate shall part us for ever."
Thus having spoken the great earth-shaker retired from the battle.
Leaving the Greeks, in the deep he plunged, and withdrew his assistance,
Sorely missed by their chiefs. Then thus spake Zeus to Apollo:
Haste thee now, Phœbus dear! to the bronze-helmed warrior Hector.
Back to his waves hath retreated the world-encircling Poseidon,

Thus having scaped our *threatened and* imminent wrath. Had he lingered
Soon had the dark infernal Pow'rs, companions of Kronos,
Heard of our quarrel *and felt its shock.* For us both is it better,
Both for him and myself, that angry albeit and reluctant,
Thus from the field he retire, *nor oblige me by force to compel him.*
Not without *struggle and* toil severe had the feat been accomplished.
Bear thou now on thine arm this fringèd and terrible Ægis:
This when thou shak'st the *boldest* Grecian hero shall tremble. (230)
Hector, O far-darting king, to thy *healing* care is committed;
Fill him with vigour and might renewed, that the Grecians before him
Fly, till again they reach their ships and the Hellespont's margin.
Thither arrived, the word shall be spoken, the deed be accomplished
Which shall afford the Greeks a breathing time from their labours."
Thus he spake: and Phœbus obeyed the command of his father.
Headlong down like a hawk from Ida's summit he darted,
Fleetest of birds, when the *terrified* doves are scattered before him.
Hector divine, great Priam's son, he found: but no longer
Stretched on the ground. Upright he sate, and his senses returning,
Once more his friends he knew. More freely he breathed and the death-sweat (241)
Ceased: for the favouring spirit of Zeus had already revived him.
Standing close at his side thus spake far-darting Apollo:
"Hector, Priamus' son, why sit'st thou, far from thy Trojans,
Feeble and drooping of heart? Hath some misfortune befall'n thee?"
Crestwaving Hector faintly thus replied to his question:
"Who then art thou, most benign of Gods, who mak'st the enquiry?
Hast thou not heard how, fighting before the sterns of their vessels,
Slaying his comrades around him in heaps, impetuous Aias
Hurled on my bosom a stone, and stopped the career of my valour? (250)
Surely methought the *ghastly* dead and the mansion of Hades
I should this very day have beheld: for my soul was departing."
Thus then replied the king, the bright far-darting Apollo:
"Be of good cheer; be strong! for behold, how great a supporter
Zeus hath from Ida sent by thy side to stand and to aid thee,

Phœbus Apollo, lord of the golden sword, who am ever
Ready at hand to sustain and protect thy self and thy city.
Up then! Urge on again the num'rous host of thy horsemen
At the full speed of their steeds to the hollow ships of the Grecians:
I myself in the van will march making way for the chariots
Level and smooth, and turn to flight the bravest Achaians."
Thus he spake, and infused in the prince fresh courage and vigour.
As when a courser high-fed and exulting in pride of his freedom,
Bursting the rein which held him confined to his stall, o'er the meadows
Bounds forth prancing, eager to lave in some wide flowing river
Well remember'd. High tossing his head, while the mane o'er his shoulders
Streams on the wind, away he darts in his strength and his beauty
Far o'er the plain, in the distant pastures scenting his females.
Thus *with spirit renew'd*, each limb made supple and pliant,
Hector *advanced once more to the charge and* cheered on his horsemen.
As when a rustic band of men and dogs *in the woodland*
Chase *in full cry* some horned stag or goat of the mountain,
He to the lofty crag or the tangled gloom of the thicket
Flies, *and eludes their pursuit*, not destined yet to be taken:
Then, by their clamour aroused, a bearded lion approaches,
Crossing their way: reluctant they turn and fly from his presence:
Thus rushing on, the Greeks in dense *tumultuous* masses
Plied their swords and two-edged spears, still smiting the Trojans.
Soon as however great Hector they saw rejoining his comrades,
Struck with amaze, their hearts sank down and their courage forsook them.
Thoas, Andræmon's son, *who first perceived him*, addressed them,
Thoas, valiant in standing fight, and renowned as a spearman,
Bravest of all th' Ætolian leaders. Few in the council,
Where in debate the assembled chiefs contend, might excel him.
Wisely and well his thoughts he spake, and thus he harangued them:
"Gods! what wonder is here? Can I trust these eyes that behold it?
Here once more, defrauding the fates, have we Hector among us,
Risen again, whom we hoped, and all believed to have perished

Under the conquering hands of the great Telamonian Aias!
Surely some favouring pow'r divine must have saved and restored him!
Hector *himself we behold*, who hath slain full many a Grecian:—(291)
—(That which, methinks, will happen again; for *not unsupported*,
Not without thundering Zeus, comes he on so fierce with the foremost.)
All of you then who hear me, attend to my words and obey them.
Back to the ships let the vulgar crowd retire at our bidding.
We, who proclaim our worth as the bravest and best of our armies,
Here make a stand, and oppose his first advance, with our weapons
Boldly uplifted. Well I ween that, whatever his fierceness,
Scarce will he dare, so met, to pierce the array of the Grecians."
Thus did he speak: and all attentive heard and obeyed him. (300)
Those around Aias, those round the Cretan monarch assembled,
Those about Teucer, Merion, and Meges valiant as Ares,
Marshalled in battle array, the chiefs collecting on all sides;
Hector and all his Troian host to withstand; while to rearward
All of inferior note retreated back to the vessels.
On came the Trojans, pressing in serried array, with their leader
Hector, taking gigantic strides. Before him Apollo
Marched: with a *glowing* cloud were his shoulders veiled, and the Ægis
Dreadful, gleaming, shaggy with fringes, he bore; by Hephæstus
Framed, and to Zeus consigned, to be borne for the terror of mortals.
This on his arm aloft he raised, while he headed the onset. (311)
Banded together, the Greeks stood firm. Shrill echoing on all sides
Rose from each host a shout. Then leaped from many a bow-string
Shafts, from the nervous arm of many a warrior the jav'lins
Flew. Some deep infixed drank blood from the young and the valiant:
Some, falling short ere they grazed the unstain'd skin of a foeman,
Plunged in the ground, *of their prey defrauded*, thirsting for slaughter.
Now while aloft unmoved was the Ægis borne by Apollo,
Equal on both sides fell the shafts and perished the heroes.
But when full in the face of the Greeks his gaze he directed (320)
Shaking the Ægis and shouting a dreadful shout, in their bosoms
Withered their hearts, and the pride of their ancient valour forsook them.

As when two savage wolves coming down with assault unexpected
Scatter a flock of sheep, or a herd of kine in confusion,
What time the night after milking is dark and the keepers are absent:
Thus unresisting fled the Greeks, by Phœbus Apollo
Panic-smitten, while Hector and Troy he conducted to glory.
Broken was now their line, and man slew man in the tumult.
Stichius sank before Hector's might, and Arcesilaüs;
This, of Bœotia's bronze-mailed troops a prince and a leader,
That, of Menestheus bold the friend and faithful companion.
Medon and Iasus yielded their lives and spoils to Æneas;
Medon, godlike Oïleus son and the brother of Aias;
Though of unwedded love the fruit; who far from his country
Phylacé sought, having slain the brother of fair Eniopis,
Wife of Oïleus, and fled to escape the wrath of his father.
Iasus led into battle the brave Athenian warriors,
Iasus, Sphelus' reputed son, and Bucolus' grandson,
Next, to Polydamas' spear Mecistes fell, and Polites
Echius slew, as they fought in the foremost rank. Then Agenor
Clonius smote, while Paris his lance through Deïochus' shoulder
Drove, as he turned him to fly, and the point came forth through his breast-plate.
These of their arms were they stripping. The Greeks meanwhile in confusion
Plunged through the ditch, and among the stakes, and scatt'ring on all sides
Hither and thither, hard pushed, the wall they gained and surmounted.
But with a loud and piercing shout great Hector *indignant*
Bade them desist from spoil and push forward at once to the vessels:
"That man, whoe'er he be, who shall hold aloof or shall linger
Elsewhere than at the ships, to death on the spot will I doom him.
Nor shall his kindred *or friends* a pyre provide for his fun'ral,
Vultures and dogs shall tear him before the walls of our city."
Thus he spake, and the lash to his horses' shoulders applying
Urged them to speed, and called on the Troian warriors to follow;
They with a general shout replied. Whirled on by their coursers
Rattled the cars, while Phœbus Apollo, striding before them,

Crushed down the banks of the trench profound, and spurned them in ruin
Into its hollow depths, and bridged it across with a causeway
Long, and in breadth so far as the utmost flight of a jav'lin,
When for a trial of strength some *stalwart* spearman hath hurled it,
O'er it they rushed, troop following troop, and before them Apollo (360)
Bore up the precious Ægis on high, and levelled the rampart;
Brushing it down, as a child at play on the sand of the sea-shore,
Tired of his sport, of the lines he has drawn, the heaps he has gathered,
Easily sweeps them away with his hands and feet, and destroys them;
Thus did'st thou sweep aside, O immortal Archer! in ruin
All the huge toil of the Greeks, and themselves disperse in confusion.
Thus they remained, penned up at their ships, each man on his comrade
Calling in vain for aid; and to all the pow'rs of Olympus
Raising their hands in suppliant guise, they prayed for deliv'rance.
Chief of them all, the guardian of Greece, Gerenian Nestor, (370)
Spread forth his hands to the starry skies, and preferred his petition:
"Father Zeus, if e'er one Greek *ere* Argos *we quitted*
Thigh of the bull or fat of the sheep hath burned on thine altars,
Praying a safe return, and thou gav'st assent and confirm'dst it;
Now that promise recall to thy mind, dread lord of Olympus!
Ward off the evil day, nor suffer our foes to o'erwhelm us."
Such his petition, by Zeus received: and he answered in thunder,
Hearing and granting the prayer of the rev'rend offspring of Neleus.
Meanwhile the Trojans, who heard the sign, *mistaking* its import,
Summoned fresh spirit, and pressed the Greeks more fiercely than ever. (380)
As when a wave high swol'n by the wind on the wide-flowing ocean,
(Such as a tempest's force may raise) *sweeping on in its fury*,
Breaks, and descends *with a mighty crash* on the sides of a vessel;
Thus did the Trojans sweep with terrific shouts o'er the rampart.
Onward their horses and cars they drove to the sterns of the vessels.
There with two-edged spears they closed in fight. While the Trojans
Fought from their chariots, the Greeks, their black-ribbed vessels ascending,

Plied them with huge long pikes, well spliced, bronze-headed, and ready
Stowed in their ships for defence, when close assault should demand them.
Now while the Trojans and Greeks outside the wall were contending
Far from the ships, in the tent of his friend still lingered Patroclus.
Valiant Eurypylus kindly tending he sate, and with converse
Cheered him, *from time to time* to his wound fresh balsams applying,
Such as might soothe and assuage its black, *unendurable* anguish.
But when the Trojans he saw surmounting the wall, and the Argives
Flying in terror, and heard their cries, *and the shouts of the victors*,
Loudly he groaned, and smote with his hands on his thighs, and *upstarting*,
Deeply moved, with these *hurried* words took leave *of his comrade:*
"Sore though thy need, my friend! at thy side no more may I linger,
Hence must I haste, for behold! how fierce a struggle is raging.
Thee to thy servants' care must I leave, and hence to Achilles
Pass with all speed, and exhort him, at length, to join in the conflict.
Who can say, whether, aided by heav'n, my words may arouse him
Zealously urged, for a friend's advice is strong and persuasive."
Thus, still speaking, he ran from the tent. Meanwhile the Achaians
Sternly resisted the Trojan assault; yet availed not to drive them,
Fewer albeit, from the ships *which they strove to reach;* nor the Trojans,
Fierce as they were, might break through the phalanx firm of the Argives,
Mix with their tents and ships, *and spread destruction among them.*
As when with line and rule some plank by a shipwright is fitted
Sure of hand *and exact of eye*, by Pallas Athené
Taught, and in all the lore of his craft well skilled *and accomplished:*
Thus with an even front was the line of their battle adjusted.
Some before one ship fought, some gathered in arms round another:
Hector on Aias advanced, *disdaining a feebler opponent.*
Both at one ship their efforts plied; nor could Hector accomplish
Aught to thrust Aias aside and burn his ship, nor could Aias
Drive great Hector away; for a God supported his onset.
Foremost Caletor, Clytius' son, with fire was approaching;

Him through the breast great Aias pierced; and he fell, and his armour
Clattered; and drop't *on the ground*, the *smould'ring* torch *was extinguished.*
Hector, who witnessed with grief his cousin's fate, and beheld him
Stretched at his length in the dust, before the *stern of the* vessel,
Called on the Trojan and Lycian hosts, and shouting addressed them:
"Trojans, and Lycians all! and brave Dardanian warriors,
Stand to your arms, nor abandon the fight for a moment of hardship;
Clytius' son, *'tis true*, hath fall'n at the ships of the Grecians.
On then! defend his corse, nor suffer the foe to despoil him."
Thus he spake; and at Aias hurled his glittering jav'lin;
Wide of its mark it erred, yet struck the attendant of Aias,
Lycophron, Mastor's son, in Cythera bred, who to Aias
Fled, from the land of his birth, having slain a noble Cytheran.
Standing at Aias' side, he received the spear through his helmet,
Piercing above the ear; then down from the stern of the vessel
Headlong he plunged in the dust, and lay supine in his death-pang.
Then over Aias a shudder crept, and he called to his brother:
"Teucer! beloved of my soul! we have lost our faithful companion
Mastor's son, of Cythera, so long the guest of our household,
Cherished with hardly less than a parent's love, in our palace.
Him hath the mighty Hector slain! *Where*, where are thine arrows
Piercing and swift, and thy bow, that gift of Phœbus Apollo?"
Thus he spake: and prompt at his word stood Teucer beside him,
Bearing his bended bow, and with store of shafts in his quiver,
Which with no tardy hand he dealt abroad on the Trojans.
Cleitus received the first, the valiant son of Pisenor,
Who on Polydamas, Panthous' noble son, was attending.
Holding the reins, intent on his task of guiding his horses
Into the thickest press, where fiercest the combat was raging,
Bringing the Trojans and Hector a welcome support. *Unexpected*,
Down came the mischief which none might avert, however desirous.
Straight through his neck from behind went the deadly shaft. From the chariot

Headlong down on the ground he fell. Back started the coursers,
Rattling along the empty car. When he saw what had happened
Up rushed Polydamas quickly, and stopped the flight of the horses,
And to Astynous, brave Protiaon's son, he consigned them,
Strictly enjoining him ever to keep him in sight, and be near him:
Then flew back to the ranks, and mixed once more in the combat.
Next at the bronze-helm'd Hector himself was an arrow by Teucer
Aimed. That shaft had stopped his career, at the ships of the Grecians
Valiantly fighting, and ta'en his life in the blaze of his glory,
But that all-provident Zeus the danger perceived, and protected
Hector, nor graced with a triumph like that Telamonian Teucer.
Just as he drew the bow the well-twisted chord in the middle
Snapped, and the brazen-pointed shaft flew wide of its errand.
Blameless *till then*, down dropped the bow from the hand *of its master.*
Then came a shudder o'er Teucer, and thus he exclaimed to his brother:
"Surely some God intervenes, and defeats our plans, and our fighting
Thwarts: he it is who hath dashed from my hands the bow I relied on,
Breaking the string too, newly twined, which I fitted this morning,
Knotting it fast, to enforce the spring of many an arrow."
Thus making answer returned the great Telamonian Aias:
"*Patiently bear it*, my friend! Thy bow forego and thine arrows.
Lay them aside, since, envious of Greece, some God interdicts them.
Handle once more thy long *sharp* spear, and the shield o'er thy shoulders
Brace. Thus armed, the Trojans confront, and encourage thy comrades.
Not without struggle and toil, if at length indeed they subdue us,
Now shall they capture our well-benched ships, if we summon our courage."
Thus spake Aias. And Teucer dispatched his bow *and his quiver*
Back to his tent, and a fourfold buckler slung o'er his shoulders,
Placed on his valiant head his helm of proof, with a horse-tail
Crested, and dreadfully nodded the waving plume o'er his temples:
Grasped in his hand the pond'rous lance, bronze-headed *and pointed.*
Then, *full armed*, he resumed his place by the side of his brother.

Teucer's disabled bow escaped not the notice of Hector.
Shouting aloud to the Trojan and Lycian hosts he addressed them:
"Trojans and Lycians brave! ye Dardans who close with your foemen!
Stand *to your arms* like men, and remember your prowess and valour
Here at the hollow ships. Just now—with these eyes I beheld it—
One of our bravest foes is by Zeus deprived of his weapons.
Easy it is to trace the directing hand of Kronion. (490)
These with favour he views, and crowns with conquest and glory;
Those he defeats, and withers their strength, refusing to aid them.
Now on our side he wars, and depresses the force of the Argives.
Fight then! Rush on to the ships in crowds! And whoever among you,
Smitten with arrow or spear, shall die the death of a soldier,
Fall though he may, unhonoured he sinks not, slain for his country.
Freed by his fall his wife he leaves and his children in safety,
All that his heart holds dear; his home; his wealth: when the Grecians
Back with their ships shall have fled, to the dear-loved land of their fathers."
Thus he spake, in each heart fresh strength and courage arousing. (500)
Aias next, on the Greeks' behalf, exhorted his comrades:
"Argives! for shame! What! see you not that now we must perish,
Or *by hard fighting* our ships and lives redeem from destruction?
Think ye on foot to return to your homes, should crest-waving Hector
Ravage your fleet? and to reach dry-shod the land of your fathers?
Hear ye not Hector's shouts—how he cheers on his hosts, how he threatens,
Raging, to *wrap* your vessels *in one vast blaze and* consume them?
'Tis to no *festive* dance, but to battle *and death*, that he calls them.
Nought for us now remains, no course, no option is left us
But to rush at them with might and main, and grapple them bravely. (510)
Better by far to decide at once, or to live, or to perish,
Than to be wasted slowly down, worn out in a struggle
Long protracted, with feebler men, in defence of our vessels."
Thus he spake: in each heart fresh force and courage inspiring.

Schedius then, Perimedes' son, who led the Phoceans,
Fell by great Hector's hand; and Laodamas, son of Antenor,
Leading a band of foot, met death from the jav'lin of Aias.
Next to Polydamas fell the spoils of Cyllenian Otus,
Chief of the brave Epeans, Phyleides' friend and companion.
Meges at once on the victor rushed, but Polydamas stooping (520)
Glided aside, and he missed his blow: nor suffered Apollo
Panthous' son to be thus struck down. But the jav'lin of Meges
Held on its course, and full upon Crœsmus' breast it alighted.
Down with a crash he fell, and his arms were the spoil of the victor
Dolops however, a spearman bold, rushed on to avenge him;
Offspring of Lampus the brave and the good, and Laomedon's grandson,
Skilled in all feats of arms and inured to martial adventure.
Close upon Phyleus' son he advanced and full on his buckler
Smote; *and the spear went through*, but a corslet of proof was beneath it
Strongly compact in its hollow swell: by Phyleus his father (530)
Borne, when from Ephyré's land he returned, and the banks of Selleïs
This, as a parting pledge to his guest, the royal Euphetes
Gave, to be worn as a sure defence and protection in battle.
Now it preserved the son, as erst it protected his father.
Meges in turn delivered his spear, which full on his helmet
Lighting, just at the base of the tow'ring crest that above it
Floated *in plumy pride*, all glowing with brass and with purple,
Shore it away. In the dust it fell, *disfigured and trampled.*
Meges, assured of success, for a fresh assault was preparing,
When to his aid Menelaüs came, unseen by the Trojan (540)
Sidelong advancing, and thrust from behind his spear through his shoulder.
Holding on its impetuous way, at his bosom it issued,
Far outstanding in front. On his face he fell, and the victors
Both sprang forward at once, the resplendent prize of his armour
Eager to seize. Then Hector aloud to his brethren and kindred
Called, invoking their aid: but chief, at the brave Melanippus
Pointed his eager rebuke, Hicetaon's son. At Percoté

Erst, while the foe was far away, he pastured his oxen;
But when the Greeks in their well-trimmed ships invaded his nation
Home he returned, and in Ilion dwelt, as a prince of the Trojans
Lodged in the palace of Priam, and loved like one of his children.
Chafing, in words of rebuke thus Hector, naming, addressed him:
"Shall we be thus remiss, Melanippus? Is not thy bosom
Stirred at the sight of thy kinsman's fall? Oh! say, can'st thou *calmly*
Stand and look on while THESE from his corse are tearing his armour?
Follow me then. Now, once for all must we close with the Argives,
Slay them outright, or consent to behold our Ilion captured,
Hurled from her lofty height in the dust, and her citizens slaughtered."
Ending he led the assault, by that godlike warrior followed.
Then in his turn exhorted the Greeks Telamonian Aias:
"Shew yourselves men, my friends! Respect yourselves and each other!
Fighting for life and fame, let each be to each an example.
Safety by valour alone is secured, and mutual reliance.
Honour and life they alike desert who fly from the combat."
Thus while he spake, each arm gained strength for a sterner resistance,
Each treasured up in his bosom the words: and there grew round the vessels
Gath'ring, a bulwark of brass: while Zeus encouraged the Trojans.
Then Menelaus Antilochus sought, and thus he addressed him:
"*Noble* Antilochus! where shall we find a youth in our armies
Stronger, more swift of foot, than thyself, or braver in battle?
Couldst thou not make a spring and surprise some chief of the Trojans?"
Thus he spake, and retired. But with soul excited the hero
Forth with a bound to the van advanced, and glancing around him
Darted his gleaming lance. Then back retreating, the Trojans
Shrank from the weapon, which flew not in vain from the hand of its master;
Brave Melanippus it struck, Hicetaön's son, who *with Hector*
Came rushing on to the fight, beneath the pap through his breastplate.
Down with a crash he fell, and his armour rattled around him:

Forth sprang the victor, as springs some dog on a fawn which the hunter,
Just leaping forth from his lair, hath pierced *to the heart* with an arrow
Sent from afar, and stretched him on earth, arrested and lifeless:
Thus on thy *corse*, Melanippus! Antilochus sprang, to despoil thee,
Eager, intent on his prey: but 'scaped not the notice of Hector.
On, through the thick of the fight, infuriate, he rushed to avenge him.
But when Antilochus saw him, *he feared*, nor awaited his onset,
Brave as he was; but like some wild beast, that, conscious of mischief,
Flies, having slain some dog or herdsman in charge of his oxen,
Off to his woods, ere the hue and cry can be raised to pursue him:
Thus in dismay fled Nestor's son. But the Trojans and Hector
After him poured a tumultuous storm of jav'lins and arrows;
Nor did he venture to turn till safe in the ranks of his comrades.
On came the Trojans now, like raw-devouring lions
Pressing towards the ships: for the high behests of Kronion
Gave them *unwonted* strength, and filled them with spirit and courage,
While he enfeebled the Greeks and dimmed their *visions of* glory.
Such was his will. Great Hector now, with glory and conquest
Crown'd, must involve in devouring flames the ships of the Grecians
Fierce, destructive; and all that Thetis prayed be accomplished,
Howsoe'er ill-tim'd and severe: while he waited the moment
When from a single ship the blaze should ascend, as a signal,
Then would he drive the Trojans back, in retreat, from the vessels.
Then should commence for Greece a career of glory and conquest.
This in his mind revolving, he roused the spirit of Hector,
Urging him on to the ships: though no such prompting he needed.
Raging, like Ares, with brandish'd spear, or as when in the mountain
Rages a fire in the close-entangled depths of their forests,
Foaming with wrath *he advanced*. From beneath the gloom of his eyebrows
Flashed his *dilated* eyes; and the waving crest o'er his temples
Dreadfully nodded on high from the beaming casque of the hero.
Zeus from his heav'nly height himself stood forth his supporter,
One, from so many, *on that great day* selected for glory;

Honoured at least, if not long-lived. For now over Hector
Near impended the fateful day by Pallas Athené
Ruthlessly urged, when by stern Peleides' wrath he should perish.
Now on the densest foes he rushed, determined to break them,
Seeking the point where closest the ranks, completest their armour:
Vainly: *though fierce the assault, yet not less fierce the resistance.*
Locked in a square, compact they stood, like a cliff that projecting
Lofty and huge, looks down on the hoary sea that surrounds it:
Which nor the shrill-voiced winds in their wild career, nor the billows
Roaring around with impetuous swell, can move from its basis.
Thus did the Argives hold their ground, nor shrink from the Trojans.
Hector the while all-dazzling in splendour, full on their phalanx
Rushed, dashing in on the ranks, like a wave which raised by the tempest
Cloud-like impending, bursts upon some swift ship, and o'erwhelms it,
Sweeping its deck with spray; while the blast in its hurricane fury
Screams through its *masts and* shrouds. Then quails the heart of the sailor,
Shudd'ring to feel how near to the verge of death he approaches.
Such misgiving invaded the shrinking hearts of the Argives.
He—as a lion comes rushing in rage upon thousands of cattle
Grazing in some wide-watered and swampy mead, by a herdsman
Tended, who, all inexpert to meet such dreadful encounter,
And from the rav'ning beast to protect his charge, to the foremost
Now, and now to the hindmost (*uncertain to lead or to drive them*),
Runs to and fro: meanwhile, from their very midst has *the monster*
Snatched and devour'd his prey, while the rest fly wild o'er the pasture—
—Thus dashed in. Then, heav'n-confounded, they broke, and to Hector
Yielded, and Zeus. All fled. But he slew the Mycenian hero,
Great Periphetes, whose father, Copreus, sent by Eurystheus,
Sped on a mission of royal concern to the might of Heracles.
Worthier by far than the sire was the noble son, in whom valour
Blended with every manly grace: alike in the battle,

Or in the race, or for sage advice distinguished in council.
Great as he was, his death but increased the glory of Hector.
Turning him round, he tripped behind on the rim of his buckler,
Which to his feet descending, from spears protected his ancles,
Stumbling and hampered he fell, and lay supine, and his helmet
Rang, *as it struck the ground*, round the prostrate warrior's temples.
Hector beheld, and ran to the spot, and over him standing,
Drove through his breast his *vengeful* spear, in sight of his comrades.
Mourning they witnessed the deed, yet nought could do to assist him:
Such was the terror inspired by the godlike presence of Hector.
Now they beheld around them the foremost tier of the vessels,
Those most advanced on the beach, with their tow'ring sterns, when the Trojans
Poured in amain. From these perforce retreated the Argives.
Gath'ring before the tents they rallied anew, and collected
Stood, nor dispersed through the camp: for shame restrained them and *honour:*
Fear *itself compelled them to fight.* Each exhorted the other
Shouting. Gerenian Nestor, the guardian *and stay* of Achaia
Chief, by his parents adjuring each, besought and entreated:
"Shew yourselves men, dear friends! Let mutual rev'rence and honour
Reign in your *noble* hearts. Oh! think, each one, on your children,
Think on your wives, your homes; remember your parents whom living,
Yet may your valour illustrate, or, dead, your defeat may dishonour.
Fancy, though absent, through me they speak, through me they beseech you,
Bravely to stand, and maintain the fight: nor think of retreating."
Thus he spake, fresh courage and strength in each bosom arousing;
Then from their eyes Athené swept the cloud that involved them,
Low'ring portentous. A flood of light streamed bright o'er the armies.
Full on the ships it shone and the scene of mutual destruction;
Hector here they beheld with shouts exciting his warriors;

There, in the rear, the fugitive Greeks o'erlaboured and fainting;
There again, those who still maintained their ground at the vessels.
Aias' indignant spirit endured not idly to loiter,
Nor could he bear to be seen with Greeks who withdrew from the combat,
But with gigantic strides along the decks of the vessels
Stalked, and a pole two-and-twenty cubits in length, and with iron
Studded and bound, for the ship's defence, he brandished around him.
And as some agile rider in vaulting expert, who selecting
Four train'd steeds from the countless herds that range o'er the pastures,
Drives them along the public road to some populous city:
All who behold him, women and men in delighted amazement,
Gaze, as he springs from steed to steed, still lighting in safety,
Firm in his shifted seat, nor arrests their flight for an instant:
Thus leaped Aias from deck to deck through the range of the vessels,
Springing across; while his thund'ring shouts ascended to heaven,
Ever with dreadful voice exhorting the Greeks to endurance,
And for their ships and tents to strike. Nor did Hector on his part
Hold himself back within the ranks of the corseleted Trojans,
But as the fiery eagle comes rushing down on his quarry,
Scatt'ring dismay through the nations of widewing'd birds that assemble,
Geese, or cranes, or long-neck'd swans, on the banks of a river:
Hector thus, with a swoop on the dark-prowed ships of the Grecians
Rushing advanced, for Zeus with a mighty hand and with power
Drove him along, and inspired his troops with courage to follow.
Then was the fight renewed in all its rage round the vessels,
Such and so fierce that, *newly armed and* unwearied with warfare,
One looking on might deem them but just engaging in battle.
These were the thoughts of either host: despairing, the Grecians
Fancied that all was lost—that nought remained but to perish.
Confident hope in each Trojan breast prevailed that the vessels
Now they should surely burn, and slay ev'ry man of the Argives.
Such were their hopes and fears as they closed once more in the struggle.

Hector, advancing in front, had seized on the stern of a vessel

Beauteous and swift; the same which hapless Protesilaüs
Bore to the Ilian shore: not fated to Greece to restore him.
Round it gathered the Trojans and Greeks in furious encounter.
Hand to hand they engaged; and the flying spear and the arrow,
Now no longer at distance awaiting, closed with each other,
All alike with one eager desire for mutual slaughter (710)
Burning. With axes heavy and keen they fought, and with hatchets,
Wielding enormous swords, and thrusting with two-edged lances.
Many a good blade, darkhilted, with guard of proof, bright gleaming,
Struck from the hand that bore it, or lopped with its arm from the shoulder,
Glittered in dust, and with streaming blood the ground was impurpled.
Hector when now he had reached the ship, with the grasp *of a victor*
Seizing its stern, held on, and thus exhorted the Trojans:
"Now bring fire! and raise, one and all, the shout of destruction!
Now is the day of days arrived, which Zeus hath vouchsafed us!
Now shall we take these ships which such countless evils have brought us, (720)
Not by heav'n's will, but the craven fears of the dotards in Troia,
Who to this hour have withheld me and damped the zeal of my warriors,
Longing to close with the Greeks, and attack them here at their vessels.
Or, if the will of Zeus then blinded our sense and deceived us,
This day at least he adopts our cause, and leads us to conquest."
Thus he spake, and they all more fiercely rushed on the Argives.
Aias himself gave back, o'erwhelmed with darts and with lances,
Some small space he retreated; for death he thought was approaching.
Quitting the deck, on the sev'n-foot step he stood, and around him
Watchful gazed, with his spear keeping off each daring assailant (730)
Who with devouring fire approached the ship, and unceasing
Thus in a terrible voice adjured the sons of Achaia:
"Friends and heroes of Greece! ye valiant servants of Ares!
Shew yourselves men, and forget not your ancient prowess and virtue!
Where can we look behind for aid or friends to assist us?
Where in our front is rampart or wall to afford us protection?
City *or fortress* with tow'rs begirt have we none to retreat to,

Where we may look for the aid of *faithful* allies to support us.
Far from our native land we hold but this beach, and in Troia
Nought we behold but banded foes, in arms to oppose us;
And to ourselves alone must look, nor flinch from the struggle."
Thus he spake, and with might and main he charged with his javelin
All. Whosoe'er approached with blazing brands or with torches
Armed, to consume the ships and accomplish the orders of Hector,
Rushed upon certain death from the long, sharp weapon of Aias;
Twelve on the spot thus slain lay stretched at the stern of his vessel.

THE ILIAD.

BOOK XVI.

BOOK THE SIXTEENTH.

ARGUMENT.

PATROCLUS obtains permission to lead the Myrmidons to the aid of the Greeks, and to appear at their head in the arms of Achilles, on condition of contenting himself with repulsing the enemy from the ships and abstaining from pursuing them beyond the walls. Achilles offers a libation, and harangues the Myrmidons, who march to battle, just in time to prevent the conflagration of the fleet. The Trojans taking Patroclus for Achilles fly in dismay. He pursues them with great slaughter. He slays Sarpedon, whose body is rescued by Hector and Glaucus, and borne away by Sleep and Death to Lycia. Patroclus forgetful of his promise, pursues the Trojans to their walls, which he attempts to scale, but is driven back by Apollo. He engages Hector and slays Cebriones his charioteer. In the fight over his body Apollo strikes and disarms Patroclus, who is first wounded by Euphorbus and then slain by Hector.

ILIAD. BOOK XVI.

THUS round the Grecian ships was the fight maintained. But Patroclus,
Quitting their camp, had reached the tent of royal Achilles.
Tears from his eyes fell warm, like some dark fountain, whose waters
Trickle in shadow and gloom down a beetling cliff *in the desert.*
Pitying, godlike Achilles beheld the grief of his comrade,
And in compassionate words of anxious enquiry addressed him:
"Why dost thou weep, my friend? like an infant girl by her mother
Running, who cries to be taken up, and clings to her garments,
Holding them fast as she runs, and her steps detains; to her mother
Still looking up with streaming eyes, and begs to be carried? (10)
Such, and so piteous, Patroclus! the tears that pour down thy features.
Bear'st thou tidings of ill to myself or my Myrmidon warriors?
Or to thy private ear hath a mournful message from Phthia
Reached? Thy father Menœtius survives, great offspring of Actor:
So they report: and Peleus, Æacus' son, in his kingdom.
Much should we grieve to learn the decease of one or the other.
Or, for those *hateful* Greeks dost thou mourn, who are falling *by thousands*
There at their hollow ships; fit meed for their pride and injustice?
Speak! let me know the cause. Be there no concealment between us."
Deep was the sigh, Patroclus! that burst from thy bosom in answer: (20)

"Noblest by far of the Greeks, O Achilles, Peleüs' offspring!
Be not *thus* wroth. So heavy a blow hath fall'n on the Grecians!
All their best and bravest chiefs lie smitten disabled,
Wounded with spears and darts, and forced to retire to their vessels.
Brave Diomedes, Tydeus' son, hath been struck by an arrow,
Pierced by a spear Agamemnon groans, and mighty Odysseus,
And *from* Eurypylus' thigh the shaft *with these hands I extracted.*
These with their healing arts may physicians cure, or their torments
Soothe and assuage. Thy wrath admits no soothing, Achilles!
Oh! may such anger ne'er invade my heart as thou harbour'st, (30)
Cruel, though brave! Who henceforth will take delight to behold thee
If thou refuse thine aid to Greece in the hour of her trouble?
Pitiless man! 'tis false to say that Peleus begot thee.
Thetis was never thy mother! The stormy ocean produced thee,
Rude inaccessible crags were thy parents—like thee in nature.
Yet if some oracle deep in thy mind have sunk, and withhold thee,
Or if thy mother august from Zeus have brought thee a warning,
Send me forth *in thy stead* with all thy Myrmidon warriors,
So shall I come like a beam of light to the *hopeless* Achaians.
Clad in thine own refulgent arms let me lead them to battle: (40)
Thus, by thy semblance deceived, will the Trojans shrink from the combat,
And to the wearied Greeks some breathing time be accorded,
Brief though it be; and a respite gained from war and its horrors.
Fresh as we are 'twill be no hard task to drive back the Trojans,
Wearied, and worn with toil, from the ships and tents to their city."
Thus he spake, and ended his earnest prayer: but foresaw not,
Rash as he was, that he prayed for death and courted destruction.
Deeply disturbed replied the swift-pursuing Achilles:
"Noble Patroclus, what words, alas! are these thou hast uttered?
Think not that oracles hold me back, *or thoughts of the future.* (50)
Thetis, my mother august, from Zeus no warning hath brought me.
'Tis but the *deep-corroding* pang that gnaws at my heart-strings,
When I remember the wretch who, secure in the pride of his power,
Dared to amerce and rob of his prize his equal *in merit:*
This is my grief. It weighs on my soul, and embitters my spirit:

This! that the damsel whom Greece bestowed as the prize of my valour,
Her whom I won by my own good spear in the sack of her city,
He, Agamemnon—sovereign of Greece!—descendant of Atreus!—
Forced from my arms, as from those of some base alien hireling.
These are things of the past. Be it so. 'Twas ne'er my intention,
Anger for ever to cherish. Now close to my ships are approaching
Hostile shouts and the clang of war. Now behold we the moment,
Well foreseen, when my wrath must be laid aside and forgotten.
Brace then around thee my arms, to the foe *well known and* conspicuous:
Lead to the fight our Myrmidon host who are panting for battle.
Great is the need! for lo! how the Trojans, gath'ring around them,
Wrap, like a low'ring cloud, the ships: how, cooped on the sea-beach,
Hemmed in on all sides, hardly a strip of land to the Grecians
Now remains. Embolden'd all Troy comes pouring upon them,
Since that her armies have ceased to behold the front of my helmet
Gleaming at hand. Ere now had they filled yon trench with their corpses,
Flying in wild dismay, had that *tyrant* prince, Agamemnon,
Borne himself mildly. Now their battle thickens around him:
Now hath the idle spear in the hands of mighty Tydeides
Ceased to rage, and to sweep from the earth the foes of Achaia—
Now no more in mine ears from the hateful lips of Atreides,
Rings the resounding shout. 'Tis the voice of death-dealing Hector
Rises o'er all the clamour, exhorting his troops. And the Trojans
Fill with their war-cries wild the plain, and scatter his Argives.
Fall on them then, Patroclus! in all thy might, and the vessels
Rescue from hostile attack; nor suffer the flames to consume them,
Thus destroying for ever our hopes of return to our country.
Hear now my last injunction, my parting word, and respect it:
So for thy friend shalt thou win from all the hosts of Achaia
Glory and honour due; and the beauteous maid shall they render
Back to my arms, and with costly gifts deserve my forgiveness.
Drive from the ships the Trojans, and then return. But however

Glory may tempt thee, and aid from the thund'ring consort of Heré;
Press not too hard, apart from me, on the host of the Trojans.
Hold thy conquering hand lest thou plunge me in deeper dishonour.
[Slay whom thou wilt beside, but lay not thy hands upon Hector;]
Nor let the joy of success, or the rage of conquest and slaughter,
Hurry thee on in pursuit to fight at the walls of their city,
Lest some one of th' immortal gods who dwell in Olympus,
Come to their aid. Far-darting Phœbus loves and protects them.
Therefore so soon as the ships stand clear of the foe and in safety,
Hither return. In the open field let them fight unmolested.
Would that—O Father Zeus, and Apollo, and Pallas Athené!—
Would that not one out of both their hosts might escape from destruction,
Trojan or Greek; that we two alone might survive, to accomplish
Ilion's ruin, and trample in dust her sacred defences."

Such was the conference held in Achilles' tent by the chieftains.
Aias, the while, with darts oppressed, but faintly resisted.
Crushed by the adverse will of Zeus, o'er-borne by the Trojans,
Feebly he fought. The shining helm that protected his temples
Rang with sharp and repeated blows. Crest, cheek-piece, and vizor,
Battered alike, resounded. The pond'rous shield from his shoulder
Wearily hung. Yet all their force availed not to move him,
Pressing around with their darts and spears. Meanwhile from his bosom,
Lab'ring, the breath came thick, and from ev'ry limb in a torrent
Poured down the sweat. Not a moment to rest or breathe was he suffered,
Danger on danger, woes on woes, came thick'ning around him.

Tell me, ye Muses! ye who the halls of Olympus inhabit,
How the consuming flames first reached the ships of the Grecians.
Hector, as Aias wielded his ashen spear, on the weapon
Dealt with his mighty sword a stroke, which sheer at the socket
Severed the wood, and the blade flew off. Telamonian Aias
Brandished in vain the headless spear, while its point at a distance
Fell, with a brazen clang to the ground. Then shuddered the hero;

For as the act of heav'n his soul accèpted the omen.
Thundering Zeus, he believed, cut off all hope of resistance,
Warning him thus, that Troy at length must prevail in the contest.
So from the *tempest of* darts he retired. Then show'r'd on the vessels
Torches, and burning brands, and the flame burst forth unextinguished.
High o'er the tow'ring stern soon rose the blaze. Then Achilles
Smote with his hand on his thigh, and thus accosted Patroclus:
"Up! and be doing, Patroclus. My steeds shall bear thee to conquest.
Now from the ships I behold the flames in their fury ascending.
Let them not burn our fleet, and cut off the return of our armies,
On with my arms at once! Myself will assemble our warriors."
Thus he spake: and Patroclus in arms refulgent arrayed him;
First to his *manly* legs the rich-wrought greaves he adjusted,
Beauteous with silver hasps, and clasped round the ankles with silver:
Next o'er his breast the corslet he braced of mighty Achilles,
Bright as a star, and gleaming with rainbow hues intermingling;
Slung o'er his shoulder his sword of bronze, bright hilted with silver;
Slung too, *ready for use*, his broad and ponderous buckler,
Placed on his stately head his helmet of proof, with a horsetail
Crested, and dreadfully nodded the waving plume to his movements,
While with familiar hand he grasped two *quiv'ring jav'lins*.
Only the mighty spear, which Æacus' peerless descendant
Wielded, heavy and strong, he bore not. Saving Achilles,
None among all the Greeks might avail that weapon to brandish;
Formed from an ash, upon Pelion's summit hewn, and by Chiron
Giv'n to his father, to end the days of many a hero.
Next by Automedon's hand were the coursers yoked, by Patroclus
After his death-dealing lord most held in *friendship and* honour,
Faithful beyond all other, and trustiest supporter in battle.
He, at his friend's command, the noble steeds to his chariot,
Xanthus and Balius, yoked, outstripping the winds in their fleetness;
Whom, by the blast of Zephyr engender'd, the harpy Podargé
Bore, where the mead she cropped, on the utmost verge of the ocean.
Stainless of race, though a mortal steed, yet matched with immortals.
Loosely attached by their side ran Pedasus, won by Achilles,
When triumphant he gathered the spoils of Eetion's city.

Meanwhile Achilles in all their tents his Myrmidon warriors
Sought, and in arms complete arrayed. Like wolves they assembled,
Raw-devouring, immense in strength and unspeakable fierceness;
Which, on some antlered stag having made their meal, in the mountains
Seiz'd and devour'd, and all their jaws still dripping with carnage,
Rush in a pack to some gloomy pool, and crowding about it,
Lap the black flood, with their long thin tongues; wide scattering around them
Gory foam from their murd'rous jaws: while their maws are distended,
Hungry, though full; fire burns *in their eyes and* rage in their bosoms:
Thus round the brave companion of Æacus' mighty descendant
Crowded in eager haste the Myrmidon host and their leaders.
Full in the midst of the gathering bands stood warlike Achilles,
Marshalling all, both chariots and bucklered men in their order.
Fifty swift ships from the Phthian shore were launched by Achilles,
Fav'rite of Zeus, when for Troia's land he embarked. In each vessel
Rowed at the bench full fifty companions *in arms and in labour.*
Five were the leaders appointed, whom all should obey: but Achilles,
Held the supreme command, and directed all, as their sov'reign.
One of the troops, by Menesthius, mail-clad chief, was commanded,
Sprung from the river-god, Sperchéius, heaven-descended.
Whom to Sperchéius fair Polydora, Peleüs' daughter
Bore, to a mortal race immortal vigour imparting.
Borus howbeit, Periéres' son, was reputed his father,
Who by a splendid dow'r from Peleus obtained, and espoused her.
Next of the Myrmidon bands was that by Eudorus commanded,
Son of a virgin (*so men believed*). Him fair Polymela,
Daughter of Phylas, bore whom the mighty slayer of Argus
Dancing beheld and loved, as she gracefully moved, and in chorus
Chanted harmonious hymns to the huntress Queen in her temple.
So to her chamber fair beneath the roof he ascended,
Where to the secret vows of the gentle god she consented.
Thence sprang Eudorus, swift in the race and fierce in the combat.
But when th' Ilythiæ, torturing pow'rs presiding o'er child-birth,
Gave him at length to the day, and he saw the light of the sunbeam,
Mighty Echecleus, Actor's offspring, sought her in marriage,

Wooed her with countless gifts, and led her as bride to his palace,
Phylas her father received the child, and cherished and nursed him,
Dotingly fond, and reared him with all the cares of a parent.
Chief of the third *brave band* was the warlike *hero* Pisander,
Mæmalus' son; renowned through the Myrmidon host as a spearman.
All he excelled, save one, Peleides' friend and companion.
Phœnix, experienced knight, commanded the fourth. The remainder
Peerless Alcimedon, son of Laerceus, led to the battle.
Now had Achilles in just array each band with its leaders
Marshalled; and thus he spake, giving forth his parting injunctions:
"Myrmidons! now forget not the threats ye hurled at the Trojans
Here at your ships while idle ye lay:—how ye murmured against me
Those long days when I cherished my wrath:—how ye blamed my retirement.
These were your words. 'Perverse Peleides! surely thy mother
Nursed thee in wrath, who with cruel constraint detain'st us from battle.
Better it were to dismiss us at once in our ships o'er the waters
Than to consume thyself and us with thy moody resentment.'
Such were your constant complaints. But now lies op'ning before you
All that glorious work of war your spirits rejoice in.
On then! and bravely fight, to your hearts' content, with the Trojans."
Thus he spake, in each bosom resolve and courage inspiring.
Closer they pressed in their ranks when they heard the words of their sov'reign.
Firm as the close compacted stones which the builder arranges,
Forming the wall of some lofty mansion, proof against tempests,
Clung together the bossy shields and casques of the warriors,
Buckler to buckler, man to man, and helmet to helmet,
Thick intermingling the horsetail crests that floated above them,
Helm touching helm, as wedged in a mass they supported each other:
While in the front of all Automedon stood and Patroclus,
Armed *at all points;* one soul, one thought, both heroes inspiring
Bravely to lead into battle the Myrmidon host. But Achilles
Now to his tent retired: there opened the lid of a coffer

Fair, with carving adorned, which Thetis the silvery-footed
Stowed in his ship for use, well stored with tunics and mantles
Proof against wind *and rain*, and with thick fleeced cov'rings of tap'stry.
There lay a rich wrought bowl, from which no lips of a mortal
Ever had drained the dark red wine, nor holy libation
Ever been poured, save Father Zeus, to one of th' immortals.
This from the chest he took, and with sulphurous fumes having cleansed it,
Rinsed it with copious streams of water, *fresh from the fountain*
Next his own hands he laved, and with sparkling wine having filled it,
Stood in the midst of the sacred precinct; his eyes to the heavens
Raising, and prayed: nor ascended his prayer unmarked by the Thund'rer.
"Zeus supreme! Dodonian! Pelasgian! in lofty remoteness
Dwelling! in chill Dodona's *mystic* groves, where the Selli
Sleeping on earth, with unwash'd feet, *thy visions interpret!*
Now thou, indeed, hast bent thine ear to the prayer of thy suppliant,
Granting me honour and fame, and inflicting woes on the Argives.
Yet once more be propitious, and grant this further petition:—
While I remain, myself, confined to my ships; and inactive,
Send to the fight my friend with many a Myrmidon warrior,
Watch o'er him, all-beholding Zeus! Bid glory attend him.
Fill with undaunted courage and strength his heart, and let Hector
Learn what Achilles' friend alone can do:—that his valour
Needs not the aid of my own unconquered might, through the combat
Raging in all the pomp of war, to confound and defeat him.
Grant that, the foe from the Grecian ships having driv'n, and the tumult
Cleared from their camp, he may back return unscathed, with his armour
Whole and complete, and his comrades brave collected around him."
Such was his prayer: and Zeus, disposer of all in his wisdom,
Heard, yet granted but half the request; refusing the other.
This he accorded—to rescue the ships from war and destruction.
Safe return for his friend with his comrades brave he refused him.

Thus having prayed his prayer, and poured unto Zeus his libation,
Back to his tent he returned and replaced the bowl in its coffer.
Thence advancing, in front of the tent he stood, and intently
Gazed, for he longed once more to behold his Myrmidons fighting.
These in complete array and refulgent arms, by Patroclus
Marshalled, exulting in hope, rushed on, and closed with the Trojans,
Active and swift as wasps that in swarms pour forth in a pathway
Out of their way-side nests; whom wanton boys in their folly (260)
Irritate more and more; till they *fill the air, and in anger*
Fly upon all alike *with envenomed sting;* nor the trav'ller
Spare, who unmeaning harm their rage excites as he passes:
Fierce on the wing, with courageous hearts, and reckless of danger,
All rush forth to the fight in defence of their homes and their offspring:
Not with less ardent souls poured forth in a swarm from their vessels
All the brave Myrmidon host. Loud swelled the roar; and Patroclus,
Raising his pow'rful voice *above all the tumult*, addressed them:
"Myrmidons! brave companions in arms of glorious Achilles,
Shew yourselves men; remember your ancient prowess and valour! (270)
So shall ye worthily honour your mighty master Peleides,
First of the Greeks, whom ye serve *with the noble devotion of heroes;*
So shall ye prove to their king Agamemnon his madness and folly,
When he so foully disgraced the best and bravest among them."
Thus as he spake, fresh courage and strength arose in their bosoms;
All at once, in a mass, on the Trojans they fell; and the vessels
Dreadfully echoed the warcries fierce of the shouting Achaians.
But when the Trojans beheld the valiant son of Menœtius
Shining in glittering arms, and Automedon guiding his chariot,
Sank their hearts in dismay. Their wavering ranks in their onset
Faltered: for all believed that the swift-pursuing Achilles, (281)
Casting aside his wrath, with the Greeks had renewed his alliance.
Each looked anxious around for means to escape from destruction.
First of the Greeks, Patroclus hurled his glittering jav'lin
Right in their midst, where closest the foe, where thickest the tumult
Raged, round the lofty ship of the hapless Protesilaüs.
Full on Pyræchmes it fell, who the crested Pæonian warriors

Led from Amydon's plain, on the banks of wide-flowing Axius.
Through the right shoulder pierced, supine he fell; in his death-pang
Utt'ring a piercing cry as he rolled in the dust. His companions
Fled, to a man; for Patroclus had filled each bosom with terror,
Thus having slain their leader, the bravest warrior among them.
Now from the fleet had he driv'n them all, and the flames were extinguished.
Leaving the bark half burned, in headlong flight and confusion
Fled forth the Trojans with hideous cries. Out poured from their vessels
All the Greeks, and an uproar wild resounded on all sides.
As when from some vast mountain's lofty summit the Thund'rer
Drifts off the dense and low'ring clouds, that wrapped it in darkness,
Shine forth the rocks in light: each buttressed peak, and each valley
Glows, as the rending veil discloses the measureless æther:
So for a while the Greeks, their fleet now rescued from burning,
Freely respired. Yet ceased not thus the fray: for the Trojans,
Fled not in utter rout, from the dark array of the vessels,
Leaving the Greeks an open field. Reluctantly yielding,
Pressed, they resisted still, and only retired on compulsion.
Thus o'er a wider space was the combat spread. Of the leaders
Man slew man. Then first the redoubted son of Menœtius,
Smote Arëilochus, turning him round, on the thigh, with his jav'lin
Brazen and sharp. Straight through went the spear, and the bone in its passage
Shattered, and prone on his face to the ground he sank. Menelaus
Thoas assailed. Where his breast was exposed o'er the rim of his buckler
Entered the spear. To the ground he fell, and his spirit departed.
Phyleus' son, Amphiclus observing advancing to meet him,
Darted his lance with dext'rous aim, and just where the muscles
Swell to their fullest curve in the midst of the leg, he transfixed him,
Sev'ring each tendon and nerve. He fell, and darkness involved him.
Next came Nestor's sons. Antilochus first, with his jav'lin
Wounded Atymnius. Deep in his flank infixed was the weapon,
Down at his feet he sank. Then Maris rushed on the victor,

Eager to guard the dead, and avenge the fall of his brother.
Close he approached, but before he could hurl his spear, Thrasymedes
Marked him for death, with a sharp, clear aim: nor in vain flew his jav'lin,
Full on his shoulder it lighted, and tearing the bone from its socket,
Severed the limb, clean cutting athwart the muscles and sinews;
Down with a crash he fell, and darkness gathered around him.
Thus by the hands of brothers, dispatched to the mansion of Hades,
Perished a noble pair, Sarpedon's heroic companions,
Sons of Amisodarus, the same who bred the Chimæra,
Pest untameable, *hateful to Gods, and* deadly to mortals.
While through the crowd Cleobulus pushed, Oïlean Aias
Seized him alive, *but spared him not:* for a stroke of his falchion
Severed at once his head from the bleeding neck, and the weapon,
Warmed in his blood, from hilt to point, dripped gore: and his eyelids,
Purple death weighed down, and fate's irresistible pressure.
Pèneleus next, and Lycon closed. They had darted their lances,
Each at the other in vain, for each flew wide of its object:
So on each other with swords they rushed. Then Lycon delivered
First on his foeman's horse-tail crest a blow; but the weapon,
Striking the cone, broke short. *More true,* the sword of the Grecian,
Entered his neck beneath the ear. Deep *gashing,* it severed
All but a shred, whence hung the head; and he sank overpowered.
Acamas, hotly by Merion pursued as he mounted his chariot,
Through the right shoulder received the piercing point of his jav'lin:
Down from the car he rolled, and darkness closed o'er his eyelids.
Erymas fell to Idomeneus' spear. The pitiless weapon
Entered his mouth, and forced its way through the back of his helmet,
Passing beneath the brain, and crushed the white bones in its passage,
Dashing his teeth aside. Blood filled his eyes. From his nostrils,
And from his gaping jaws, the sanguine stream in a torrent
Poured with a gurgling sound, while death's black shadow enwrapped him.
Thus did each Grecian chief from the Trojans choose forth a victim:
Falling upon them, as rav'nous wolves on lambs, or on kidlings,

Suffered by negligent shepherds to stray with the flock o'er the mountains,
Which when they see, they snatch them off, and tear them to pieces;
Taking their choice from the helpless flock, unused to resistance:
Thus fell the Greeks on the Troian host, who now but of safety
Thought, and of flight, forgetting their former prowess and valour.
Aias, the giant chief, still sought with his spear to encounter
Hector, the brazen-helmed. But he, too wary and skilful,
Cov'ring his shoulders broad with the tough bull-hide of his buckler,
Heard, secure, the hiss of the darts, and the shock of the jav'lins.
All too well he perceived that fate that day was against him,
Yet he remained, resolved to save his friends and companions.
As from Olympus' heights a cloud spreads forth o'er the heavens,
Blotting the clear bright sky, when Zeus is preparing a tempest;
Thus from the ships spread forth wild flight, confusion, and clamour.
Order no more prevailed as they fled. The horses of Hector
Bore him away, with his arms, at speed. There left he the Trojans,
Struggling to pass the trench, which hemmed their way and confined them.
Fiery steeds, *with frantic plunge, broke loose from* their harness,
Leaving the cars of their lords, with broken poles, in its hollows.
After them flew Patroclus, and loudly cheered on the Grecians,
Thirsting for Trojan blood: while those with confusion and clamour,
Flying in all directions, blocked the paths. In a whirlwind
Mounted the dust to the clouds, as the trampling hoofs of the horses
Hurried away from the tents and ships to the walls of the city.
Still, where the rout was thickest, and loudest the clamour, Patroclus
Urged on his steeds with impatient cries, while under his axles,
Headlong dashed from their shattered cars, rolled many a hero.
Nor did the trench oppose. With a bound the coursers immortal,
Glorious gifts of the gods above to the sire of Achilles,
Cleared it, from side to side. Then turned his thoughts upon Hector,
Longing to slay him. In vain: for his steeds out of reach had conveyed him.
As when athwart the black'ning earth the gloom of the tempest

Drearily sweeps, when autumnal rains pour down at their fiercest
(Sent by Almighty Zeus as a sign of his heavy displeasure,
When by perverse decrees, by force obtain'd, in th' assembly,
Bad men trample on justice, and brave the vengeance of heaven),
Full to o'erflowing is ev'ry stream. Deep cleaving, the torrents
Furrow the mountain slopes with yawning ravines. To the ocean (390)
Wild they rush with impetuous roar, and fling themselves headlong
Down from the crags; and the labours of man disappear *in a moment.*
Such was the roar and rush of the panting steeds and the chariots.

Now of the fugitive host intercepting the nearest, Patroclus
Drove them towards the ships; nor allowed them to make for the city,
Much as they longed to reach it: and there, in the space that extended
'Twixt the ships and the lofty walls and the course of the river,
Hemmed them, and numbers slew, exacting *a terrible* vengeance.
Pronoüs first on the breast he smote with his glittering jav'lin,
Where by his shield uncovered left, and cut short his existence. (400)
Down with a crash he fell. Then Thestor, offspring of Enops,
Next he attacked; who crouching, all panic-stricken and helpless,
Sate in his polished car. From his hands, unable to hold them,
Dropped the reins. Patroclus approached, and rushing upon him
Drove through his cheek the spear, which shattered the teeth in its passage.
Then o'er the rail of his car he dragged him out: as a fisher,
Sitting on some projecting crag *overlooking the ocean,*
Draws a huge fish with his line and brazen hook from the water,
Hideously gaping thus was Thestor dragged from his chariot. (409)
Hurled to the ground, on his face he fell, and his spirit forsook him.
Next Eryàlus he smote with a stone, who came rushing against him,
Full on his head it fell, which in twain it split; nor his helmet
Aught could avail, though strong, to protect him. Prostrate he tumbled,
Rolled in the dust, and the hand of death weighed heavy upon him.
Then Erymantas he slew, Amphoterus, Echius, Epaltes,
Brave Tlepolemus, son of Damastor, Ipheus, and Pyres,
Argeas' son Polymelus, Evippus:—one on the other,
Heaped *in a dreadful pile,* encumbered the ground *with their corses.*

Now, when Sarpedon beheld his companions falling around him,
Swept from the field by the *ruthless* hand of the son of Menœtius,
Thus in upbraiding words he accosted the Lycian warriors:
"Shame on ye, Lycians! where are ye flying? Put forth your vigour!
I myself will confront this conquering hero and test him,
If *he be mortal man* who rages thus on the Trojans,
Heaping such countless woes, and making such havoc among us."
Thus he spake, and leaped to the ground full armed from his chariot.
Down sprang Patroclus too, and at once both heroes encountered,
Closing, like angry vultures on some high rock, who contending,
Buffet, and scream, and tear with their crooked beaks and their talons.
Thus with resounding shouts those chieftains rushed on each other.
Grieving, beheld their meeting the son of mysterious Kronos.
Turning to Hera, his sister and spouse, in these words he addressed her:
"Woe to my soul! Sarpedon, my son, the dearest of mortals,
Now by the fates' decree must succumb to the son of Menœtius.
Sorely with doubts is my heart perplexed, my councils divided!
Can I not snatch him away from this wretched struggle, and place him
Living and safe once more in his wealthy and prosperous Lycia!
Or must I now resign him to fall by the hand of Patroclus?"
Turning upon him her radiant eyes thus Hera responded,
"Offspring of Kronos dread! what words are these thou hast spoken?
Wouldst thou then snatch from gloomy death, *the portion of all men*,
One, *though a hero*, mortal, and long since marked for destruction?
Do *as thou wilt*—but all the Gods will blame thy decision.
This, moreover, I tell thee, and well shalt thou do to observe it:
Think! shouldst thou rescue Sarpedon and send him back to his kingdom,
Will not some other God, *by an equal claim*, from the combat
Rescue his dear-lov'd son whom he sees in danger to perish?
Gods not a few have sons round the lofty city of Priam
Fighting. *That claim refuse*, and all will resent *thy injustice*.
Is he so dear to thy soul? Does thine heart thus yearn to thine offspring?

Still be the fates fulfilled. Let him fall by the hand of Patroclus,
Meeting a glorious death in the fierce encounter impending.
But, *when the struggle is o'er*, when his soul and life have departed,
Lay thy commands on gentle Sleep and Death to convey him
Softly back to his own wide realm and his Lycian people.
There let his brethren and friends fit rites perform, and the honours
Due to the dead bestow: the memorial mound and the column."
Thus she spake: and the sire of Gods and mortals assented,
Show'ring albeit on the field great drops of blood from the heavens,
Mourning his son, now ready to fall by the hand of Patroclus, (460)
Far from his native land, in the fruitful region of Troia.

Now were the heroes met. But a trifling space was between them,
When Patroclus his spear dismissed, and the brave Thrasymelus
Smote; of Sarpedon his sov'reign the trusty friend and attendant.
Pierced through the groin, to the ground he fell, and his spirit forsook him.
Then flew Sarpedon's lance, but it missed the mark it was aimed at,
And upon Pedasus lighted, the *mortal* steed *of Achilles.*
Which through the shoulder it pierced. With a yell he breathed forth his spirit,
While in the dust he rolled and moaning lay. But his fellows
Started asunder, crashed their yoke, and the reins were entangled, (470)
Twining about the prostrate form of their struggling companion.
This when Automedon saw, with prompt and ready decision
Drawing his long sharp sword from his stalwart thigh, he dissevered
All that bound them together, and soon cast loose the encumbrance.
Then *to the pole* they closed, and again drew straight in the traces.

Once more the chiefs prepared to renew their deadly encounter.
Once more Sarpedon in vain dismissed his glittering jav'lin.
Erring, above Patroclus' shoulder it flew; and unwounded
Still he remained. Not so the spear of the son of Menœtius,
Not thus vainly and erring it flew from the hand of its master. (480)
Under his firm-knit heart it passed, through the fold of the midriff.
Prostrate he fell, as falls a gigantic oak, or a poplar,
Or as some lofty pine on the mountain-side, which the shipwrights

Hew for a timber, *or mast, of* some mighty ship with their axes.
Thus lay the Prince, outstretched beside his steeds and his chariot,
Grinding his teeth, and the bloody dust convulsively grasping.
As when a lion hath seized some lordly bull *in the pasture,*
Tawny and huge, from the trampling herds which fly from his presence,
Bellowing he lies beneath the devouring jaws of the monster:
Thus, indignant at falling beneath the hand of Patroclus, (490)
Lycia's chief in groans bespake his friend and companion:
"Glaucus! friend of my heart! most brave of the brave! it behoves thee
Now to surpass thyself, and shew thyself mighty in battle:
Summon up all thy strength, and nerve thy heart for the trial.
Call on my Lycian warriors, one and all, to assemble
Round the corse of their prince, and defend the remains of Sarpedon.
Fight thyself for thy friend, and ply thy spear to protect him;
For, if thou fail in this—if thou suffer the Greeks to despoil me,
Leaving me here among their ships,—henceforth and for ever (499)
Shame on thy front will sit, and bitter reproach will pursue thee.
Hold out bravely, and fight like men, both thou and thy comrades."
Thus while he spake, the shadow of death drew round, and his eye-sight
Failed, and his breathing ceased. Then Patroclus his heel on his bosom
Planted, and drew forth the spear, its point entwined with his heart-strings;
Issued the life with the gushing blood, and followed the weapon;
While by the Myrmidon warriors seized, his fiery coursers
Breaking away from the chariot in wild affright were arrested.
Dire was the anguish of heart which on Glaucus fell when he heard him,
Knowing himself disabled, *and all unfit for the struggle.*
Grasping his wounded arm he pressed it hard, for he suffered (510)
Grievous pangs from the hurt which Teucer's shaft had inflicted
When in defence of the lofty wall he resisted his onset.
Then in his anguish he prayed to the *bright* far-darting Apollo:
"Hear me, O King! whether Lycia's fertile realm with thy presence

Gladd'ning, or Troia's plains: alike thou hear'st the afflicted
Wheresoever thou art, when distress like mine is upon them.
Lo! what a wound I bear! what piercing torment I suffer
Here in this useless arm! unstanched, my life-blood is streaming
Still from its open wound, while helpless it hangs from my shoulder.
Nor can I grasp my spear, nor meet my foe in the battle.
Now, too, hath perished a mighty chief, our prince and our leader,
Brave Sarpedon, the son of Zeus, who helped not his offspring.
Hear me, O King! and heal this unhappy wound, and my torments
Bitter assuage; and restore my strength that, my Lycian comrades
Once more gath'ring in arms, I may cheer them on to the combat:
Fighting myself in defence of the *mighty* dead, *as becomes me.*"
Thus *in his anguish* he prayed, and his prayer reached Phœbus Apollo.
Forthwith the raging pain he allayed, and the blood *from his elbow*
Black-distilling he stanched, and restored him to soundness and vigour.
Inly conscious of pain relieved and vigour returning,
Glaucus rejoiced in his soul, for his prayer he knew had been granted.
First to the Lycian chiefs he went his rounds, and excited
All to collect, and fight round the prostrate *form of* Sarpedon.
Then to the Trojans he hasted away long-striding, and summoned
Brave Polydamas, Panthoüs' son, and godlike Agenor,
Then unto Hector, lord of the brazen helm, and Æneas,
Passed; and taking his stand at Hector' side, he addressed him:
"Hector! thy faithful allies may justly complain of thy conduct,
Who for thy sake, afar from their friends, afar from their country,
Pour forth their lives *unstinting*, and thou dost nought to assist them.
Now is Sarpedon fall'n, the chief of our Lycian warriors,
He who the sceptre of Lycia swayed in might and in justice,
Slain by Patroclus' spear, whom bronze-mail'd Ares hath aided.
Come, then, my friends! stand by me. Let grief and vengeance inspire you;
Let them not spoil his arms, nor suffer the Myrmidon warriors,
Bearing in mind the Greeks who have fall'n,—the chiefs without number

Who by his lance have bled,—to insult the remains of Sarpedon."
Thus he spake; and grief unendurable seized on the Trojans,
Bitter and deep: for a tower of strength had he been to their city,
Stranger indeed, *yet by all belov'd;* and num'rous his forces,
Many the heroes he led, himself the bravest among them.
Straight at the Greeks they rushed with impetuous fury, and Hector,
Burning with rage at Sarpedon's death, at their head. But Patroclus,
Valiant and stern of heart, pushed on the Grecians *to meet them,*
Thus th' Aiantes addressing, who longed like himself for the onset:
"*Noble* Aiantes! *Behold the foe!* Be it yours to repel him.
Heroes ye always were. Be now more heroic than ever!
There lies the chief, Sarpedon, who first surmounted your rampart.
Now is the time to dishonour his corse, and strip from his shoulders
All those glitt'ring and gorgeous arms, and slay without mercy
All of his Trojan friends who dare approach to protect him."
Thus he spake. Right ready were both to lend their assistance.
Now upon either side were the ranks reinforced for the struggle;
Trojans with Lycians here, there Achaians with Myrmidons joining.
Closing, with dreadful cries, o'er the corse they fought; and around it
Tumult arose; the shout of the troops, and clash of their armour.
Zeus over all thick darkness stretched, *augmenting the horror,*
Deep'ning the fight round his much-lov'd son, and swelling the carnage.
Troy's was the first success. The first who fell was a Grecian,
One not last nor feeblest of all the Myrmidon warriors,
Noble Epeigeus, valiant son of the mighty Agacles,
Who in Budæum ruled, a town well-peopled and wealthy;
Thence was Epeigeus chased, having caused the death of a kinsman,
And unto Peleus came and Thetis the silvery-footed:
Thence dispatched with the troops to swell the ranks of Achilles,
Troia, famed for its steeds, to visit, and war against Ilium.
Scarce had he touched the dead, when a stone came thund'ring from Hector,
Full on his head it fell, which in twain it split; nor his helmet
Aught could avail, though strong, to protect him. Prostrate he tumbled,

Stretched on the corpse, and the hand of Death weighed heavy upon him.
Deep was the grief for his comrade slain which seized on Patroclus,
Straight through the fray he dashed like the swift-wing'd hawk which disperses
Starlings and *chatt'ring* daws which fly before him *in terror.*
Such was thy rush, Patroclus bold, on the Trojans and Lycians,
Such was the wrath in thine heart when thou saw'st the fall of thy comrade.
Full on the neck Sthenelaüs he smote, Ithæmenes' offspring,
With an *enormous* crag which tore the tendons asunder.
Fear on the Trojans *seized and they* fled. Ev'n Hector retreated,
Far as the flight of some mighty lance, by the hand of a spearman
Hurled, for a trial of strength, in peaceful sport, or in battle
Aimed at some distant foe in the deadly struggle of heroes.
So far the Trojans withdrew, and abandoned the field to the Argives.
Glaucus, the Lycian chief, was the first to turn, and advancing,
Great Bathyclæus encountered and slew, brave offspring of Chalcon,
Who in the region of Hellas fair in wealth and abundance
Dwelt at his ease, distinguished among the Myrmidon nobles,—
Glaucus, turning him suddenly round, when just overtaken,
Lifted his shining spear and pierced to the heart his pursuer.
Down with a crash he fell. Full sore was the grief of the Argives,
Seeing a chief so brave struck down, while the Trojans exulted.
Rallying around in crowds they stood: but the Grecians advancing,
Proud of their ancient prowess and strength, came rushing upon them.
Merion now struck down a crested chief of the Trojans,
Mighty and fierce *in fight,* Laogonus, son of Onetor,
Priest of Idæan Zeus; like a god by the people respected.
Under the ear and beneath the jaw the blow was delivered.
Life fled at once from his limbs, and darkness gathered around him.
Then at Meriones, lifting aloft his shield and advancing,
Mighty Æneas hurled his lance, in hopes to destroy him;
Not unperceived: for the *wary* chief stooped forward, avoiding
Death, and the long sharp spear passed harmless on, and behind him

Fixed in the ground, and quivering stood from the point to the handle,
Guiltless of blood, and expended its mighty force in its tremors.
[Vainly the weapon had fled from the powerful hand of its master,
Quivering there in the earth it stood, deep-rooted and harmless.]
Then was Æneas wrath, and thus he vented his anger:
"None but a dancer expert could have thus eluded my weapon.
Merion! had it but touched thee there soon were an end of thy gambols."
Thus to his taunt rejoined that brave and redoubtable spearman:
"Brave as thou art, Æneas, thy task methinks were a hard one,
All to destroy who against thee in arms shall come. Thou art mortal,
This remember, and wait thine hour, which sure will overtake thee.
And if, exulting in pride as thou stand'st, on thy valour relying,
Merion's spear (*as well it may*) should light on thy bosom,
Mine were the boast, but thine the downward journey to Hades."
Thus he spake, but the valiant son of Menœtius rebuked him:
"Merion! why these words, so ill beseeming thy valour?
Think not sarcastic words, my friend, will scatter the Trojans
Crowding around yon corse! They must take their places beside it.
Deeds are the one thing needful in war, and words in the council;
Here men come not together to talk. Our bus'ness is fighting."
Speaking thus he advanced, and the godlike Merion followed.
Then, as within some mountain dell the crash of the forests,
Falling beneath the woodman's axe, uprouses the echoes,
So through that wide-expanded plain the clash of their weapons
Echoed, from brass, from tough bull-hide, from *breastplate and* buckler,
Battered, and hacked with swords, and pierced with two-edged lances.
Now not *his nearest friend* would have known the form of Sarpedon,
Covered from head to foot with dust and blood; and with lances
Pierced and disfigured, *from many a hand in the combat around him.*
Still round his corse they gathered in crowds, like flies which by myriads
Gather and hum in the stalls round the milking pails in the spring-tide,
What time the milk *is sweet and rich* and the pails overflowing.
Thus round the corse they gathered in crowds; while not for an instant
Zeus from the fight his radiant eyes averted, but kept them

On the contending heroes fixed, in his bosom revolving
All the impending fates of Patroclus brave: for he doubted
Whether the mighty Hector should conquer at once and should stretch him
Lifeless on godlike Sarpedon's remains, and strip from his shoulders
All his resplendent arms, or, prolonging the arduous struggle,
Deaths he should heap on deaths, and swell the number *of victims*.
This he at length resolved, as the better course; that Patroclus,
[Servant brave of the mighty Achilles, offspring of Peleus,]
Once more should turn to flight the Trojans and crest-waving Hector,
Drive them back to the city, and strew the plain with their corses.
Therefore he chilled the heart and enfeebled the courage of Hector.
First of the host to his car he sprang, and called on the Trojans
All to follow his flight, for fate, he perceived, was against him.
Then resisted no longer the Lycian host; but in terror
All of them turned and fled; for they saw the form of their sov'reign
Pierced to the heart, and o'erwhelmed with the pile of dead; for upon him
Many had fall'n, crushed down by the stern control of Kronion.
Then did the Greeks from Sarpedon his brazen and glittering armour
Tear, and Menœtius' valiant son to his friends and companions
Gave it in charge, from the field to the hollow ships to convey it.
Now to Apollo spake the cloud-compelling Kronion:
"Haste thee! Phœbus belov'd. Draw forth the corse of Sarpedon
Out from the spears and darts, and his limbs from the gore that defiles them
Cleanse; and far from the field with copious streams from the river
Lave; with ambrosia anoint; and clothe them with garments immortal.
Then to my messengers, Sleep and Death, twin brothers, consign him,
Silent and swift, who will bear him away, and gently restore him
Back to his native realm, his wide and prosperous Lycia;
There shall his brethren and friends fit rites perform, and the honours
Due to the dead bestow: the funereal mound and the column.
Thus he spake, and Phœbus obeyed the command of his Parent.
Darting at once from Ida's height to the midst of the combat,

Forth from the weapons the corse he drew of mighty Sarpedon;
Far from the field then bore it, with plenteous streams from the river
Laved; with ambrosia anointed; and clothed it in raiment immortal.
Then to the messengers, Sleep and Death, twin-brothers, consigned it,
Silent and swift, who bore him away, and *gently* restored him
Back to his native earth, his wide and prosperous Lycia.
Eagerly now Patroclus, his steeds Automedon cheering,
Dashed in pursuit of the Lycians and Trojans, and rushed on destruction.
Rash, and misled! Had he called to mind the command of Achilles,
Surely that fatal hour and the blackness of death had been spared him.
Higher however than mortal man's are the thoughts of the Father,
He, when he will, discomfits the brave—in the moment of conquest
Snatches the palm from hands which himself hath strengthened to win it:
So did he strengthen Menœtius' son, and filled him with courage.
Say, Patroclus! whom first, whom last, didst thou hurl into Orcus,
Urged on, thyself, by fate, and called by the Gods to destruction.
First Adrestus, Autonous next, and mighty Echeclus,
Perimus, then great Megas' son, Melanippus, Epistor,
Elasus next, then Mulius fell, then valiant Pylartes.
Fall'n, their fellows dispersed in flight, each seeking his safety.
Then had the lofty gates of Troy to the sons of Achaia
Bowed, and to raging Patroclus' brandish'd spear, and his prowess,
Had not Apollo himself interposed, and high on the rampart
Taken his stand, with wrathful intent, and assisted the Trojans.
Thrice did Patroclus a buttress attempt to scale, but Apollo
Thrice repelled the assault, and thrust him back *as he mounted*,
Striking his beaming shield with the hand of a God. But a fourth time,
When he renewed the attempt with unearthly courage and vigour,
Broke forth, in threat'ning tone, these warning words from the godhead:
"Heav'n-born Patroclus! retire! nor vainly deem to thy weapon
Fate hath decreed the fall of the lofty city of Ilion.
Not to Achilles himself will it yield, though far thy superior."
Thus he spake. Then far from the wall Patroclus retreated,
Dreading the wrath to provoke of the bright far-darting Apollo.

Hector the while at the Scæan gate remained in his chariot,
Doubtful whether again in the fight to mix, or, retreating,
Gather the people in safety within the walls of the city.
This in his mind debating, beside him Phœbus Apollo
Stood; assuming the shape of a hero, valiant and youthful,
Asius: uncle was he of Hector, tamer of horses,
Hecuba's own dear brother; to Dymas his father in Phrygia
Born, where he dwelt in his wealth, on the fertile bank of Sangarius.
Taking his form, to Hector Apollo addressed his remonstrance: (720)
"Hector! ill it beseems thee to stand aloof from the combat.
Were but *our ranks reversed, and* I thy superior in station,
Soon wouldst thou learn to repent having left thy post in the battle.
Up, then, and charge with the might of thy powerful steeds on Patroclus,
Not without hope to slay him, should Phœbus lead thee to glory."
Thus spake the God, and left him, and plunged in the thick of the conflict.
Hector then unto valiant Cebriones turned, and commanded
Into the battle his bounding steeds to lash: and Apollo
Passed on before him and entered the crowd, and spread through the Argives
Dread and confusion; glory preparing for Troy and for Hector. (730)
He, neglecting the rest of the Greeks, nor staying to slay them,
Charged on Patroclus direct with all the speed of his horses;
Who when he saw him approach at once sprang down from his chariot.
Holding his spear in his left, in his right hand grasped he a fragment,
Heavy and rugged, of marble white, which hardly it closed on.
Putting forth all his might, he hurled the stone, and it missed not,
Nor was it slow in its flight. On Cebriones' forehead it lighted,
Hector's charioteer (the offspring of glorious Priam,
Though from unwedded love), who held the reins of his horses.
Crushing his brows it fell: nor the *solid* bone of his forehead (740)
Aught availed to resist it. His eyes, forced out from their orbits,
Dropped at his feet in the dust; and headlong down like a diver
Forward he plunged from the rich-wrought seat; and his spirit forsook him.

Bitterly mocking arose thy derisive taunt, O Patroclus!
"Gods! how expertly he dives! what a nimble and clever performer!
Had he this feat performed in the fishy sea, we had seen him,
Bringing up oysters enough to feast us all. He might safely
Plunge from the side of a ship, let the sea be never so stormy.
Here he exhibits his skill by a plunge from the seat of his chariot.
One thing is sure: the Trojans have excellent divers among them."
Thus he spake, and rushed on the prostrate chief, as a lion
Fierce, who the fold having ravaged, at length receiving his death-wound,
Falls to his own impetuous force and courage a victim.
Eagerly thus thou sprang'st on the prostrate hero, Patroclus!
Hector beheld, and leaped to the ground at once from his chariot,
Then, as above some slaughtered stag in the mountain recesses
Two fierce lions in deadly struggle contend for the carcase,
Burning with *equal* rage, and by *equal* hunger incited;
So did these two great lords of the fight o'er Cebriones prostrate,
Mighty Patroclus, Menœtius' son, and illustrious Hector,
Aim at each other *in deadly hate* their pitiless weapons.
Hector the head of the corpse had seized, and his grasp he relaxed not;
Brave Patroclus the feet held fast; and the Greeks and the Trojans
Crowded around them *both*, and engaged in desperate conflict.
As when within some mountain-gorge, dense-wooded *and gloomy*,
Eurus and Notus contend which most shall shatter the forest;
Clashing together, the beech, the ash, and the wide-spreading cornel,
Rude intermingle their *struggling* boughs, and the roar of *the branches*
Deepens around, and the *mingling* crash of the prostrated thicket:
Thus did the Trojans and thus the Greeks in mutual slaughter
Close with a rush, all thoughts of flight or safety dismissing.
Many a pointed spear round the *fall'n* Cebriones bristled;
Many a winged shaft leap't *swift and sharp* from the bowstring;
Many a weighty stone came thund'ring on shield and on buckler
There as they fought: and a whirlwind of dust fell thick on the hero,

Wide outstretched as he lay, all his charioteering forgotten.
Now while the sun in his daily course mid-heav'n was ascending,
So long alike in either host were the wounds and the slaughter,
But when his noon was passed, and his path to the west was declining,
Greece had the best of the fight, and in fate's despite was triumphant.
Forth from the weapons the corpse they drew from the press of the Trojans,
And from its shoulders tore the *bright and glittering* armour.
Then on the Trojans Patroclus rushed, dire thoughts in his bosom
Harbouring. Thrice he charged with the might of infuriate Ares,
Dreadfully shouting: and thrice did he strike down nine of his foemen.
But when with more than mortal force he rushed on, a fourth time,
Then, O Patroclus! drew to its close the career of thy glory.
Phœbus approached thee, forcing his way through the thick of the conflict,
Dreadful! Him through the tumult advancing Patroclus perceived not,
Such, and so dense the mist that his form *and features* surrounded:
Standing behind him, a blow on his back he dealt, and his shoulders
Broad, with the flat of his hand. Then his eyes swam giddy *and dazzling;*
Off from his head the helmet flew, by Phœbus Apollo
Smitten; and clatt'ring it rolled beneath the feet of the horses.
Soiled in the dust and blood was that lofty crest, *which aforetime*
Never had known the touch of earth, which dust and defilement
Never before disgraced: for o'er mighty Achilles its plumage
Waved, and the godlike head and beauteous face of the hero
Shaded: henceforward on Hector's head to wave and to glisten,
Granted by Zeus for a while, till a speedy death should o'ertake him.
Flew from his hand in shivers the long-forth-shadowing jav'lin,
Heavy, and stubborn, and huge, and brazen-tipp'd. From his shoulders
Glided to earth his all-protecting shield with its baldric.
Down fell his breastplate too, stript off by Phœbus Apollo.
Then was his soul disturbed. His knees 'gan tremble beneath him.
Dazed and astound he stood. Then approached a Dardanian warrior,

And in his back, his shoulders betwixt, a wound he inflicted.
This was Euphorbus, Panthŏus' son, who his youthful companions
Far surpassed, as a spearman, a runner swift, and a rider,
One who already full twenty warriors had hurled from their chariots,
New to the use of his own, yet learning the practice of warfare.
Such was the man who smote thee first with his lance, O Patroclus!
Yet he subdued thee not: and he slunk away to his comrades,
First having plucked from the wound his ashen spear: for Patroclus,
All unarmed as he stood and naked, he feared to encounter.
Wounded, disarmed by the God, Patroclus withdrew from the combat,
Back to the ranks of his friends, in sore distress and confusion.
Hector, when this he marked, when he saw the godlike Patroclus
Out of the fight to his friends retiring, wounded *and bleeding*,
Pushed through the crowd, approached him close, and lifting his jav'lin
Drove it beneath his ribs through the flank, and it issued behind him:
Down with a crash he fell, while horror seized on the Grecians.
As when a lion and savage boar contend for the mast'ry,
High on a mountain slope when, burning with thirst, they encounter
Close to the edge of some small rill, both longing to taste it;
Triumphs at length o'er his panting foe the might of the lion:
Thus, after many a warrior slain, the son of Menœtius
Yielded his life at length to the conqu'ring jav'lin of Hector,
Who in exulting tones his prostrate foeman accosted:
"Where is thy boast, Patroclus! insulter vain! that our city
Soon thou wouldst overwhelm, and carry the matrons of Troia
Bond-slaves, torn from their homes, in your ships to the land of your fathers?
Here are the steeds of Hector, *who bear their lord to the battle*,
Swift of foot, to defend them;—and Hector himself with his jav'lin,
First of the warriors of Troy, who hath saved them now, and will save them
Still, from that evil day: while thou shalt fatten the vultures.
Little, unhappy wretch! hath the might of Achilles availed thee,
Much he enjoined, no doubt, when himself inactive, he sent thee

Forth to the fight. 'Return not,' (*methinks I hear him*) 'Patroclus!
Back to my hollow ships, till the arms of death-dealing Hector,
Torn from his bleeding breast, thou bring me back *as thy trophy.*'
Such, perchance, were his words. And thou, in thy folly, believ'dst them."

Thus, with feeble and fainting voice responded Patroclus:
"Hector! boast if thou wilt. To almighty Zeus and Apollo
Ow'st thou this easy success. 'Tis they who have conquered Patroclus,
Who from my shoulders stripped my arms, *and exposed me defenceless.*
Twenty such men as thou might have striv'n in vain to oppose me;
All had I conquered,—all beneath my spear would have perished.
Fate was against me:—fate and the vengeful offspring of Leto,
And among men, Euphorbus. Thy part was the third, *and the meanest.*
One more word may I speak; and well wilt thou do to observe it.
Brief is the term which remains of thine own career: for already
Fate unsparing, and *gloomy* death, stand close at thy elbow,
Doomed as thou art to fall by the hand of peerless Achilles."

Thus while he spake the shadow of death came gath'ring around him,
Quitting its mortal abode, his soul passed *downward* to Hades,
Wailing its lot, relinquishing youth, *and beauty*, and manhood.
Hector awhile stood o'er him, and thus addressed the departed:
"Wherefore this *dismal* announcement of coming death? O Patroclus!
May not Achilles himself, *though mighty, and* born of a Goddess,
Yield up his life as well, beneath my conquering jav'lin?"
Thus he spake, and the brazen spear from the wound he extracted,
Planting his heel *on his bosom, and* spurning the corse from the weapon:
Then, with recovered lance, on Automedon rushed, in the chariot
Seated, and guiding the steeds of Æacus' mighty descendant,
Eager to slay him. But him th' immortal coursers of Peleus
(Gift of the gods) bore far away, disappointing his purpose.

THE ILIAD.

BOOK XVII.

BOOK THE SEVENTEENTH.

ARGUMENT.

MENELAÜS defends the body of Patroclus, and kills Euphorbus. Hector approaching, Menelaüs retires, but returning with Aias, drives him off. Glaucus reproaches him. He arms himself in the spoils of Patroclus, and makes a fresh attack. A thick darkness overspreads the scene of the combat, which grows every moment fiercer; Aias rallying the Greeks, and Æneas supporting the Trojans. The horses of Achilles weep for the loss of Patroclus. Zeus reanimates them, and Automedon drives off the car. Hector and Æneas pursue him. The two Aiantes coming up they desist, and the combat over Patroclus is renewed; Pallas inspiring Menelaüs to defend it, and Apollo Hector to assail him. Zeus thunders and puts the Greeks to flight. Aias prays for light, which is granted. Antilochus is sent to advise Achilles of Patroclus' death. At length Menelaus and Merion bear off the body to the ships, Aias defending them.

ILIAD. BOOK XVII.

MIGHTY Patroclus' fall, by the hostile spears of the Trojans,
Passed not unmarked by Atreus' warlike son Menelaüs.
Sheathed in refulgent brass, to the front he advanced, and around him
Stalked, with protecting stride; as a heifer, newly a mother,
Paces around her first-born calf, with piteous lowing.
Thus round Patroclus strode the fair-hair'd chief Menelaüs,
Holding before him his lance, and the smooth round orb of his buckler,
Ready and eager to slay whoe'er might advance to attack him.
Neither did Panthus' valiant son, the spearman Euphorbus,
Cease to remember Patroclus slain; but approached, *and before him*
Stood, while thus he addressed Menelaüs, favour'd of Ares:
"Atreus' heaven-born son, Menelaüs, prince of thy nation!
Off with thee! quit yon corse! and relinquish its spoils *to their owner*.
None of our Trojan host or brave auxiliar forces
Wounded Patroclus, before with my spear I smote him in battle.
Seek not to rob me then of my glory, due from the Trojans,
Lest with *another stroke of* my spear I dispatch thee *to join him*."
Thus then, indignant, replied the fair-hair'd chief Menelaüs:
"Father Zeus! *and ye Pow'rs of Heaven!* what insolent boasting!
Why! not a panther with *half* such unbridled wrath, not a lion,
Not an untameable, *fierce*, and destructive boar, in whose bosom
Fury, and wild *outbursting* rage *unceasingly* harbour,
Swells, as these sons of Panthus display, these *marvellous* spearmen!

Yet not long withstood me the might of proud Hyperenor,
Whom in the bloom of his youth I slew; who attacked, and provoked me,
Calling me coward, and feeblest of all our Danaan warriors.
Borne on no feet of his own, *I ween*, he returned to his parents
Honoured, and loving wife, to rejoice their hearts *with his triumph!*
So will I treat thee too, if thou *tempt my might, and* oppose me,
Standing thy ground. Be advised. Retreat; and among thy companions
Skulk, *and be lost* in the crowd; lest *evil and* mischief befall thee.
Warnings the wise receive, but mishap is the teacher of folly."
Thus he spake, but in vain: for thus responded Euphorbus:
"Now for this act, Menelaüs, my *vengeful spear* shall requite thee;
Thee, who hast slain my brother, and thus canst boast of his slaughter;
Widowed his new-wed bride, *and sent her to weep* in her chamber;
Heaping unspeakable grief on the hearts of his agonized parents.
This shall afford some solace, some small relief to their sorrow,
When, having stripped thine arms, and *struck* thine head *from thy shoulders*,
Home, as an off'ring to Panthus and noble Phrontis, I bear them.
Now must we fight it out *to the bitter end*, and the question,
If thou be coward or brave, shall thus full soon be decided."
Thus as he spake he thrust at the smooth round orb of his buckler:
Thrust, but pierced not the *polished* brass: for the point of his weapon
Turned on the mighty shield. Next, Atreus' son, Menelaüs,
First having prayed to Zeus, rushed on, uplifting his jav'lin.
Just in the act of receding a step, the spear through his gullet
Pierced. Urged on from behind, by the forceful hand of Atreides,
Out through the tender neck stood forth the point of the weapon.
Down he fell with a crash, and his armour rattled around him.
Dabbled in blood were his beauteous locks, which the Graces *might envy*,
Each fair curl with circlets of gold entwined, and of silver,
As when in some sequestered vale, all gurgling with fountains,
Grows a young olive, nursed with care by the hand of the planter;
Waving in every breeze *its graceful and silvery tresses*,

Beauteous it stands and gay, with its snowy profusion of blossom,
Till with a sudden *wrench*, the *ruthless* force of the tempest
Tears it away, and stretches its prostrate form on the furrow:
Thus lay Euphorbus, Panthus' son, by stern Menelaus,
Atreus' offspring, slain: and the victor stripped off his armour. (60)
As when a lion, exulting in might, from his lair in the mountains
Springs on the pasturing herd and seizes the best of the heifers;
First with his monstrous fangs he breaks the neck of his victim,
Then o'er the carcase stands and laps up the blood and the entrails,
Tearing his flesh; while dogs and herdsmen stand at a distance
Shouting and barking with all their might: nor dare to approach him
Near, *or disturb his horrid meal*, all pallid with terror;
Thus not one of his Trojan friends could summon the courage
Boldly to face Menelaüs, *and rescue the corse of their comrade.*
Then had he lightly borne those spoils away, but Apollo, (70)
Pitying his hapless fate, to Atreides grudged their possession;
Hector he sought, and aroused the martial fire of his nature.
Taking the form of Mentes, the brave Ciconian leader,
Near him he stood, and in hasty and urgent words he addressed him:
"Cease to pursue, O Hector, an unattainable object:
Chasing Achilles' steeds *thou but wast'st thy force.... Couldst thou take them*,
They by no hand of mortal man will submit to be guided:
None but Achilles, goddess-born, may hope to control them.
Atreus' warlike son meanwhile, the prince Menelaüs,
Guarding Patroclus' corse, has encountered valiant Euphorbus, (80)
One of our noblest Trojan chiefs, and slain him in battle."
Thus spake the God; and departing was lost in the crowd of the warriors.
Deep fell the shadow of grief on the saddened spirit of Hector;
Casting around him a searching glance, he perceived through the tumult,
Here, Menelaüs bearing the spoils, there, hapless Euphorbus
Stretched on the plain, and the gore from his wound still streaming around him.
Sheathed in refulgent brass to the rescue he rushed, and before him

Sent forth a fearful shout. Like the raging fires of Hephæstus,
Fierce, unextinguished, he flew. Menelaüs warned by his outcry,
Sore disturbed, communed with his heart as he saw him approaching:
"What must I do? If I quit *these* beauteous arms, and Patroclus
Leave undefended, whose blood in my cause has been shed—for my honour—.
Will not each Greek who beholds it *for ever* hate *and despise* me?
But, if, constrained by sense of shame I remain, and the Trojans
All, with Hector, encounter, alone I shall stand and surrounded:
For with their whole array, lo! crest-waving Hector advances.
Yet what need of debate? and why this conflict within me?
Surely when mortal man against fate shall strive, and in battle
Stand, against one whom the Gods support, dire ills will o'erwhelm him:
Therefore let none of the Greeks too harshly deem, who shall see me
Yielding to Hector's might, whom a God leads onward to conquest.
Could I but hear great Aias' voice o'er the roar of the battle,
Back with him would I come and renew the struggle, regardless
Ev'n of a God's opposing pow'r, and bear to Achilles
Sad Patroclus' remains. 'Tis the best we can hope to accomplish."
Thus while he stood *but half resolved*, and inly debating,
On came the Trojan force, great Hector leading their onset,
Then reluctant he turned him round, and the dead he abandoned,
Slowly retiring: ev'n as a lion, bearded and shaggy,
Who from the stalls retreats, when dogs around him and hunters
Gather, and press him with clamour and spears, till his courage is shaken,
And from the midst of the fold he retires, indignant *and sullen;*
Thus from Patroclus withdrew the fair-haired chief Menelaüs.
Turning at length, when in safety he reached the ranks of his comrades,
Anxious he gazed around for the great Telamonian hero;
Soon he perceived him, far remote, on the left of the battle
Rallying his troops; for Phœbus Apollo had scattered among them
Panic and wild dismay—*till their chief restored them to order.*

Quickly he ran to the place, and arriving, thus he addressed him:
"Aias! hither, my friend! Let us hasten to rescue Patroclus
Slain; if at least his naked corse we may bear to Achilles;
Naked—for crest-waving Hector already possesses his armour."
Thus he spake, and aroused the martial spirit of Aias.
Forth they sped, *and made for the spot where Patroclus was lying.*
Hector they found with the corpse despoiled of its beauteous armour,
Dragging it off: for he meant to strike the head from its shoulders,
And to the dogs of Troy as a prey to cast forth the body.
Just then Aias arrived, his tow'r-like buckler advancing:
Hector at once retired, and back to the ranks of his comrades
Hasted, and into his chariot sprang. But the glorious trophies
First to his followers' care he consigned, to bear to the city.
Aias the while o'er the dead the broad expanse of his buckler
Spread, and around him stalked, as about his whelps doth a lion,
Whom in the forest, leading them forth, the hunters encounter,
When he collects his might, and in all his grimness of feature,
Deep o'er his *glaring* eyes contracts *the gloom of* his eyebrows:
Thus did great Aias stalk round *the prostrate form of* Patroclus.
Atreus' son, by his side, the warlike chief Menelaüs,
Stood; by a load of grief his heart oppressed *and embittered.*
Glaucus now, Hippolochus' son, the brave Lycian leader,
Frowning on Hector, addressed him in words severe and reproachful:
"Hector! a hero in outward show, thou art wanting in courage.
How didst thou win thy fame? Not, surely, by *always* retreating!
Henceforth, how to defend thy city 'twere well thou consider,
With thy own native Trojan troops, alone and unaided;
For, *be assured,* not a Lycian now will fight with the Grecians,
Or for the city *strike one blow.* 'Tis thankless, for ever,
Thus unsupported, to waste our strength in perpetual conflict.
How can we ever expect that a meaner man thou wilt living
Aid, or defend when dead, when Sarpedon, thy guest and companion,
Recreant! thou left'st to the Argive spoilers, a prey and a booty:
Whom, while living, to thee and thy nation a stay and a bulwark,
Dead, thou hast suffered the Grecian dogs to tear and disfigure.

If there be one then, who heeds my words, of our Lycian warriors,
Home let him haste and abandon Troy to impending destruction.
Now, ev'n now, if the Trojans had spirit or valour within them,
Aught of that dauntless force which heroes who fight for their country
Feel in their hearts when they meet their foes in desperate conflict,
Yet might we easily bear Patroclus' corse into Ilion.
Him could we drag from the fight to the lofty city of Priam— (160)
Once could we carry him off from the field *and secure his possession*—
Soon would the Greeks surrender the beauteous arms of Sarpedon,
Soon should we see restored his lov'd remains, as a ransom;
This might we do, having slain the companion and friend of a hero,
Bravest of all the Greeks, whose troops are the best of their warriors.
But in the presence of Aias the noble-hearted, thy spirit
Quails, and to stand before him and face to face in the battle,
Meet him, thou dar'st not attempt. He is braver than thou, *and thou know'st it.*"

Frowning, the lord of the waving crest, great Hector, responded:
"Glaucus! methinks from one like thee such words are o'erweening. (170)
Ever, my friend! till now, I believed thee discreet, and in wisdom
Far surpassing the dwellers in fertile Lycia's region.
Now must I deem thee beside thyself, such a word to have uttered,
As that I dread to encounter the huge proportions of Aias.
War and the thunder of chariots have nothing appalling to Hector.
Higher however than mortal man's is the will of Kronion,
He at his pleasure confounds the brave:—in the moment of triumph
Snatches the palm from hands which himself has strengthened to win it.
Come with me, friend! stand by, and judge for thyself of my conduct,
So shalt thou call me *for ever disgraced*, for ever a recreant, (180)
If some few of the Greeks, who defend the corse of Patroclus,
Learn not to rue the day, how boldly soever they bear them."

Thus having spoken, he shouted a mighty shout to his follwers:
"Trojans and Lycians all, and ye brave Dardanian warriors,
Shew yourselves men, my friends! Remember your prowess and valour.
Soon shall ye see me, arrayed in the arms of peerless Achilles,
Arms which I stripped myself from the prostrate form of Patroclus."

Crest-waving Hector, thus having spoken, quitted the combat,
Hast'ning away to o'ertake his train, who to Ilion were bearing
Mighty Peleides' arms. With speed he ran and o'ertook them,
Light of foot, ere far they had passed on their way, and detained them.
There, from the murd'rous fight apart, exchanging his armour,
Back to the sacred city his own he dispatched, with an escort,
Chosen, of warlike men; while himself in the arms of Peleides,
Blazing, celestial, he decked:—those arms to Peleus his father,
Giv'n by th' immortal gods. From the aged king to Achilles
Next they came: but the son grew not old in the arms of the father.
Him beholding afar, the cloud-compelling Kronion,
Thus in the shining arms of divine Peleides accoutred,
Sadly his head he shook, and thus communed with his spirit:
"Ill-fated *Prince!* No thought of death o'ershadows *thy triumph*,
Near as thine end approaches. In arms celestial I see thee,
Worn by the bravest of mortals, the scourge and terror of all men:
Him, whose *friend and* companion, the gentle and brave, thou hast slaughtered,
Stripping his arms in unseemly guise from his head and his shoulders.
Yet will I give thee fame, and augment thy strength *for a moment*,
Some compensation granting for this, that, returning from battle,
Ne'er shall Andromaché take from thy hands the arms of Achilles."
Forward his dark and awful brows he bent, and inclining,
Nodded. The arms then closed round the limbs, and the spirit of Ares
Rushed on the soul of Hector. His form dilated, with vigour
Swelling, and force immense. Then through th' auxiliar squadrons,
Shouting aloud he passed: and all might trace a resemblance,
Bright as he beamed, in the glorious arms of mighty Peleides.
While, as he went through the ranks, he exhorted each of their leaders—
Mesthles, Glaucus himself, Thersilochus, Asteropæus,
Medon and brave Deisenor, Hippothous, Chromius, Phorcys,
Ennomus too, for his augury famed. *Not one he omitted,*
As in these rapid *and soul-inspiring* words he addressed them:
"Hear me! ye countless tribes of brave allies from our frontiers!
'Twas not to gather around me a crowd *of idle retainers*,

That from your several cities and states I summoned you hither;
'Twas to defend with hearty zeal, from the warlike Achaians,
Troy's high state, and our Trojan wives, and innocent children.
Looking to this, have I lavished upon you our wealth and resources,
Strait'ning our own supplies, and maintaining you all in abundance;
Now then *be brave!* face round, and fight to the death, or by vict'ry
Rescue your lives: for such are the stakes and chances of warfare.
Whoso shall seize on the corse of Patroclus dead, and shall bear it
Out of the fight, to Troy, despite the resistance of Aias,
Him will I grace with half our spoil, retaining the other;
So shall he stand, my equal in gain, my equal in glory."

Thus he spake, and at once in a mass they rushed on the Grecians,
High uplifting their spears. Each warrior burned with impatience,
Hoping to snatch the dead from the great Telamonian Aias.
Fools! full many a life o'er that prostrate form was relinquished!

Aias then Menelaüs addressed, the mighty in battle:
"Brave Menelaus! my godlike friend! full small is the prospect
Now that we both shall escape alive from this desperate struggle.
'Tis not so much that I dread the impending loss of Patroclus,
Who to the dogs and vultures of Troy must soon be abandoned,
But for thy life and my own I fear, since both are in danger.
Lo! what a whelming cloud of war comes gath'ring around us.
Hector is there, and swift destruction waits on his footsteps,
Call then! shout for our Grecian chiefs, if any can hear thee."

Brave Menelaüs, great in the roar of battle, complying,
Raised a tremendous shout, and thus he called on the Argives:
"Friends and heroes of Greece! ye leaders in war, and in council!
Ye, who with Atreus' sons, Menelaüs and great Agamemnon,
Drink choice wine at the public cost, and issue your orders,
Each to his own brave troops—to whom Zeus gives glory and worship—
Ill may mine eyes discern your forms, or distinguish the stations,
Where each one of you fights: so wildly rages the battle.
Some of you come to our aid, and, indignant, lend your assistance,
Dead Patroclus to save from the dogs and vultures of Ilion."

Sharp rang the cry in the ears of swift Oïlean Aias,
And through the fight in haste he ran; coming first to the rescue.

After him *mighty* Idomeneus came, and his faithful attendant
Merion, hardly inferior to death-dealing Ares in combat.
Who may recount the names and the number of those who behind them
Followed, and swelled the Grecian ranks, restoring the battle?
On rushed the Trojans in one close phalanx, headed by Hector.
As when a river, fed by the rains of Zeus, to the ocean
Hurrying, meets at its mouth the opposing wave, which in thunder
Breaking, recoils, and the echoing cliffs *and caverns* rebellow,
Burst forth the roar of the Trojan assault. Undaunted the Grecians
Closed round Menœtius' son, one thought their bosoms inspiring,
And by their brazen shields protected. Mighty Kronion
Poured meanwhile round their heads, and round their glittering helmets,
Darkness and mist: for while he lived, the *gallant* Patroclus,
Hated he not, that faithful friend of mighty Peleides;
Wherefore he left him not for a prey to the dogs of the Trojans:
That he abhorred; and urged on his friends to fight and protect him.
At the first onset recoiled the Greeks from the shock of the Trojans;
Back they withdrew, and left the dead; but none of their number
Sank by the Trojan spears opprest. Yet, unable to slay them,
Still they succeeded in dragging the corpse; though but for a moment.
Soon they returned in force, for Aias quick to the rescue
Flew, and restored the battle, who, next to peerless Achilles,
Far surpassed the rest of the Greeks in person and prowess.
Straight through the press he charged, as some wild boar in the mountain,
Rushing among the dogs, and the youthful band of the hunters,
Easily scatters them all, and drives them back through the thicket:
Thus did the mighty Telamon's offspring, glorious Aias,
Dashing among them, with ease disperse the ranks of the Trojans;
Where round Patroclus *swarming they clung*, all eagerly longing
Glory and triumph to win, and to drag him away to the city.
Foremost of all Hippothoüs, son of Pelasgian Lethus,
Seized on the corpse, *and* was dragging *it* off through the thick of the combat.
He to its ankles had fastened a leathern thong, and had tied it

Tight round the sinews. The Trojans and Hector beheld it exulting.
Fate, however, which nought might avert, came swiftly upon him.
Telamon's valiant son *was nigh.* Through the press and the tumult
Rushing, *he* drove his spear through the brazen cheeks of his helmet.
Burst was the casque in sunder, around the blade of the weapon,
Rent by the mighty spear, and the strong right hand that impelled it,
Mingled with blood, out poured his brains through the cleft; and the warrior
Sank, and his limbs collapsed. From his grasp the feet of Patroclus
Dropped to the ground, as his fingers relaxed their hold, and abandoned
Lay; and his prostrate form fell stretched in death on the body,
Far from Larissa's fertile fields; nor repaid to his parents
All their nurture and tender care,—for his life was a short one,
Cropped in his opening bloom by the ruthless weapon of Aias.
Hector *in turn advanced, and* at Aias darted his javelin,
Who, when he saw the coming spear, inclined, and escaped it
Barely: but Schedius it struck, illustrious Iphytus' offspring,
Bravest of all the Phocæans. In Panopé famed he resided,
There was his palace; there he ruled o'er a populous nation.
Under his collar-bone was he stricken, and straight through his bosom
Piercing, the brazen point stood forth behind from his shoulder;
Down he fell with a crash, and his armour rattled around him.
Phorcys, the son of Phœnops, Hippothoüs bravely defending,
Pierced by great Aias' spear, resigned his life. On the navel
Lighting, it burst its way through the brazen plates of his armour,
Rending his entrails. He fell, and clutched the dust with his fingers.
Now were the foremost foes repulsed. Ev'n Hector retreated.
Shouted the Greeks in triumph, and rushing at once on the corses,
Phorcys, Hippothoüs, dragged them away, and stripped off their armour.
Then had the Trojans again to the city retired, by the Grecians
Chased from the plain, and driv'n in cowardly flight *and confusion;*
Then had the Greeks by their *stubborn* strength and *desperate* valour
Glory achieved in despite of Zeus himself: but Apollo
Stirred the soul of Æneas; old Periphas' features assuming,

Epytis' son, the herald; now stricken in years; to his father
Well performing a herald's part; both courteous and prudent:
Him resembling, Apollo bespake the son of Anchises:
"How canst thou hope, Æneas! 'gainst adverse fortune to struggle,
Ilion's lofty city to save—(yet others have done so,
Firm in their strength, their determined will;—on their valour relying,
And on the endless resource of a brave and populous nation)— (330)
If, while the favour of Zeus is yours, and he aids not the Grecians,
Trembling thus *and inactive* ye stand, nor join in the conflict?"
Thus he spake, but Æneas at once perceiving the Godhead,
And of his presence aware, thus loudly shouted to Hector:
"Hector! ye Trojan chiefs and brave auxiliar leaders!
Shameful it is to retreat from the Greeks, be they never so warlike,
Seeking inglorious safety behind the walls of the city.
Now, ev'n now, some pow'r divine stood nigh, and assured me
That in all-pow'rful Zeus our cause hath a friend and supporter.
On then! again, to the charge; nor suffer the Greeks unmolested (340)
Back to their tents and ships to bear the remains of Patroclus."
Thus he spake, and sprang to the front in advance of his comrades;
Soon were they rallied, and down on the Greeks they poured in a body,
First of the Greeks, Leocritus fell to the spear of Æneas,
Son of Arisbas, companion in arms of brave Lycomedes.
Grieving beheld Lycomedes his comrade's death; and approaching
Close to the Trojan ranks, in vengeance sent forth his jav'lin;
Hippasis' son, Apisaon, it struck, a prince of his nation:
Fix'd in his liver it stood. Then strength and vigour forsook him.
He from Pæonia's fertile realm, the best and the bravest (350)
Next to his chief *was reckoned*, the warlike Asteropæus.
Grieving beheld that chief his comrade's fall, and advancing
Rushed at once on the Greeks, with an eager longing for vengeance.
Vain was the effort. The Greeks stood close conjoined, with their bucklers
Fenced in on every side, round the corse, protending their lances.
Aias among them went and came, and gave forth his orders;
None of the Greeks he suffered to pass to the rear and desert it,
None to advance beyond their line and fight for distinction:

But in a close compacted mass stand firm and defend it.
Such were his orders, *and well obeyed.* But the carnage around them
Swelled, and the earth ran red with gore, as, heaped up together,
Trojans and brave allies were piled, with many a Grecian.
Not without Grecian blood was that battle fought; though on their side
Fewer by far were slain: for with mutual aid and protection
All stood stoutly together, and each supported his comrade.
Thus, like a blazing fire, the conflict raged. In the heavens
Seemed as if hardly the sun were safe, or the moon: for a darkness
Deep, as of gath'ring cloud or mist, had covered the warriors
All, who fought round the lifeless corse of the son of Menœtius.
Ev'rywhere else the Trojans and bright-greaved sons of Achaia
Fought unembarrassed and free in the light of day: and the sunbeams
Glowing and bright o'er the plain were poured. Not a cloud on the mountains
Hung in the clear blue sky, or o'ershadowed the field, where the armies
Fought with less fury, and paused for rest, or retired to a distance
Shunning each other's spears. But there, in the centre, was darkness
Deep'ning the horrors of war. There the cruel sword and the jav'lin
Reeked with the blood of the brave. Two only, chiefs of distinction,
Fought not there. Thrasymedes and bold Antilochus knew not
Yet that the peerless Patroclus had fall'n in fight. They believed him
Still in the battle's front *victorious*, routing the Trojans.
These now saw *with amaze* their comrades slain, and the Argives
Turning to flight—for they fought apart; so Nestor commanded,
When from the sable ships he sent them forth to the battle;
All the rest, through the live-long day, o'er the friend of Achilles
Wrestled, with ceaseless toil. Down poured the sweat *from their features*
Grimed *with dust.* Each stalwart limb was strained with exertion.
Feet, legs, arms, half-blinded eyes in that desperate struggle
Hardly endured its stress, and reeled, and swam with exhaustion.
As when some slaughtered bull's tough hide to the curriers is handed,
Skilled to extend its folds and with oil to supple and dress it,

Round in a ring they stand; they tug, they strain, till the moisture
Dries, and the skin with the oil rubbed in *grows supple and pliant*,
Stretched at all points *it* yields, and expands, to the force of the dressers:
Thus in small space, by many surrounded, hither and thither
Dragged, lay Patroclus' corse: the Trojans longing to bear it
Far away within Ilion's walls, the Greeks to their vessels.
Round it arose a fierce *and savage cry, and a* struggle
Bitter and keen. Not Ares' self—not Pallas Athené
Aught to reprove had found, were her wrath inflamed to the utmost.
Such and so dire a work of death, with men, and with horses (400)
Mingled, had Zeus ordained o'er Patroclus dead. But Achilles
Nought of the death of his friend had heard as yet; from the vessels
Far remote, beneath Ilion's walls the battle was raging:
Little he ever supposed he would fall! Alive and victorious
Looked he to see him return having reached the gates of the city.
Nor had he thought, for a moment, that Troy would fall to Patroclus.
Not for his friend;—no! not for himself that triumph was destined.
This from his mother he oft had heard, imparted in private.
So much of Jove's high will to her son she revealed. The misfortune
Now befall'n she kindly concealed. This grief she had spared him; (410)
Hiding, with motherly care, the fate of his dearest companion.
Still round the corse the battle raged. Sharp spears were protended;
Heroes met heroes in ceaseless charge, and slew one another;
While in such words as these each Greek his comrades encouraged:
"*Keep your ground*, dear friends! 'Twere shame to retreat and betake us
Back to our hollow ships. Let the dark earth yawn and engulph us
(Rather than such disgrace) one and all. Such an end would be better
Than to allow these Trojans to gain their point and to drag him
Into their city walls, and secure *the prize and* the glory." (419)
Then might the Trojans too have been heard, *exhorting each other:*
"Friends! Though we all should be stretched beside yon corse that we fight for,

Stand to your arms! Fight on! and let no man think of retreating."
Such were the words of both. Thus each encouraged the other.
So continued the fight, and the steely clash of their weapons
Up to the brazen arch of heav'n was borne by the breezes.
Standing aloof from the fight, with their car, the steeds of Achilles
Wept, when they heard the fall of the chief whose hand had controlled them,
Prostrate stretched in the dust by the spear of death-dealing Hector.
Nor, though Automedon brave, the noble son of Diores,
Plied, *as a last resource*, the biting lash to excite them,
(First having tried them with soothing words, *then* threats and reproaches,)
Unto the Hellespont wide would they shape their course and the vessels;
Nor with the Grecian array would mix, and join in the battle.
But, as above some tomb, the fixed memorial column,
Marks where a hero's remains or a *noble* dame's are reposing,
Motionless thus they stood, before that beauteous chariot,
Drooping low to the ground their heads; while warm from their eyelids
Rolled on the earth their tears; for they grieved for the chief *who had loved them*,
And whom they loved. Their luxuriant manes flowed loose and dishevelled,
Down from their collars on either side, all soiled, and entangled.
Zeus, looking down from above, their grief beheld, and in pity
Sadly his head he shook, and thus communed with his spirit:
"Hapless pair! Ah! why to a mortal prince did we give you?
Was it for nought but to bear your part, unchanging, immortal,
In the *long ceaseless* round of human toil and misfortune?
Surely of creatures that breathe, and crawl upon earth in their mis'ry,
Man, the most wretched of all, drags on the saddest existence!
Hector however, in yonder rich-wrought car shall ye never
Bear, as your master and lord, in his triumph. That I permit not.
Is't not enough that he wears those spoils and boasts of his vict'ry?
Therefore I grant you strength of limb and *freshness of* spirit,
So shall ye bear *your driver* Automedon safe from the battle,

Back to the hollow ships: for yet must I give to the Trojans
Glory, *and pow'r* to slay, till they reach the ships, and in darkness
Sunk be the sun, and the sacred night shall have covered the slaughter."
Thus he spake, and the coursers inspired with fleetness and vigour.
They, from their manes at once shaking off the dust *that defiled them,*
Swiftly bore off the car through the midst of the Trojans and Argives.
While from its seat, Automedon, mourning the fate of his comrade,
Scattered the Trojan foes like geese that fly from the vulture, (460)
Easily forced they their way through the tumult and rout of the Trojans,
Easily then returned to the charge, and dashed in among them.
Pow'rless to slay, though he chased them far and wide: for unaided,
Standing alone in that proud car, one warrior sufficed not,
Both with the jav'lin to fight, and to guide the reins of the coursers.
Him when Alcimedon, son of Laerces, grandson of Æmon,
One of the friends he loved, beheld thus wildly careering,
Thus, as the chariot passed, he shouted aloud and addressed him:
"Which, O Automedon! which of the gods deprives thee of reason,
Urging thee on to vain attempts and bootless exertion? (470)
How canst thou fight alone from the car in the front of the battle?
Think, for a moment! Thy chief lies slain, and *insolent* Hector
Vaunts his conquest, and bears on his shoulders the arms of Achilles."
Thus then replied in turn Automedon, son of Diores:
"None of the Greeks, O my friend! is *half* so able as thou art
These fierce steeds of immortal strain to control, or to guide them,
Saving Patroclus, to whom the gods that gift had imparted,
Long as he lived. Now *vain his skill: for* death has o'erta'en him.
Mount then, thyself, and the scourge and embroidered reins of the coursers
Take from my hands, while I dismount and join in the battle!" (480)
Thus he spake. Then Alcimedon sprang to the car and *expertly*
Handled the reins, and guided the steeds *with the skill of a master.*
Down leap'd Automedon. Him perceiving, illustrious Hector,
Called to Æneas, who near him stood, and thus he addressed him:
"Leader sage of the bronze-mailed Trojans! *glorious* Æneas!
See'st thou not there the steeds of the swift-pursuing Achilles,
Wildly careering, guided by hands unfit to control them?

These, if thou lend thine aid, and wilt heartily join to support me,
Easily might we secure: for scarce will they dare to resist us,
When they behold us advancing at once, and rushing upon them."
Thus he spake: and the son of Anchises readily joined him;
Onward they rushed, huge bulls'-hide shields uplifting before them,
Solid, and stiff, with plates of brass o'erlaid and protected.
Chromius too came on, and the godlike *form of* Aretus,
Joined the attack, expecting to slay them with ease, and the chariot
Seize, and the steeds, *high* tossing their *floating* manes *on the breezes:*
Fools that they were! not destined Automedon's force to encounter,
And to escape unscathed! He, proff'ring to Zeus his petition,
Felt in *the depths of* his gloomy soul fresh strength and assurance;
And to Alcimedon thus he spake, his trusty companion:
"Hold not the horses, Alcimedon! far aloof; but behind me,
Close, let them stand, that their breath on my back may play: for approaching,
Hector the son of Priam *I see*, who *ne'er from his purpose*
Swerves, and will never desist till we both are slain, and the chariot
Mounting, he guides the long-maned steeds, and scours through the battle,
Putting the Greeks to flight: or himself shall be slain in the contest."
Thus having said, Menelaüs he called to his aid and th' Aiantes:
"Brave Menelaüs! noble Aiantes! best of the Argives,
Leave ye the corse awhile, there are valiant chiefs who will guard it,
Keeping the ground around it, and driving away their assailants,
Come to the aid of the living: avert the fate that awaits us.
Hither come Hector, Æneas, and all the first of the Trojans,
Bursting upon us, forcing their way, through the thick of the combat.
Yet be it so! To the Gods belong the fortunes of battle.
Guide then my spear, Almighty Zeus! *To thy will I commend it.*"
Ending, he hurled with a sweep his long-forth-shadowing jav'lin,
Which on the smooth round orb of Aretus' buckler alighting,
All unimpeded forced its way, and the point of the weapon
Pierced through *the shield and* the belt, and fixed itself in his entrails;
Then, as behind the horns of some mighty bull in the shambles
Falls the sharp axe, impelled by the brawny arm of the butcher,

Cutting the tendons—forward he springs, and sinks *in his death-pang:*
So springing forward, Aretus fell. Deep rooted and quiv'ring,
Plunged in his entrails stood the spear, and cut short his existence.
Hector then at Automedon aimed, but the glittering weapon
Marked, as it flew, the chief, and forward bent, and the jav'lin
Passed o'er his head, and deep in the soil stood rooted behind him.
Trembling it stood, for the shaft still shook with the might that impelled it;
Quiv'ring from butt to point through its length, till its force was exhausted.
Drawing their swords, now rushed they together in desperate conflict,
When interposing th' Aiantes arrived, who, *from far*, through the tumult,
Forcing their way, had come *to his aid*, at the call of their comrade.
Them, when *those three* beheld, *great* Hector, Æneas, and Chromius,
Back they retreated at once *in haste*, not daring to face them,
Leaving Aretus pierced through the heart, on the ground *undefended.*
Him then Automedon stripped, and despoiled his glittering armour,
And *with a loud* exulting *shout*, thus vaunted his conquest:
"This for Patroclus slain, shall afford some poor consolation,
Though but a chief of inferior note hath fall'n to my prowess."
Thus, having spoken, and placing the blood-stained spoils in the chariot,
Up he sprang, with his feet all splashed with blood, and his fingers
Reeking—as quits some lion the mangled remains of a heifer.
Once more around Patroclus the *chiefs in* desperate conflict
Fierce, unrelenting, closed. And Athené now, from Olympus
Hastening, stirred it to *tenfold* rage. She, sent by the Thund'rer,
Now, that his mind was changed, the Greeks encouraged and aided.
And as when Zeus, in the clouds his purple bow unto mortals
Holds forth on high, for a sign of approaching war, or a warning
Sure, of the coming storm, when man must cease from his labours,
Helpless, and mourn o'er *the waste of* his ruined crops, and his cattle:
Thus did the Goddess, shrouded in purple mist, with the Grecians

Mix, and excite their host, and arouse each heart for the combat.
Atreus' son she first addressed, the brave Menelaüs,
Close to his side approaching, and thus she awakened his courage,
Taking the aged form, and resounding accents of Phœnix:
"*Endless* shame, and *deserved* disgrace will be thine, Menelaüs,
If thou shalt suffer the Trojan dogs, at the wall of their city,
Noble Achilles' faithful friend and companion to mangle:
Therefore be bold, renew the fight, and rouse up thy warriors."
Then Menelaüs, great in the roar of battle, responded:
"Father Phœnix; old and revered, what more can I wish for,
(Would but Athené grant me strength, and ward off their weapons,)
Than to stand stoutly in arms, and defend the remains of Patroclus.
None with a deeper grief beheld him perish. But Hector
Rages with fiery force, and with ceaseless fury his jav'lin
Wields; and the mighty hand of Zeus is outstretched to exalt him."
Pleased to be first invoked of all the blessed immortals,
Blue-eyed Athené heard and approved his words; and with vigour
Filled him, and strength infused into all his limbs, and his shoulders.
Courage she gave him, like that of the *venomous* fly, which persisting,
Ever renews its sharp attacks though repelled; and rejoicing,
Pierces the flesh of man, and drains the sweet blood of his victim.
Such was the *angry and vengeful* spirit she roused in his bosom,
As o'er Patroclus standing, his gleaming weapon he brandished,
Podes, Eetion's son, was among the first of the Trojans,
Valiant, *noble*, and rich; belov'd and respected by Hector,
Far o'er the rest: at the genial board his frequent companion.
Him, as he turned him to shun the coming foe, Menelaus,
Pierced through the belt with his lance, and the point passed straight through his body.
Down with a crash he fell: and from out the host of his comrades
Dragged Menelaus the dead within the lines of the Grecians.
Forthwith Apollo, Hector approaching, roused him to vengeance:
Phænops, Asias' son, he seemed, who in distant Abydos
Dwelt, *and* as Hector's favoured guest *was honoured and welcomed.*
Such was the shape by Phœbus assumed, when thus he addressed him:

"Which of the Greeks henceforth will dread the prowess of Hector,
Who but to meet Menelaus fears? A redoubtable warrior
Never accounted: yet now hath he slain thy trusted companion,
Podes the brave, Eetion's son, in the front of the battle,
And by his single might now drags the corse from amongst us." (590)
Thus as he spake, deep grief o'erclouded the spirit of Hector,
Sheathed in refulgent bronze, he rushed at once to the vanguard.
Then around Ida's peaks collected the clouds; and Kronion,
Rearing aloft his Ægis fring'd and bright, *through the darkness*
Flashed forth his lightning. Loud the thunder roared, and the mountain
Shook: to the Trojans a signal of triumph—woe to the Argives.
Péneleus first, the Bœotian chief, was smitten with panic;
Ever, till then, had he faced his foes; but now on the shoulder,
Wounded, though not to death, he fled. Polydamus' jav'lin
Singling him out from afar had grazed the bone in its passage. (600)
Leitus, mighty Alectryon's son, by the jav'lin of Hector
Struck through the wrist, retired from the fight disabled and trembling
When he beheld the warriors of Troia closing around him,
All unable himself to grasp his spear and oppose them.
Hector rushed on in pursuit: but Idomeneus full on his corslet
Smote, with his long-protended spear. O'er the pap it alighted,
There broke short, *nor pierced that armour of proof;* but the Trojans
Shouted aloud. Him Hector in turn attacked, in his chariot,
Proudly erect as he stood, and the sharp spear narrowly missed him;
Cœranus, Merion's charioteer, it struck, his attendant, (610)
Who from fair Lyctos, his native town, had followed his master.
(Merion on foot from his shapely ships had gone forth to battle
And by his fall that day would have swelled the glory of Hector,
But that with thoughtful care in his chariot Cœranus followed,
Warding the evil hour, and providing the means of escaping;
Destined himself to fall by the death-dealing spear of the victor.)
Him through the jaws he smote, beneath the ear, and the weapon,
Cleaving his tongue, forced out his teeth, and he dropped from the chariot
Prone in the dust. *His fingers relaxed and* the reins *they* abandoned.

Merion stooped and snatched them up from the ground,—to the chariot
Springing in haste, and loudly thus to Idomeneus shouted:
"Spare not the scourge, but make, with all thy speed, for the vessels,
Victory now, thyself must see, forsakes the Achaians."
Thus he spake. Idomeneus heard, and lashed on his horses,
Off for the ships, *in full career;* for panic had seized him.
Now nor the lofty spirit of Aias, nor brave Menelaüs,
Failed to perceive that Zeus had decreed success to the Trojans.
Thus then, in words *of despair* broke forth Telamonian Aias:
"Gods! *What an hour for Greece!* Now a fool may see that the Trojans,
Favoured by Zeus, in this day's fight are destined to triumph.
Every spear they throw strikes home, no matter who hurls it,
Coward or valiant chief. Zeus speeds it straight to its object,
While from our hands each dart falls short, unwounding and harmless.
Now must we well bethink us, if haply forth from the struggle
Yet we may draw the dead, and ourselves retiring in safety
Glad the hearts of our comrades and friends, who with anxious foreboding
Wait the result, looking on; and hardly expect our deliv'rance
From the destroying hands and the might of death-dealing Hector,
And *at the best* but hope at our shelt'ring ships to behold us.
Would that some chief could be found this news to bear to Peleides.
Hardly, methinks, the mournful tidings yet can have reached him.
Scarce can he yet have learned the fate of his friend and companion.
Darkness however is all around; nor my sight can distinguish
One to dispatch: o'er horse and man so deep is the shadow.
Father Zeus! Lift off this cloud from the sons of Achaia!
Give us to see with our eyes—let the sky look down on our efforts!
If 'tis thy will we die, in the light of day let us perish."
Weeping he spake: and the Father beheld his tears with compassion,
And on the instant cleft the cloud and scattered the darkness.
Forth broke the sun at once, and displayed the scene of the combat.
Thus then Aias addressed the warlike Prince, Menelaüs:
"Cast thine eyes, Menelaus, around; and try to discover

Valiant Antilochus, Nestor's son, if he yet be surviving;
Bid him repair at his utmost speed to Achilles, and tell him
This sad news—the death of his best-loved friend and companion."
Thus he spake. Menelaus complied, and set forth on his errand.
Forth he went, as retreats some lion, who jaded and weary,
Quits with the dawn of day the fold, where the dogs and the herdsmen
All night long he has kept in alarm, in defence of their cattle,
Suff'ring him not to approach their charge, though maddened with hunger
Oft he attempts it, but spears and shafts come show'ring upon him,
Darted by rude and sturdy hands; and the blaze of the torches,
Which above all he dreads, and the brands, bewilder and scare him.
Baffled and surly he yields at length, and retreats *to the thicket.*
Thus from Patroclus' corse, reluctant, brave Menelaüs
Sadly withdrew: for much he feared that perchance the Achaians,
Seized with a panic fear, might leave it a prize to their foemen.
Merion and both Aiantes he thus exhorted at parting:
"Merion! and you, Aiantes; ye valiant chiefs of the Argives!
Think, oh! think, how gentle and kind, how mild in his bearing,
Ever, to all, while he lived, was our friend, the hapless Patroclus.
Living, you loved him. Defend his remains, now death hath o'erta'en him."
Thus having spoken, departed the fair-hair'd chief Menelaüs,
Looking around as he went with the piercing glance which an eagle,
Keenest sighted of birds that wing th' expanse of the æther,
Darts from her airy height on the hare that fain would conceal him
Under the thicket's shade: in vain; for, pouncing upon him,
Swift, with a deadly swoop, she bears him aloft *in her talons.*
Thus, Menelaüs, thy keen bright eyes ranged wide through the armies,
Scanning with care each friendly band, in hope to discover
Valiant Antilochus, Nestor's son, surviving *the slaughter.*
Him on the left of the field he soon perceived, in the combat,
Cheering his warriors on to fight: and, closely approaching,
Thus did the fair-hair'd chief Menelaüs deliver his message:
"Hither! Antilochus, cherished of Zeus! and list to my tidings—

Tidings of woe:—alas! that e'er I should have to report them.
Surely thyself, methinks, and all, must perceive and acknowledge
Some more than mortal pow'r which heaps such woes on the Argives,
Victory granting to Troy. He is fall'n! our bravest Achaian.
Mighty Patroclus is dead! to the grief *and despair* of the Grecians. (690)
Run, my friend, to the ships, and the tidings bear to Achilles,
Who, if he haste, may yet preserve the corse of his comrade,
Naked and stript as it lies: for his arms are the trophies of Hector."
Thus he spake. But Antilochus, horror-struck for a long time,
Stood, when he heard, nor a word could speak, while under his eyelids
Gathered the *blinding* tears, and his voice was choked in its utt'rance.
Yet he neglected not Menelaüs' command, but departed,
Running with speed, and his arms to Laodocus gave, his attendant,
Valiant and faithful, who waited near with his chariot and horses.
Weeping he left the field, and shaped his course to Achilles, (700)
Dreading to think of his grief at the mournful news he must tell him.
Then, Menelaüs divine! *thy thoughts returned to Patroclus,*
Nor wouldst thou linger there to aid the Pylian warriors,
Sore bested, and murm'ring, albeit, at their leader's departure.
These to command Thrasymedes bold he deputed, and hastened
Back to his post once more, to protect the remains of the hero.
Quickly he reached th' Aiantes again, and thus he addressed them:
"On to the hollow ships yon chief have I sent, as thou bad'st me,
Bearing sad tidings of war, to the swift-pursuing Achilles:
Not that I think he will come, though burning with rage against Hector, (710)
How can he *leave his tent* unarmed *to* fight with the Trojans?
Now then the time is come, for a last and desperate effort,
Now from the press must we tear the corse away, and bethink us
How to escape, ourselves, with life from the rage of the Trojans."
Thus he spake; and thus replied Telamonian Aias:
"Wise are thy words, and true, most noble Prince, Menelaüs!
Come then! Do thou thyself, and Meriones, lift up the body,
Placing yourselves beneath it, and bear it off:—while behind you,
We two, alike in name, alike in valour and prowess,
Used to support each other, in many a desperate conflict, (720)

Beat off the foe, and secure your retreat from the Trojans and Hector."
Thus he spake; and the chiefs, with united exertion upheaving,
Raised in their arms the corse, and bore it off: while the Trojans
Sent forth a yell of despite and rage, when they saw them retiring.
On they rushed, like dogs which far in advance of the hunters
Fly *in a pack* on a wounded boar retreating before them.
On, *in full cry*, they come, all eager and longing to tear him,
Till, on his strength relying, he turns to face his pursuers;
Back they recoil, and scatter in wild dismay and confusion.
Thus came the Trojans on, still foll'wing them up in a body,
Hacking with swords, and thrusting with two-edg'd lances behind them.
But when th' Aiantes faced about, and stood to oppose them,
Pale with fear they became, nor had one the face, or the daring,
Forward to press, *lay hands on* the corse, or fight for its capture.
Thus from the fight, with all the strength and speed they could summon,
Bore they the dead away to the hollow ships, and behind them
Raged the war, like a fire which, seizing some populous city,
Suddenly blazes forth: down sink the houses, and dwindle
In the devouring glare, and a whirlwind roars through the ruins.
Thus, as they went, an incessant rattle of horses and chariots
Followed them up, with the clash of arms, and shouting of warriors;
And as when mules, who put forth their strength to the work, with exertion,
Drag some enormous beam down a rugged path in the mountains,
Some huge mast for a ship; with the strain and wearisome labour
Pours down the sweat from their toilworn limbs; yet slack not their efforts:
Thus with determined spirit they bore the corse: and th' Aiantes
Flung themselves on the foe. As some wood-clothed mound, which projecting,
Far on the plain, like a dam, diverts the rush of the waters,
Stemming the headlong course of the mountain streams and the torrents;
Dashing them off to some *distant* vale, while to break its resistance,
All unavailing, they pour, with ceaseless rage, on the barrier:

Thus did th' Aiantes twain hurl back the assaults of the Trojans.
Yet came they on, and renewed the charge, two heroes among them
Leading: Æneas, Anchises' son, and magnanimous Hector.
And, as a cloud of starlings or daws, with shrieking and clamour
Fly for their lives, when they see the hawk come pouncing upon them,
(Deadly foe of each smaller bird, *who dreads and avoids him*),
So fled the sons of Achaia before Æneas and Hector.
Shrieking they fled, in clamorous rout; their prowess forgotten.
In and around the trench lay thick their spoils, and the armour,
Costly and rich, of the flying Greeks: yet ceased not the battle.

THE ILIAD.

BOOK XVIII.

BOOK THE EIGHTEENTH.

ARGUMENT.

ACHILLES receives the news of the death of Patroclus. His grief. Thetis comes to comfort him and promises to procure for him new armour from Hephæstus. Hera sends Iris to Achilles, bidding him shew himself unarmed at the trench. At sight of him the Trojans retire, panic-struck, and the body of Patroclus is brought to his tent. Night coming on, the Trojans call a council. Polydamas advises their retreat within the walls of Troy. Hector refuses, and they remain encamped. The body of Patroclus is prepared for sepulture, and Achilles watches it. Thetis repairs to the palace of Hephæstus, who at her prayer prepares for Achilles a new suit of armour. Description of it and especially that of the shield. Before daybreak it is completed, and Thetis carries it to the tent of Achilles.

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THUS, like the blaze of devouring fire continued the combat,
While to Achilles Antilochus swiftly sped with his message.
Watchful he found him, in front of the lofty prows of his vessels,
Filled with foreboding of ills, alas! already accomplished.
Sore disturbed, such thoughts as these he revolved in his bosom:
"*What do I see?* Why hurry the crested Greeks to their vessels,
Thus in disordered rout? Why quit they the field in confusion?
Has then, at length, that threaten'd, that worst misfortune befall'n me,
Long foretold by my mother *in words of ominous warning*,
When she declared that the bravest of all my Myrmidon warriors (10)
Here before Troy should fall, and I remain *to lament him?*
Has then the valiant son of great Menœtius perished?
Rash that he was! I bade him return, from the fires *of the Trojans*
First having saved the ships, and avoid the encounter of Hector."
Thus while he stood with his *prescient* soul communing and anxious,
Close approaching arrived the son of illustrious Nestor,
Tears flowing warm from his eyes; and thus the sad news he delivered:
"Grievous, alas! are the tidings I bear, great Peleüs' offspring!
Which thou must hear: and woe is me! who am here to announce them.
Dead is Patroclus. Around his corse the battle is raging. (20)
Naked he lies, and crest-waving Hector possesses his armour."
Thus as he spake, dark sank the shadow of grief on Achilles.
Grasping with both his hands the scorching dust of the embers,
Thick on his head he heaped it, defiling his beauteous features.

Black fell the mournful stain on his rich ambrosial mantle.
Dashed on the ground, his tow'ring form in the dust lay extended
Grov'ling, —his hair *from the roots* he tore *and scattered by* handfuls.
Forth from the tent came running the handmaids all, whom Achilles
Won, and Patroclus, in war; and shrieking with grief and with horror,
Gathered around the prostrate prince: some fainted, and others (30)
Mourning, and drowned in tears, stood beating their beauteous bosoms.
Down by his side Antilochus *knelt*, all bitterly weeping,
Holding his arms, yet groaning with anguish the while, for he dreaded
Lest, *in his grief and despair* he should seek some means of destruction:
Then in loud sobs and moans his grief broke forth. And his mother
Heard him afar, in the depths of the sea, where she sate with her father,
Ancient of days: and she too moaned—while, assembled around her,
All the young Nereids, who dwell in the *green* recesses of ocean,
Came *at her cries*. Thaleia the fair, Cymodocé, Glaucé,
Halia with large *resplendent* eyes, Neræa and Speio, (40)
Thoé, Cymothoé too, and Actæa, and Lymnoræa,
Mélita fair, and Iæra, Amphithoé bright, and Agavé
There too assembled Doto, Pherusa, Dynàmené, Proto,
Thither Amphinomé came, Dexàmené, Callianeira,
Doris, Nemertes, and she who outshone them all, Galatea,
Panopé *sleek*, and *truthful* Apseudes, Callianassa,
Clymené *graceful*, *dark* Iänira, *fair* Iänassa,
Soft Amathæa with waving locks, Orithuïa and Mæra.
Gathered each Nereïd *about their Queen*, in her cave of the ocean,
Filling the silvery-gleaming grot: each beating her bosom, (50)
Bearing a part in Thetis' woe, while thus she lamented:
"Listen, ye sister Nereïds all! Give ear to my sorrows,
So shall ye learn, how sad my state, how deep is my anguish.
Wretched mother! ill-fated son! though the bravest of mortals.
Why did I bear thee? Stainless of soul! unconquered in battle!
Noblest of heroes! As some fair tree shoots up from a sapling,
Planted in fertile soil, in grace he grew and in vigour.
Grown up to man's estate, in his ships to Ilion I sent him,
There with the Trojans to fight. Ah! never again to revisit

Home, or reenter the ancient halls of Peleus his father.
Still with corroding grief are his days consumed, and in sorrow
Passes his life away: nor can I do aught to assist him.
Yet will I go. I shall see my son; and at least he will tell me,
Since from the war he retired, what fresh distress hath o'erta'en him."
Thus giving way to her grief, she left the cave: and the Nereïds
Followed in tears. And they cleft the briny wave; and the ocean
Opened; and soon they beheld the fertile region of Troia.
Soon they ascended the beach in long array, where Achilles
Camped, and the ships on the strand were moored of the Myrmidon warriors.
Groaning with anguish Achilles lay, and his mother approaching
Uttered a piteous cry, as, raising his head she caressed it.
Then in compassionate words of heartfelt grief she addressed him:
"Why dost thou weep, my son? What grief hath fall'n on thy spirit?
Tell me. Conceal it not. Now Zeus hath fulfilled thy petition,
All thy prayer, with uplifted hands preferred, that the Grecians,
Cooped up before their ships, to their own resources abandoned,
Driv'n by defeat and disgrace, *at length thy worth should acknowledge.*"
Deeply sighing, responded the swift-pursuing Achilles:
"True, my mother; Olympian Zeus all this hath accomplished.
Yet what boots it to me, now my friend is torn from my bosom,
Whom like a second self I loved, and beyond his companions
Honoured? Patroclus is dead! And, decked with his beauteous armour,
Hector, his murderer, yet survives: those arms which to Peleus,
Wondrous to view—a priceless gift—the Gods at his marriage
Gave, when immortal charms they consigned to a mortal's embraces.
Oh! hadst thou still remained with thy sister nymphs of the ocean,
Peleus had wedded a mortal bride! Henceforth in thy bosom
Countless and ceaseless woes must dwell for the fate of thine offspring,
Whom thou shalt never receive in his home, *returning in triumph.*
Now have I no desire to live, or in aught that concerns them
Mix with my fellow-men. *Upon* Hector *alone are concentered*
All my thoughts—till he pour forth his life, transfixed by my jav'lin,
Yielding me full revenge for the slaughter and spoil of Patroclus."
Fast flowed the tears of Thetis again, while thus she responded:

"Short will indeed be thy life, my son if such be thy purpose.
Hector dead, thy fall is at hand. Thou must follow him quickly!"
Moodily then replied the swift-pursuing Achilles:
"Then let me quickly perish, whose arms while living availed not
Death from my friend to avert. There lies he, far from his country
Slain: and when fate approached, he longed for me to protect him.
Now I dismiss all thought of return to the land of my fathers,
And since thus I have failed to preserve my friend, and the heroes
Countless, who owe their fall to the hands of slaughtering Hector—
Since, upon earth a useless load, I sit by my vessels
Idle; acknowledged, albeit, by the bronze-mailed Greeks as their bravest
Ever in war (let others excel as they may in the council)—
Now and henceforth, away with dispute, away with contention
Both among gods and men, and with wrath which maddens the wisest.
Sweet as the honey-drop to the heart it seems; in the bosom
Rising like smoke it o'erclouds the mind, bewilders the judgment.
Such was the wrath I felt at the king of men, Agamemnon.
Now from my thoughts I dismiss it—a thing of the past—(though he vexed me)
Bending my *stubborn* soul to the craving need which impels it.
Him who that dearest head laid low, will I seek, and destroy him.
And if my turn come next—then welcome death, by th' immortals
Sent, when the fulness of time and the will of Zeus shall demand me.
'Tis not in valour to ward off fate. The might of Herakles,
Dear as he was to sov'reign Zeus, great offspring of Kronos,
Perished, o'erthrown by Fate, and the vengeful anger of Heré.
So shall I fall. On the field some hostile weapon shall stretch me
Lifeless. Yet *while I live* let me live for vengeance and glory.
Many a full-bosomed Trojan and Dardan dame, *in her palace*
Mourning with ceaseless lament *the death of her sons or her husband,*
Wiping with agonized hands the tears that roll down her features,
Soon shall know that Achilles but held him aloof from the battle.

Hope not then, with maternal fondness, to keep me from fighting."
Thus then the Goddess, the snowy-footed Thetis, responded:
"All thou hast said, my son, is true. Nor indeed can I blame thee
Shouldst thou go forth to war in defence of thy friends and thy comrades.
Only, unarmed, thou canst not fight. In the hand of the Trojans
All thy resplendent arms are detained; and death-dealing Hector
Wears them, exulting in pride. Not long, I ween, upon Hector
Destined by fate to shine: for destruction hovers around him.
Wherefore restrain thy rage, nor mix in the struggles of Ares
Till thou shalt here behold me again. To-morrow at sunrise
Hither expect my return. And a noble suit will I bring thee,
Glorious and rich, supplied by the sov'reign skill of Hephæstus."
Thus having spoken, she quitted the tents of her son, and to seaward
Turning, her sisters addressed, the old sea-god's cave-dwelling daughters:
"Now when ye plunge once more in the wide-heaving bosom of ocean,
There, in his echoing grot, our hoary sire to revisit,
All that has past relate. Meanwhile, unto lofty Olympus
Speed I my flight: there skilful Hephæstus to seek, and persuade him
Gorgeous arms to supply, *by to-morrow's dawn*, for Achilles."
This when they heard, deep down they plunged, *and were lost in the billows;*
Silvery-footed Thetis the heights of Olympus ascended,
Eager to *urge her suit, and* obtain new arms for her offspring.
Thither she flew, *at her utmost speed.* Meanwhile the Achaians
Hurried along in tumultuous flight before death-dealing Hector
Struck, from above, with dismay; and the Hellespont reached, and the vessels;
Nor had they yet secured their dead, nor the corse of Patroclus
Out of the reach of the spears and darts conveyed; for the Trojans
Followed it up, both horse and man; by the offspring of Priam,
Hector the brave, led on, like a flame *impelled by the tempest.*
Thrice, from behind, the corse by the feet had he seized as they bore it,

Tugging amain, and with eager shouts encouraged the Trojans;
Thrice had th' Aiantes twain collecting their strength to oppose him
Forced him away: yet still to the charge he returned, to his purpose
Firm; now pushing his way through the *struggling* crowd, now desisting,
Pausing awhile and shouting for aid, yet never retreating.
And as the shepherd swains in their nightly watch from a carcase
Strive, but in vain, to chase some tawny and ravenous lion,
Thus unavailing were all th' Aiantes' force and their efforts
Crest-waving Hector's assault to repress, and rescue the body.
Then had he torn it away, immortal glory acquiring,
But that from high Olympus in haste shot swift-wingèd Iris,
Calling on Peleus' son to arm. Unknown to the thund'rer
And to the other immortal gods had Hera dispatched her.
Close to his side she stood, and *reproachfully* thus she addressed him:
"Rouse thee to action! Peleus' son! most dreaded of mortals:
Rise, and protect Patroclus, around whose corse are contending
Greeks and Trojans in desperate fight and slaught'ring each other
There at the ships: those struggling hard to secure and protect it,
These to bear it away to their wind-swept Ilian city.
There in full force are the Trojans, and there illustrious Hector,
Chief of them all, strains *ev'ry nerve*,—its head from the body
Meaning to sever, and fix it aloft on a pole *for a trophy*.
Up then! linger no more. Thy soul should revolt at permitting
Him, thy Patroclus, a sport to become for the dogs of the Trojans;
Thine were the shame, should that sacred corse suffer aught of defilement."
Godlike Achilles, swift in the race, this answer returned her:
"Iris divine! say, which of the Gods from Olympus hath sent thee?"
Iris, swift as the wind, these words returned him in answer:
"Hera, the glorious consort of Zeus, hath sent me to warn thee.
Nor, where he sits on his lofty throne, doth almighty Kronion
Know of my coming, or one of the dwellers on snowy Olympus."
Then in his turn responded the swift-pursuing Achilles:
"How can I fight unarmed? In the hands of the foe is mine armour,
Nor does my mother permit me to arm myself *for the battle*,

Till I behold her returning, herself, from lofty Olympus,
Whence she hath promised to bring me a splendid suit from Hephæstus.
Nor do I know the man indeed whose armour would fit me,
Save the enormous shield of the great Telamonian Aias.
That he is bearing himself, I ween, in front of the battle,
Slaught'ring the foe with his mighty spear round the corse of Patroclus."

Iris, swift as the winds, these words returned him in answer:
"Well we know that the foe possess thy glittering armour:
Shew thyself at the trench albeit, unarmed, to the Trojans
There as thou stand'st. At thy sight they will shrink with fear, and retreating
Give some respite from war, some breathing time, to the Grecians,
Wearied with fighting. However brief, '*twill suffice them to rally."*

Thus having said, departed the wind-swift messenger Iris.
Up then Achilles arose, belov'd of Zeus, and Athené
Flung round his mighty shoulders the fringèd orb of her Ægis.
Over him poured the Goddess a golden cloud, *like a glory*
Circling his head, which a dazzling light shot *round him on all sides.*
As in some *close-beleaguered* town by foemen invested
Far in some *sea-girt* isle, a rising smoke from the ramparts
Curls, when the day has closed on a fierce and desperate sally,
Down sinks the sun, *and the shades descend;* then blaze forth the beacons,
One succeeding another, *from all the tow'rs;* and their splendour
Flashes aloft to the sky, which watchful friends on the main-land
Haply perceiving, their ships may launch, and haste to the rescue:
Thus to the skies that glory streamed from the head of Achilles.
Passing beyond the wall, to the trench he advanced, from the Grecians
Holding aloof, and revering the sage advice of his mother.
Taking his stand, he sent forth a shout; and Pallas Athené
Added her voice. Unspeakable terror seized on the Trojans.
Clear as the trumpet's note, which beneath the walls of a fortress
Rings *out defiance and death* from besieging foes to its inmates.
Thus resounded the cry sent forth by Æacus' offspring,

Ringing with brazen clang. Each Trojan warrior who heard it
Quailed in his inmost soul: and their very horses in terror
Sprang short round with their cars, instinct with foresight of mischief.
Panic o'erwhelmed their charioteers, who beheld, *with amazement*
Mingled with awe, the glory that flamed from the head of Peleides,
Blazing with restless beams, enkindled by blue-eyed Athené.
Thrice from the brink of the trench loud shouted godlike Achilles:
Thrice did the Trojans and brave allies start back in confusion.
Dashed from their chariots were twelve of the best and bravest among them:
Crushed by the cars, or *hurled on each other's* lances, they perished.
Joyfully bore the Greeks Patroclus now from the weapons.
Stretched on a bier he lay, and around him his faithful companions,
Grieving, were ranged. Achilles himself the mournful procession
Followed in tears. He wept for his trusted friend and his comrade,
There on his bier extended, with lances pierced and with arrows;
Him, whom so late *exulting* he sent with his steeds and his chariot
Forth to the war, ah! never again in life to behold him.
Now the unwearied sun, at the sov'reign mandate of Heré,
Sank, unwilling, to rest in the broad expanse of the ocean.
Down it plunged; and the Greeks, *though* brave, *worn out with their labours*,
Rested from war's alarm, and the horrors of mutual slaughter.
While on their part, from the battle-field the Trojans retreating,
Freed from the chariot yoke their wearied steeds, and in council
Gathered, in anxious debate, postponing all thought of refreshment.
Standing the council was held. Not a man dared sit, for a terror
Hung on the spirits of all; and the dreadful form of Achilles,
Absent so long from the war, reappearing now, had unmanned them.
First to speak was Polydamas, Panthoüs' son; in his wisdom
Looking before and after, alone he stood of the Trojans:
In the same night with Hector born, from youth his companion;
This for council and eloquence famed, and that for his prowess.
Wisely *and calmly* speaking his mind, he addressed the assembly:
"Now is your time to decide, my friends! the advice which I offer
Is to return to the city, and not to wait till the morning

Here in the plain, remote as we are from our walls and *defences.*
Long as between this *terrible* man and king Agamemnon
Wrath and contention prevailed, the Greeks were less to be dreaded.
I myself could encamp with joy quite close to their vessels,
Such was my eager hope that ere long we should capture *and burn them.*
Now am I filled with dread at the swift *and vengeful* Achilles.
Such is his fierce and daring soul, not long will he loiter
Here in the plain, where Trojans and Greeks have long been accustomed
In fair field, with alternate success, to meet and to battle.
Now must we fight for our own town itself, our wives *and our infants.*
Be persuaded. Retire to the city. There is our safety—
Now, while ambrosial night the swift-pursuing Achilles
Still at his ships detains. If here he should find us to-morrow
When fresh armed he shall take the field, full many a Trojan
What Peleides can do shall learn. Too happy the mortal
Then who to Ilion's walls shall escape, nor gorge with his carcase
Vultures and dogs. May tidings like these from my ears be averted!
Now,—if ye take my advice *and retreat* ('tis grievous I grant it,)
Let us to-night in the public squares assemble our warriors:
Strong are our buttressed tow'rs, and high the gates which protect us,
Strongly barred with enormous beams, well fitted and fastened.
Early at dawn let us man the walls, full armed and appointed.
Then, should he venture up from the ships, right hard will he find it,
Range as he may beneath our walls, to assault or to hurt us.
Round them in circuit wide let his proud steeds sweep, *with his chariot.*
Back to his ships, fatigued with their useless course, shall they bear him:
Nor will he dare, methinks, to attempt an assault on the city.
Troy falls not to Achilles! The dogs shall sooner devour him."

Bending upon him a look severe thus Hector responded:
"Most displeasing, Prince! is such counsel to me, and unwelcome.
Wouldst thou advise us again to mew ourselves up in the city?
Hast thou not long enough remained cooped in by our ramparts?
Famed was the city of Priam in former times for its riches;
All men spake of its brass, its gold, its boundless resources.

Now from its *gorgeous* domes have their wealth and treasure departed,
Scattered abroad and sold, in Mæonia fair, and in Phrygia,
Since that day when the wrath of Zeus was kindled against us.
Now, when at length th' all pow'rful son of mysterious Kronos
Grants me to triumph, to hem in the Greeks on the shore, at their vessels,
Foolish man! wouldst thou utter such words as these to the people?
Think not a Trojan will heed them, or I stand by and permit it!
Now then list to my words. Let all give heed and obey them.
Serve out their evening meal to the soldiers, squadron by squadron.
Look to the watch. Let all be alert and ready for action.
If there be one of the Trojans who hugs his wealth and would save it,
Now let him bring it forth and divide it all with the people;
Better the meanest Trojan should take his share than an Argive.
At the first break of to-morrow's dawn, full armed and appointed,
All be prepared for a *fresh and* fierce attack on their vessels;
And should Achilles indeed arise once more to defend them,
So much the worse for him, he will find me ready to meet him;
Nor will I shrink from his stern assault. In the contest for glory
He who may conquer wins, but the hero who falls has conferred it.
Ares is just, and the slayer himself is slain, if he will it."
Thus spake Hector, and answ'ring with shouts the Trojans applauded;
Blind as they were, by Pallas Athena deprived of their reason.
All of them chose, with Hector, the path that led to destruction:
None with Polydamas sided, whose plans would have placed them in safety.
So to their evening meal they went. Meanwhile the Achaians
Mourning stood round Patroclus' bier all night, and lamented,
Echoing the ceaseless moans and outcries wild of Peleides.
Bent o'er the dead, his slaughtering hands he placed on his bosom,
Sending forth frequent groans: as a bearded and terrible lion
Robbed of his whelps, *while roaming for prey*, by some *wandering* hunter,

Back to his den from the wild returning, misses his offspring:
Then through the *woods and* vales he tracks the steps of the robber,
Roaring with rage; *and woe to the hapless wretch* if he find him.
Thus to the Myrmidons standing round he poured forth his sorrows:
"Vain, alas! how vain was my pledge to the hero Menœtius,
Giv'n to console his grief, when I vowed *in the halls* of our palace
Safe to restore his son to his native city—to Opus—
Rich with the spoil of captured Troy, *triumphant and honoured.*
Such are the dreams of men, and thus fulfilled by Kronion.
Here by a common fate upon Troia's soil are we destined
Both to pour forth our blood. For ne'er shall Peleus my father
Welcome me back *to Phthia's shores,* nor Thetis behold me
In the loved scenes of my youth: for here one grave shall receive us.
But since awhile, Patroclus! on earth I must linger behind thee,
Only so long unpaid be thy fun'ral rites, till I bring thee,
Soothing thy shade, the spoils and the head of thy murderer Hector.
Twelve of the noblest Trojan youth, to vengeance devoted,
Slain by my hand, round thy fun'ral pyre shall bleed, as thy victims.
Here shalt thou rest meanwhile by the high-beak'd ships, and around thee
High-bosomed Trojan and Dardan dames shall stand and bemoan thee,
Pouring forth daily and nightly tears and loudly lamenting:
Captives won by our conqu'ring spears in the days when together,
Fighting, we plundered and burned full many a populous city."
Thus lamented Achilles, and called his attendants about him,
Bidding them place on the fire a tripod vase, and with water
Lave from the dust and gore the sad remains of Patroclus.
Soon o'er the fire a cauldron vast they set, and beneath it
Heaped up a pile of blazing wood, and filled it with water.
Played round the sides of the vase the flames, and simmered the water.
Then, while the bubbles hissed round the gleaming rim of the vessel,
Carefully washed they the corse, and with *costliest* unguents anointed,
Salving its wounds with balms nine circling seasons had mellowed.
Then on a lofty couch they laid the corse, and in linen
Wrapped it from head to foot, and a white sheet o'er it extended.

Standing around, through the rest of the night the Myrmidon warriors
Answered, with groan for groan and with sigh for sigh, to Achilles.
Zeus then these words to Hera addressed, his sister and consort:
"Queen of the large resplendent eyes! thy wish is accomplished,
Swift Achilles is roused. One would think, *so dearly thou lov'st them*,
Thine by direct descent were the long-haired sons of Achaia."
Rolling her large majestic eyes thus Hera responded: (360)
"Dread and severe Kronion! what words are these thou hast uttered?
Surely a mortal man might have done so much for a mortal.
Needs not the *pow'r nor* wisdom of Gods such feats to accomplish.
And shall not I, the Queen of heav'n, the first in Olympus
After thyself, by birth, and to thee united in wedlock—
Consort of Zeus! who rules o'er all, *both men and* immortals—
Wreak my wrath on a nation I loathe and abhor like the Trojans?"
Such their discourse on high. Meanwhile *from the ocean ascending*
Silvery-footed Thetis at length to the halls of Hephæstus
Came; to that bright and starry dome, incorruptible, brazen (370)
Marvel of heav'n, which the limping God for himself had constructed.
Bathed in sweat she found him, and labouring hard at the bellows.
Twenty tripods of wondrous frame the God was preparing,
Ranged round the walls of his palace hall to stand; and revolving
Under the base of each were golden wheels, which should bear them
Self-transported, *instinct with life*, to the heavenly conclave;
Self-transported convey them back, *and arrange them in order*.
All, so far, were complete. There wanted only the handles:
These he was now about to fix, and was forging the rivets. (379)
Thus, as with thoughtful mind and with skilful hand he was toiling,
Thetis the snowy-footed approached *the scene of his labours*.
Her beholding, Charis the fair, the wife of Hephæstus,
Veiled with a tissue of *purest* white advanced to receive her;
Cordially pressed her hand; and *endearingly* named and addressed her:
"Thetis, belov'd and revered! what brings thee here to our palace,
Richly attired? Not often of old wert thou wont to frequent it.
Enter I pray thee, at once, and receive our *heartiest* welcome."
Thus spake the Goddess, as leading her guest, she entered the palace.

Seating her then on a gorgeous throne, all shining with silver
Wrought into rich devices, her feet she raised on a footstool.
Then from his work Hephæstus called, and thus she addressed him:
"Hasten, Hephæstus. Thetis is here, and needs thy assistance."
Then in his turn replied the *limping lord of the furnace:*
"Honour'd indeed are these halls by a presence so dear and so gracious.
Thetis it was who preserved me from horrible ills, when my mother
Tossed me away with savage and pitiless scorn;—the deformed one
Whom she would fain have hidden. Oh! then what woes had I suffered,
Had not Eurynomé, daughter of refluent ocean, and Thetis
Caught me *falling, and warmed* in their *gentle* bosoms, *and nursed me!*
There nine years in their hollow caves I lived; and to please them
Wrought for them many a quaint device—clasps, bracelets and buckles,
Pendants and chains: while around and above the wide-foaming ocean
Murmured *in ceaseless flow.* There alike from Gods and from mortals
Hidden I grew, nor did one know aught of my place of concealment
Saving these two, Eurynomé kind and Thetis, who reared me.
Fair-haired Thetis is now beneath my roof. Let me shew her
All the respect and love I owe to my nurse and my saviour;
Place before her the best our palace affords; while I hasten,
Bellows and tools laid all aside, to prepare me to meet her."
Thus he spake, and his mighty bulk upreared from the anvil
Halting. His feeble and awkward legs bestirred themselves briskly.
First, from the fire the bellows he moved; and, collected together,
Safely stowed in a silver chest the tools he was using.
Then with a sponge he cleansed his face, his hands, and his brawny
Neck, and his shaggy breast, *from the smoke and grime of the furnace;*
Flung o'er his shoulders a robe; his sceptre grasped; and proceeded
Limping forth from the door *of his forge.* Two golden attendants,
Formed in the likeness of living maids, supported the Monarch.
(Each has within it a living soul; with speech are they gifted;
Strength is theirs, and with arts and skill the Gods have endowed them.)

These, as he limped along, sustained the steps of Hephæstus,
Till by the side of Thetis a gorgeous throne he ascended,
Cordially pressed her hand, *endearingly* named and addressed her:
"Thetis, belov'd and revered! What brings thee now to our palace
Richly attired? Not often of old wert thou wont to frequent it.
Speak, thy wishes declare; thou shalt find me ready and willing;
If it be aught that a God may do, and if I can perform it."
Dropping a tear *as she spake*, thus Thetis *mournfully* answered:
"Is there a Goddess, Hephæstus, inhabiting lofty Olympus,
Forced, like myself, by Zeus to drain *the cup of* affliction? (430)
Is there, among them all, one, *half* so wretched as Thetis?
Me, among all the nymphs of the deep to a man he subjected—
Wedded to Peleus—forced to endure the embrace of a mortal—
Sorely against my will. And there he lies in his palace
Feeble and broken with age. Nor is this the sum of my sorrows.
Fruit of our marriage a son I bore, and *tenderly* nursed him,
Noblest of heroes! As some fair tree shoots up from a sapling
Planted in fertile soil, *in grace* he grew, *and in vigour.*
Grown up to man's estate, in his ships to Ilion I sent him
There with the Trojans to fight. Ah! never again to revisit (440)
Home, or re-enter the ancient halls of Peleus his father.
Still with corroding grief are his days consumed; and in sorrow
Passes his life away; nor can I do aught to relieve him.
He from the Greeks received a *beauteous* maid as his portion,
Whom from his arms Agamemnon *unjustly* tore, *and detains her.*
Grief and despair for her loss consumed his soul; while the Trojans
Drove back the Greeks to their ships, and hemmed them in, nor permitted
Forth from their gates to advance. Then came the chiefs of their council
Begging his aid, and proff'ring unbounded wealth, *to appease him.*
All he refused: nor, himself, did aught to avert their destruction. (450)
Yet he permitted his friend Patroclus to fight; and his armour
Lent him, and forth to the battle he went, with many a warrior.
All day long at the Scæan gate they fought, and the city
Surely that very day had they captured, but that Apollo

Came, and struck down in his full career of conquest and triumph
Valiant Menœtius' son, and transferred the glory to Hector.
Therefore a suppliant to thee I come and entreat thine assistance
Arms to supply for my short-lived son: a shield and a helmet,
Beauteous greaves, well fitted with buckles and clasps, and a corslet.
Those which he had he lost, when his faithful friend and companion
Fell; for whose death he mourns, on the ground extended and weeping."
Then to her words replied the limping Lord of the furnace:
"Be of good cheer. Distress not thy mind with cares *for his armour.*
Would that with equal ease I could snatch thy son from destruction
When *at the fated hour*, his death, *foretold*, is approaching,
As I shall make him a glorious suit, the wonder of all men,
Such as was ne'er beheld by mortal eyes for its beauty."
Thus he spake, and he left her there, and returned to his bellows;
Turned on the fire their nozzles and bid them blow. At his orders
Twenty bellows their streams of wind sent forth on the furnace
Raising a varied blast, now strong, now soft, as Hephæstus
Now urging on his work required their aid, now desisted,
Letting it cool awhile, that all might be duly completed.
Into the furnace he cast the stubborn bronze, and he melted
Tin, and the precious gold, and *the gleaming* silver: the anvil
Raising, next on its block he placed; and the ponderous hammer
Grasped with his strong right hand. With his left he handled the forceps.
First did he frame a vast and solid shield, with devices
Richly enchased, and around its margin a glittering border
Threefold and polished he led; with a silver sling to sustain it.
Five were the plates which its substance formed: the outer with sculpture
Covered, with *rich* inventive skill *wrought out by the artist.*
There he depictured the earth, and the *canopied* sky, and the ocean,
There the unwearied sun, and the full-orb'd moon *in their courses.*
All the configured stars, which gem the circuit of heaven,
Pleiads, and Hyads were there, and the giant force of Orion.

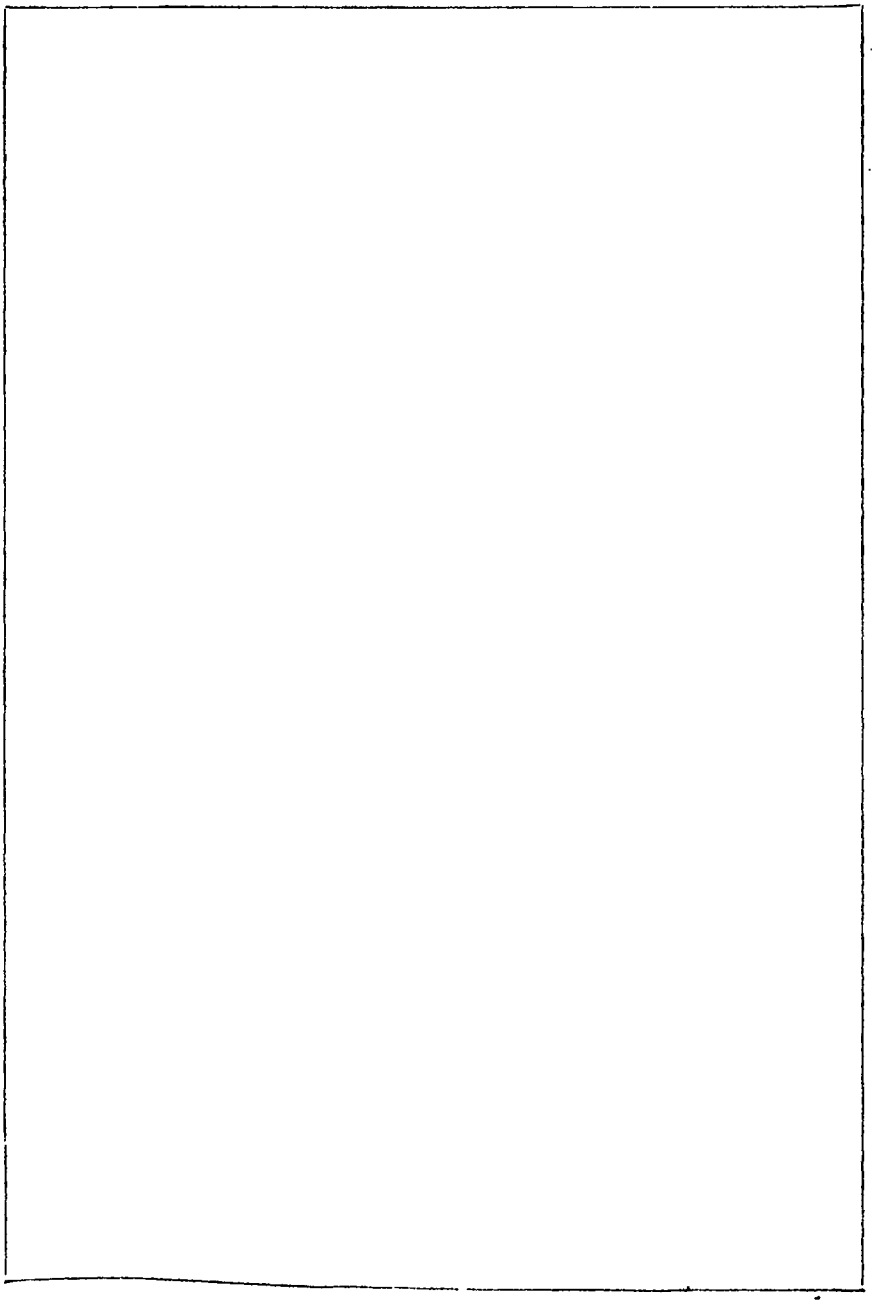
There the revolving Bear (which the Wain they call) was ensculptured
Circling on high, and in all its course regarding Orion,
Sole of the starry train which refuses to bathe in the ocean.
These in the midst. In the circuit round two cities were sculptured,
Fair to behold. In one were marriage processions and feasting.
There were the brides, by the torches' blaze led forth from their chambers
All through the streets; while in chorus the bridal hymns were resounding:
Youths in the festal dance whirled deftly round, and among them
Harpers and pipers played *to mark the time*, while the matrons,
Each at her door, *as the train passed by*, stood gazing in wonder.
There too the forum was shewn, with people thronged, to a trial
List'ning; where for a ransom two angry men were disputing,
Due for a townsman slain. The one insists he has paid it,
While his opponent maintains he has nought received. To the people
Each has appealed, and a judge they seek to settle their quarrel.
Some of the crowd for one, and some declare for the other.
Heralds meanwhile the tumult appease. The elders are seated
Solemn, in sacred array on marble chairs in a circle.
One, in his turn, has received the herald's staff, and uprising
Duly explains his view of the case, and delivers his judgment:
While in the midst two talents of gold lie heaped, for the suitor
Destined, whose pleaded cause shall best be approved by the judges.
Round the next sculptured town two hostile bands were assembled,
Shining in arms. A two-fold mind divides the besiegers;
These would destroy the city, and those but plunder and spoil it,
All the treasure and wealth it contains dividing among them.
Unsubdued, the besieged for a secret ambush were arming.
Watchful, along the walls their wives and innocent children
Stood looking forth *with anxious gaze;* the old *and the feeble.*
Forth march'd the youth, by Ares led and Pallas Athené
(These were of gold, and golden-clad, in beauteous armour;
Tall in stature and lofty in mien, as beseeming their Godhead,

Radiant they stalked and gigantic. The men were dwarfed in proportion).
Now to a spot are they come for their ambush meet, by a river,
Just where a watering-place for all sorts of cattle expanded.
There in resplendent arms they crouch them down in concealment.
Far in advance two spies are set, looking out for the shepherds
Notice to give, should hornèd steers or sheep be approaching.
(These might be seen, coming on: two shepherds, driving their cattle:
Piping they came, suspecting nought, and thoughtless of mischief.)
Soon as beheld, the ambushed foe, upstarting, attack them,
Slaught'ring at once the herds of kine, dispersing and killing
All the fair flocks of snowy sheep, and slaying the shepherds.
Soon as the cries of the slayers and slain, and the roar of the oxen
Reach to the hostile camp where the chiefs are sitting in council,
Straightway their cars they mount and fly to the scene of the uproar.
Soon as arrived at the river's bank they rush into battle.
Fighting is seen, and the *spears and* darts fly thickly between them.
TUMULT and direful STRIFE were there. FATE mixed in the combat,
Sheltering these, and wounding those. One slain in the struggle
Seized by the feet she drags along through the midst of the carnage.
Red with the blood of men is the robe she wears round her shoulders.
All to the life were shewn. They fight—they slay—and they struggle
Or o'er the dead they bend, and drag them off, to despoil them.
Next was presented a fallow field, soft, rich, and extensive,
Now for the third time ploughed; and across it many a ploughman
Backward and forward was driving his team and leading his furrow.
Soon as the boundary line each reached, and was turning his ploughshare,
One stood ready to hand him a *flowing* cup, *to refresh him,*
Brimming with honied wine. Then back they turned in their order,
Each retracing his line to the utmost verge of the fallow.
Black seemed the land behind, where the ploughs had passed, as with tillage;
Golden albeit. Such was the wondrous skill of the artist.

Next was there shewn a field of corn deep-waving, where reapers,
Each with his sharpened sickle in hand, were securing the harvest.
Handful by handful it sank *to their sturdy strokes*, and in order
Lay the cut bundles. These into sheaves the binders were tying.
Three were the binders of sheaves, with attendant boys, who the reapers
Followed; gath'ring the handfuls of corn in their arms, to supply them
Fast as they tied up the sheaves. Apart stood the master in silence,
Leaning upon his staff, and with joy surveying the produce.
Under an oak, where an ox was slain, the heralds attendant
Harvest rites performed, and a feast prepared: while the women
Sprinkled the meat with plenty of barley-flour for the reapers.
Changed was the scene. A vineyard was shewn, with grapes *for the vintage*
Heavily laden. The vines were gold, and black were the clusters
Thick intertwining on silver poles the plants were supported.
Round it a trench of azure steel was drawn, and to fence it
Rose up a bank in tin. One only pathway across it
Passed, and allowed access, in the vintage time, to the bearers.
Youths and maidens, joyous of heart, *unconscious of evil*,
Bore *to the press* the luscious fruit in baskets of wicker,
While in their midst a lad went harping along, and reciting
Songs handed down from Linus *of old, to his music adapted*,
Trilling with slender *and boyish* voice; while the rest in the chorus
Joined, keeping time with their feet, as they danced and skipped to the measure.

Next was presented a herd of oxen, driv'n to their pasture,
Carrying erect their horns. Of gold and of tin were they moulded
Various. Forth from the stalls loud lowing they rushed, where a river
Murmuring rolled, and the bord'ring reeds waved high in the breezes.
Four were the herdsmen of gold who marched beside them, and *careful*,
Tended the drove: and nine swift dogs followed *close on their footsteps.*
Lo! where in front of the herd two fierce and terrible lions
Seize on the bellowing bull, and, *despite his struggles* and roaring,
Drag him away; while dogs and herdsmen run to the rescue.
Tearing the skin of the mighty beast they *stand, and* his entrails
Gorge, and the dark *and streaming* blood they lap, while the herdsmen

Close up in vain, and in vain cheer on their dogs to attack them.
These, though they *snarl and* shew their teeth, refuse to approach them;
Standing aloof, though near, they bark, yet shun the encounter.
Next, by the skill of Hephæstus a *gentler scene* was depictured:
Snow-white flocks in a *verdant* mead, among *sheltering* woodlands;
Folds; and the shepherds' tents; and the *peaceful* roof of the cottage.
Following this was enchased a dance, like that which at Gnossus (590)
Dædalus first with ingenious skill devised (*when in Creta*
Refuge he sought), *to delight* the fair-hair'd queen Ariadné.
Blooming youths and attractive maidens danced in a circle,
Joining hands, and grasping each other's wrists, as they bounded.
Soft white linen *expressed, while it* veiled, the forms of the damsels;
Glancing, and glazed, as with oil, shone bright the attire of their partners.
Each fair head with a *flowery* wreath was crown'd; and a falchion,
Golden, in baldric of silver each youth from his shoulder suspended.
Now in a ring they fly with practised feet, as a potter (599)
Whirls with his hand, where he sits, the forming wheel, and examines
Nicely *its balanced course as it spins and sleeps on its centre:*
Now from opposing ranks they cross, interlacing each other.
Gazing delighted the crowd stand round. Beside them a harper,
Sings to his lyre a sacred lay, thus marking the measure;
While at the sound of his harp in the midst two tumblers advancing
Spin round each other, and gambol and vault in time to his music.
Such was the perfect orb; and the mighty stream of the ocean
Rolled round its border in wavy gold, completing its circuit.
Now when that vast and solid shield Hephæstus had finished,
Brighter than flame itself, a breastplate next he constructed. (610)
Then, too, a casque he formed, to the hero's temples adjusted,
Nodding with waving plumes, *and a cone* of gold *to support them,*
Greaves, moreover, of ductile *and burnished* tin he provided.
Thus were the *glorious* arms at length complete, and Hephæstus,
Bringing them forth, his work displayed to the *wondering* Goddess;
She, at his hands receiving the gift, from snowy Olympus
Shot, like a hawk, and bore them away to the tent of Achilles.



THE ILIAD.

BOOK XIX.

BOOK THE NINETEENTH.

ARGUMENT.

THETIS presents to Achilles his new armour. She promises to preserve the body of Patroclus from corruption, and bids him assemble the army, and be publicly reconciled with Agamemnon. Agamemnon restores Briseis, and adds rich presents. Achilles desires to join battle immediately, but Odysseus dissuades him. Briseis laments over the body of Patroclus. Achilles refuses food, but is strengthened by Pallas. He arms for the fight, mounts his car, and reproaches his horses for having suffered the death of Patroclus. One of them replies, and predicts his own fate, notwithstanding which, he sets forth leading his troops to battle.

ILIAD. BOOK XIX.

Dawn, in her saffron robe arrayed, from the waves of the Ocean
Rose, and the light had restored alike to Gods and to mortals,
When at the ships the Goddess arrived with the gifts of Hephæstus.
Stretched o'er Patroclus' corse her son she found, in his anguish
Sending forth piercing cries, while around him wept his companions.
Full in the midst of them all the Goddess appeared, and approaching,
Pressed the hand of her son, and *endearingly* naming, bespoke him:
"Grieved as thou art, my son, let the dead repose; and remember
'Twas but the will of heav'n and the hand of a God that subdued him.
Up! now. Receive at my hands these splendid gifts of Hephæstus—
Arms such as ne'er were seen the grace to form of a mortal."
Thus having said, she arranged the arms in the sight of Achilles;
Loudly they clanged as she placed on the ground their beauteous fabric.
Seized with fear were the Myrmidons all. Not one to behold them
Ventured. Aloof they trembling stood. Up rose then Achilles,
While at their sight rekindled the fire in his soul, and his eyeballs
Glowed from beneath his gloomy brows with a terrible splendour.
Handling them all, with delight he received the gifts of the Godhead.
Poising each wond'rous piece, with *surprise and* joy he surveyed *it*.
Gratefully then his mother addressed, and thus he bespake her:

"Mother! the works of a God indeed hast thou brought. In their structure
Skill divine is displayed. No mortal hand could have wrought them.
Now shall I shine once more in arms. Yet, alas! *if abandoned*
Here, untended, the corse of the valiant son of Menœtius,
Flies will assail; in those *gaping* wounds whence issued his spirit
Gendering worms *obscene;* those *sacred* relics defiling—
(Now that their life is fled)—and his flesh will sink in corruption."
Thus he spake; and the silver-footed Goddess responded:
"Let not these *pious* fears *for thy friend* hang heavy upon thee;
Be it my care his remains to tend, and chase from his body (30)
All the fierce host of flies, which infest the slain, and devour them.
Here, for a year entire exposed should he lie, thou shalt find him
Still uncorrupt, his remains still fresh: nay, purer than mortal.
Therefore depart! and summon the Argive chiefs to a meeting;
There renounce thy wrath at the shepherd and guide of his people,
Great Agamemnon; then arm for fight, and appear in thy glory."
Thus having spoken, his bosom she filled with daring and vigour.
Then in Patroclus' nostrils ambrosia instilled, and the ruby
Nectar, the corse to preserve, and secure its flesh from corruption.
Now by the ocean strand set forth the godlike Achilles, (40)
Shouting aloud, and summoning all the chiefs of the Argives.
Forthwith assembled *the Greeks in haste.* Ev'n those whom their duty
Held in the ships; the steersmen too, from the sterns of their vessels,
Shipwrights, purveyors, dispensers of daily food to the army,
All came forth; all rushed to the meeting, now that Achilles
Once more appeared, so long estranged from the perilous conflict.
Limping slowly along, those two brave servants of Ares,
Mighty Tydeides, the soul of war, and godlike Odysseus
Came, on their spears sustained, their wounds still rankling and painful.
Forward advancing, their seats they took, in the front of the council. (50)
Last came Atreus' son, the wide-ruling king Agamemnon,
Sore distrest with the wound which Coön the son of Antenor
Fighting beneath the walls, with his brazen spear had inflicted.
Now, when the chiefs had met, and all the Greeks were assembled,

Godlike Achilles, swift in pursuit, uprose and addressed them:
"Atreus' son! far better it were for the one and the other,
Happier by far for us both if, ere that day when contention
Rose up between us, and angry thoughts on account of Briseïs,
Artemis' shafts had laid her low, in the ship which conveyed her
Home, a prize to my conqu'ring arms, from the sack of Larissa. (60)
Then had been spared the lives of those hosts of Greeks who have perished,
Biting the ground beneath hostile spears, while I cherished my anger.
Hector and Troy alone by our strife have gained; but the Argives
Long, methinks, of our wrath will retain a bitter remembrance.
Now let us fling it aside as a thing of the past, though it vexed us.
Bending our souls to the present need and taming our anger.
I for my part dismiss my wrath. It becomes not a mortal
Hate undying to cherish. Then lose no time, but to action
Summon at once thy crested Greeks, and array them for battle.
Give me to try once more in the field the strength of the Trojans. (70)
Haridly another night will they camp in front of our vessels.
Happy the man who shall fastest run, *and* escaping my vengeance
Stretch him to rest this night beyond the reach of my weapon."
Thus he spake. Loud clamoured with joy the Greeks when Peleides
Once more they heard, *adopting their cause*, renouncing his anger.
Then, the assembly addressing, the ruler of men, Agamemnon,
Spake from his throne where he sate; nor quitting his place nor advancing:
"Friends and heroes of Greece, ye valiant servants of Ares!
Whoso may rise to speak, should be quietly heard and in silence;
For, be ye never so wise, to interrupt is unseemly. (80)
Who can be heard, or who can hear in so wild a confusion?
Such as the loudest would drown, or confound the most eloquent speaker.
Let me be heard, when to Peleus' son I would speak, and, ye Argives!
Lend an attentive ear, and mark each word that I utter.
Much have ye blamed me for what has passed, ye sons of Achaia!
This have I not to learn. Yet not to your king was it owing

Zeus was to blame and Fate, and that fiend of darkness, Erynnys,
Who on that ill-starred day when I forced his prize from Achilles
Filled my soul with despite and rage in the public assembly.
What could I do? The Gods as they will dispose of our actions,
Até it was, dread daughter of Zeus, misleader of all men,
Mischief-making. Her noiseless feet, *as she steals on her victims*,
Mark not the ground. O'er the heads of men she marches, and evil
Sows in each heart as she goes. Nor me alone did she visit.
Zeus himself, of old, she misled, who, supreme over mortals,
Holds everlasting sway, and o'er all the Gods. At her bidding
Hera with female wiles her lord deceived, when in Thebæ
Time brought round th' expected day when beauteous Alcmené,
Pregnant by Zeus, should give to the light the might of Heracles.
Thus spake Zeus, with paternal pride, to the heavenly assembly:
'Hear! ye Gods and Goddesses all, *who inhabit Olympus*,
What the prophetic spirit within me prompts me to utter.
This day shall see, by th' Ilythian pow'rs that preside over child-birth,
Brought into light, a mighty prince who shall rule *o'er the nations*,
Chief of a race of heroes, my own immediate descendants.'
Hera, who heard the boast, devising mischief, addressed him:
'What thou hast said can none believe. Thou ne'er wilt fulfil it.
Swear to me now with a mighty oath, great lord of Olympus!
That on this very day, a sov'reign, born of a woman,
Of thy own lineage and blood shall on earth appear, for dominion
Destined, o'er all around, and nobly to rule o'er the Argives.'
Thus she spake. But Zeus perceived not the snare, *nor escaped it.*
Forthwith the oath he swore. Then bitterly rued he his blindness.
Hera, *delighted*, shot from the rock-piled heights of Olympus.
Argos she sought, where pregnant, she knew, was the wife of its sov'reign,
Sthenelus, Perseus' royal son; awaiting in patience
(Now in her seventh month) the approaching birth of her infant.
Him, untimely, she pushed into life, but withheld from Alcmena
All her *expected* aid, and forbade th' Ilythiæ to help her;
Then, returning to Zeus, she announced *the birth of his offspring:*
'Lord of the lightning's blaze! *rejoice at* the tidings I bring thee,

This day a hero is born who shall rule o'er the dwellers in Argos.
Sthenelus' son, Eurystheus, the mighty descendant of Perseus,
And of thy own immortal line. Fit sov'reign for Argos.'
Pierced to the soul with grief was Zeus, when he heard the announcement,
Thus delivered: and Até at once he seized in his fury,
Grasped by her shining locks: and an oath he swore, that henceforward
In the Olympian halls that demon of strife and deception
Never should dwell, nor *pollute* the starry skies *with her presence.*
Thus having sworn, from the heavenly heights and the gates of Olympus,
Whirling her round, he cast her down; thenceforth among mortals
Ever to dwell. *But the mischief was done,* and he grieved for Heracles
When he beheld him toiling beneath the yoke of Eurystheus.
So on my soul, the wrong I had done, the mischief it wrought us,
Weighed, and suffered me not to rest, while crest-waving Hector
Triumphed, and slew my Greeks beneath the sterns of their vessels.
Deeply I erred, by the will of Zeus deprived of my reason,
Yet will I make amends, and with gifts proclaim my repentance.
Now then for war prepare, and muster thy troops for the battle.
All those gifts which yestermorn Odysseus on my part
Promised thee, home to thy tent will I duly send, *for atonement:*
Or, if thou wilt, restraining awhile thy impatience for action,
Here on the spot from my ships, by my servants brought, shalt thou see them
Fairly delivered, *a pledge of my truth, and desire* to appease thee."
Thus making answer replied the swift-pursuing Achilles:
"Atreus' son, most glorious, thou king of men, Agamemnon!
As for the gifts, it rests with thyself to give or withhold them.
Equal it is to me. Now prepare we at once for the combat.
Let us not waste our time in idle parley, delaying
Aught that remains to do; for a mighty work is unfinished.
Whoso shall see Achilles once more in front of the battle
Blazing, and sweeping away with his spear *whole* ranks of the Trojans,
Fired with the sight, let him close with the foe and fight like a hero."

Rising, here interposed the prudent and thoughtful Odysseus:
"Brave as thou art, Achilles! and likest a God in the combat,
Lead not, fasting, Achaia's sons to fight with the Trojans
There before Ilion's walls. No brief encounter or skirmish
Then will be seen, when two such hosts engaging in battle
Join, and encouraging Gods inflame their mutual hatred. (159)
Let then abundance of food and wine at the ships of the Grecians
Hearten the troops for the fight: for these give strength and endurance.
'Tis not in mortal man to confront the foe, and to combat,
Unsupported by food from dawn of day until sunset.
For, *be he never so brave*, though his soul be bent upon fighting,
Yet will the time arrive when his strength will fail, and *his vitals*
Hunger and thirst *will gnaw*, and his knees refuse to sustain him.
But when a man, with wine refreshed, and with food to support him,
Goes forth to meet his foe with a day's hard fighting before him,
Stout is his heart in his breast. His limbs are firm, and continue
Strong, till the hour shall arrive when all desist from the combat.
Now dismiss the assembly, and give command that our warriors (171)
Take their accustomed meal. Let the king of men, Agamemnon,
Set forth the presents in public view, that the Greeks may behold them,
Gladding their eyes, and thyself, *O Achilles!* see and approve them;
Then let him rise, and standing forth, in the midst of the Argives
Swear an oath that he ne'er hath ascended her couch, nor approached her
After the fashion of man and wife; *thus clearing his honour*,
Placing thy mind at ease, *and leaving no ground for resentment.*
Last, be a banquet served in Atreides' tent, nor be wanting,
Aught that can shew respect for thy worth or *joy at thy presence.* (180)
Thou, O Atreides! learn to be just henceforth in thy dealings:
Nor be ashamed, nor regret, O king! to have made reparation,
Such as is fair and just in itself, to the man thou hast injured."
Then to Odysseus replied the king of men, Agamemnon:
"Son of Laertes! gladly I hear each word thou hast uttered.
All thou hast said is just and right, *well weighed and* considered.
What thou requir'st I am ready to swear. My conscience avows it,
Nor will I perjure myself in the presence of God. Let Achilles,

Therefore, consent to a brief delay, though impatient for battle.
All of you here, *my friends*, remain, assembled together,
Till from my tents the presents be brought, and our league be concluded.
This be thy task, Odysseus. To thee this charge be entrusted.
Choose from among the Grecian youth their noblest and bravest,
Forth from our tents the gifts to bring which we promised Achilles
Yestermorn, and the captive maids conduct to his vessels.
Be it Talthybius' care a boar to provide from the army,
Sacrifice meet unto Helios bright and Zeus *the avenger*."

Then to his words responded the swift-pursuing Achilles:
"Atreus' son, most noble! thou king of men, Agamemnon,
All these cares were better deferred to some future occasion,
When in the pauses of war some fitting season shall offer,
When the consuming rage which fills my breast hath subsided.
Slaughtered and yet unburied they lie whom death-dealing Hector,
Priamus' son, laid low, while Zeus with victory crowned him.
And wouldst thou then persuade me to feast? My advice would be rather,
Fasting—this instant—for all the Greeks to rush to the combat:
First wipe away the stain, and avenge *their fall*—then at sunset
Back triumphant return, and close the day with a banquet.
Me, till that hour, my friend lying pierced with wounds and disfigured,
Stretched on his bier in my tent, his feet to the door—his companions,
Standing around *in sad and mournful array and* lamenting—
Meat nor drink shall refresh, or shall pass my lips. To my spirit
Hateful are all such thoughts. I long for nought but *destruction*,
Slaughter, *and wounds* and blood and the groans of perishing warriors."

Then in his turn replied the wise and careful Odysseus:
"Glorious Achilles! noblest of Greeks, great Peleus' offspring."
Mightier far than my own in fight I acknowledge thy prowess;
Yet wilt thou not deny me the praise of superior prudence.
Older I am than thyself, instructed by longer experience.
Let then my words impress thy mind, and restrain thy impatience.
Even the bravest of men will at length grow weary of fighting.
Vast is the swathe which the steel mows down in the harvest of battle,

Small is the gathered crop that is saved alive, when the Thund'rer
Hangs forth his scales and awards success to the cause that he favours.
Hard on the Greeks will it be to add hunger to grief, and with fasting
Honour their friends, who in heaps on heaps are perishing daily.
That were to leave no moment free from hardship and suffering.
Whoso hath fall'n, to the tomb *with pious care* we consign him,
Sad, but with constant hearts, and a day we give to our sorrows.
Those whom the wasteful chances of war shall spare, to support it (230)
Duly with meat and with drink must in strength be kept, that, unwearied,
Still they may face th' assailing foe with force unabated,
Sheathed in their arms of stubborn bronze *for the fight.* Let the army
Now, however no further orders expect: for the loit'rer
He who awaits a second call will find it a sharp one
If at the ships he linger. Let all be ready for action,
Down on the Trojans to pour, *with all the force we can muster.*"
Thus spake Odysseus: and both the sons of Nestor selected,
Thoas and Merion too, with Meges, Phyleüs' offspring,
Creion's son, Lycomedes, he chose, and brave Melanippus: (240)
All repaired without loss of time to the tent of Atreides.
Soon was their order told, and at once obeyed *by its inmates.*
Sev'n fair tripods untouched by fire were produced *from its treasures;*
Twenty refulgent bowls; and the twelve swift steeds that were promised;
Forth came seven young Lesbian damsels, fair and accomplished;
Last Briseis herself, the eighth: while *noble* Odysseus
Placed in the scales ten talents of gold, and led the procession,
Followed by all the rest of the Grecian youths, with the presents.
These, when arrived, in the midst they placed. Then great Agamemnon,
Rising, *advanced.* Talthybius the herald, standing beside him, (250)
Silence proclaimed in impressive tone, and presented the victim.
Then Agamemnon, drawing the *keen and glittering* poniard,
Which by the sheath of his mighty sword hung ever suspended,
Cropped from the boar his forelock, and lifting his hands to Kronion
Prayed: while around the Greeks, in solemn and reverent silence,

Lent an attentive ear to each word which fell from the monarch.
This was the prayer he prayed, his eyes upraising to heaven:
"Witness, *all-pow'rful* Zeus, thou first and best of th' immortals,
Earth! *allseeing* Sun! and ye *dreadful names of the* Furies,
Ye who beneath the earth torment the false and the perjured!
Hand of mine hath never been laid on the damsel Briseis.
Pure from approach or embrace of mine she remains: nor dishonour,
Either in word or deed, in my tent hath ever assailed her.
If I be false and forsworn in this, may the Gods in their vengeance
On my devoted head lay ev'ry curse of the perjured."

Then in the throat of the boar he plunged his pitiless dagger:
Him Talthybius whelmed in the hoary waves of the ocean,
Rolling him down, a meal for the fish. Uprose then Achilles,
And to the warlike Greeks these words addressed *in conclusion:*
"Father Zeus! how dire are the woes thou heapest on mortals,
Ne'er could Atreides thus have awakened wrath in my bosom,
Nor had he ever, unprompted, thus have seized on the damsel,
Carrying her off against my will; but that Zeus had determined
Greece to chastise, and with deaths on deaths to visit the Argives!
Now to your meal, ye Greeks: then quickly prepare for the battle."

Ended Achilles his speech, and at once dismissed the assembly.
Forthwith the Greeks dispersed, and each to his vessel betook him.
Gath'ring the costly gifts, meanwhile, the Myrmidon warriors
Bore them away, and bestowed them safe at the ships of Achilles.
Some they laid up in the tents, there lodged the captives in safety,
While to the stalls the noble attendants conducted the coursers.

Beauteous as bright Aphrodité herself, the lovely Briseis,
Soon as Patroclus, pierced with wounds she beheld, on his body
Flung herself, drowned in tears, loud sobbing, beating her bosom,
Tearing her lovely neck, and defacing her beauteous features.
Speaking through tears, the heavenly fair gave vent to her sorrow:
"Dearest Patroclus! friend, whose kindness soothed my affliction!
Mighty chief! whom living I left when hence I departed,
Now to return to my tent, and find thee slain! How, for ever,
Evil on evil, grief upon grief pursues and o'erwhelms me!
He, the betrothed *of my love*, whom my mother dear and my father

Gave *to my hopes*, in my *very* sight, in defence of our city
Fell, transfixed with the spear; and my brethren three, whom my mother
Bore, so dearly belov'd, that day swept off to destruction.
Thou, when Achilles had slain my betroth'd, *when the home of my fathers*
Sank, and the city of godlike Mynétes smoked in its ruins,
Could'st not endure my tears, but assured me that noble Achilles
One day would make me his bride, and across the ocean to Phthia
Bear me, and spread our nuptial feast in his Myrmidon palace.
Gentle thou ever wert, and with tears must I ever bewail thee." (300)
Weeping she spake. Then joined in her moans the rest of the captives,
Each for her own hard fate, though seeming to grieve for Patroclus.
Round Achilles, meanwhile, had gathered the chiefs of the Argives,
Pressing him much to their feast, but with sighs and groans he resisted:
"Press me not, friends and companions dear, I pray, if ye love me,
Either in food or in *cordial* wine to seek for refreshment:
Far too full is my heart of pain *and grief to permit me.*
Not till the sun shall have set will I break my fast,—but endure it."
Thus he spake: and the rest of the chiefs from his presence departed.
Only the two Atreidæ remained, and noble Odysseus, (310)
Nestor, the monarch of Crete, and that ancient warrior, Phœnix.
These to console him essayed, but his soul refused consolation;
That must he seek in the bloody abyss of war and destruction.
Stung with renewed regrets, oft groaning, thus he lamented:
"This would have been thy care, Unhappy! My loved and my lost One!
Thou wouldst thyself have set before me abundant refreshment
Here in my tent, in haste, but with care prepared, when the Grecians
Set forth *in battle array* to contend with the horse-taming Trojans.
There however thou liest, in wounds and in death: and my spirit
Loathes the refreshment of meat or drink from our *ample* provision, (320)
Thinking of thee! What heavier blow, what worse can befal me?
Not should the death be announced of my *old and reverend* father,
Who at this moment perchance is tenderly weeping in Phthia,
Mourning the loss of his son, who in distant lands with the Trojans

Wages *a bootless* war, for the cause of that odious Helen:
Nor of my glorious boy Neoptolemus, him whom in Scyros,
(If he indeed still live) I left in the care of his teachers.
Fondly I hoped and believed that I alone was predestined
Here on the Troian shore to perish, far from Achaia.
Thou wouldst return to Phthia, methought; thence passing to Scyros,
Bring back my son once more in thy sable ship to his country.
There wouldst thou make him acquainted with all his father's possessions,
All my domains, my slaves, and the high-roofed halls of my palace.
Peleus now, methinks, must be long since dead, or if living,
Barely alive at best, and dragging a painful existence,
Worn out with age and grief, and hourly awaiting the tidings,
Harder *to bear than his own*, of the mournful fate of his offspring."
Weeping he spake, and the princes around him joined in his sorrows,
Each lamenting those he had left at home in his palace.
Zeus from above looking down beheld and pitied their anguish,
And *from his throne where he sate* addressed these words to Athené:
"Why dost thou, my daughter! forsake thy favourite hero?
Has then Achilles quite dropped out from thy thoughts and remembrance?
Lo! where weeping he sits by the lofty stems of his vessels,
Mourning his dear companion lost. The rest of the Grecians
All are recruiting their strength with food. He thirsts and is fasting.
Go then! ambrosia's heav'nly food and the juice of our nectar
Into his bosom instil, lest hunger and thirst overcome him."
Thus he spake, and Athena, no prompting needing, obeyed him.
Down from Olympus she sprang, and clove the air, like a harpy
Screaming in voice and broad of wing: and she came where the Grecians,
Arming, prepared for battle throughout their host: and with nectar,
And with ambrosia rich, diffused through the frame of her hero,
Chased away hunger and thirst, and confirmed his strength for the conflict.
This performed, she returned to the stately dome of her Parent,

While from their sable ships the Greeks poured forth to the combat.
As when the fast falling snow flies thick from the hand of Kronion,
Drifted along by the cold and sweeping blast of the north wind,
Thus o'er the field in thick'ning swarms poured forth from the vessels
Bright gleaming helmets, high-bossed shields, and deep-moulded corslets,
Fitted to manly chests, and stout ash spears that a splendour
Shot to the sky: while the *very* ground seemed laughing with flashes,
Lightening around from their arms; and beneath the trampling of heroes
Echoed. Achilles his arms assumed in the midst of his warriors,
Grinding his teeth with rage; while his burning eyes from their sockets
Glared, like a flame, and within his heart unendurable anguish
Reigned *supreme*, with fierce *revenge and* hate for the Trojans,
While in those glorious arms he arrayed him, gifts of Hephæstus.
First round his manly legs the rich wrought greaves he adjusted,
Beauteous, with silver hasps, and with clasping buckles of silver;
Next o'er his bosom he braced his bright and glittering corslet;
Slung o'er his shoulder his sword of bronze, all studded with silver;
Slung too ready for use his broad and ponderous buckler,
Flinging its beams afar, like the moon *new rising in glory*.
As when to weary and storm-tossed sailors, far on the ocean,
Streams forth a light from some lone watch-tow'r high on a mountain,
Longing they view the blaze of its friendly fires, but the tempest
Sweeps them reluctant away to sea, *despairing of succour:*
So to the skies from the bright and rich-wrought shield of Achilles
Streamed the long rays of light. On his head then placed he the helmet,
Weighty and strong of proof. Like a star which sparkles in splendour
Glittered the crested casque; and the golden threads by Hephæstus
Mixed with its plume waved wide from the tow'ring crest as it nodded.
Then for the first time tried he the arms, and tested their fitting.
All was complete, and his godlike limbs moved freely within them,
Buoyant and supple. Like wings they seemed to sustain and to lift him.

Then from its case he took the spear that his father had wielded,
Stubborn it was, and huge, and pond'rous. Saving Achilles
None among all the Greeks might avail that weapon to brandish;
Formed from an ash on Pelion's summit hewn, and by Chiron (390)
Giv'n to his father, to work the death of many a hero.
Alcimus now and Automedon led forth the steeds, and their collars
Beauteous adjusted beneath the yoke, and with curb and with bridle
Bitted their foaming jaws; then led back the reins to the chariot
Over its polished rim: and in haste Automedon mounted,
Flourishing high the scourge in his practised hand; and Achilles
Now for the battle completely arrayed, behind him ascended,
Gleaming in arms like the all-illumining sun in his splendour.
Thus then in accents fierce he chid the steeds of his father:
"Xanthus and Balius! noble steeds of the strain of Podargus! (400)
Safer *and better* to-day be your task performed; and your master
Back to the camp in triumph borne: nor leave him behind you
Lifeless stretched on the field, as ye left *unhappy* Patroclus."
Then from beneath the yoke thus Xanthus, his swift-footed courser,
Spake; while his head drooped low, and his flowing mane from the collar,
Downward, escaping, trailed in the dust, all loose and dishevelled
(Language and power of speech by the white-armed Hera were giv'n him):
"Mighty Achilles! safe this day will we bear thee from battle,
Yet is thy destined hour at hand, nor aught to avert it (409)
All we can do may avail. Stern fate and the Gods have ordained it,
'Twas by no fault of ours, no want of speed or of vigour,
Glorious Patroclus fell, and the Trojans stripped off his armour.
He, the most mighty God, the offspring of fair-haired Latona,
Smote him, in front of the battle, and gave the glory to Hector.
What though fleet as the Zephyr's blast we bear thee (and fleeter
Nought hath the thought of man conceived) thy fate is decided:
Low shalt thou lie, struck down by the hands of a God and a mortal."
Such were his words. All further speech the furies denied him.
Mighty Achilles, much disturbed, returned him for answer:

"Xanthus! Why predict what already I know? That in Troia (420)
Here I am destined to fall, there needed not thee to inform me.
Far from my father and mother, their son must die. But I shun not
Death: as full many a Trojan shall learn to his cost ere I perish."
Thus having said, with a shout he urged on the steeds to the battle.

THE ILIAD.

BOOK XX.

BOOK THE TWENTIETH.

ARGUMENT.

ZEUS now permitting the Gods to engage in the contest, they take their sides and the battle commences. Æneas, encouraged by Apollo, advances to meet Achilles. They fight. Æneas, hard pressed, is rescued by Poseidon. Hector though warned by Apollo, seeing his brother Polydorus slain by him, advances to attack Achilles. Apollo saves him. Achilles then attacks and routs the Trojans with great slaughter.

ILIAD. BOOK XX.

THUS, pouring forth from their ships, the Greeks, insatiate of battle,
Gathered around thee in arms, O mighty descendant of Peleus;
While on the slope o'erlooking the plain stood mustered the Trojans.
Zeus from the loftiest peak of the many-cloven Olympus
Themis had now dispatched to call the Gods to a council.
Forth she went, and summoned them all to the halls of their sov'reign.
Saving Oceanus, all the presiding gods of the rivers,
Nymphs, one and all, whose haunts are the pleasant groves and the fountains,
Wide watered plains and grassy meads, drew nigh at her bidding.
These in the palace of cloud-compelling Zeus when assembled (10)
Ranged themselves on the polished *and marble* seats by Hephæstus
Framed with consummate skill to *adorn the celestial mansion.*
Nor did the great earth-shaking God refuse his attendance.
Forth from his waves ascending he came, *and joined the assembly,*
Where, in the midst uprising, he spake, and questioned the Thund'rer:
"Lord of the lightning's blaze, say! why hast thou called us together?
Dost thou contemplate aught that regards the Greeks and the Trojans,
Now on the very verge of a fierce and fiery conflict?"
Thus *he questioned, and thus* the cloud-compeller responded:
"Mighty Poseidon! well thou divin'st the thoughts of my bosom!

'Tis for their sake I convoke you. Their death is doomed. Yet I love them. (21)
Here will I sit, remote on the rugged height of Olympus,
Calm, and surveying all in my bliss. But do ye as it lists you;
Joining with either host assist the Greeks, or the Trojans,
Just as ye feel disposed to side with one or the other;
For should Achilles alone be allowed to contend with the Trojans,
Hardly their force would sustain Peleides' attack for a moment.
Ever before they viewed him with dread, and shrank from his onset;
Now when he comes, inflamed with rage for *the death of* his comrade,
Much I dread lest, in spite of fate, he should capture the city." (30)
Thus he spake, and his words were *a signal* for *strife and* contention.
Up rose the Gods, taking opposite sides, and joined in the contest.
Hera first sought the Grecian ships, with Pallas Athené,
Mighty Poseidon too, the dread earth-shaker, and Hermes,
Deft of hand, and ready of wit, contriving and prudent.
Thither Hephæstus dragged his distorted feet, as he followed
Shuffling along with pain, and an angry scowl on his features.
Ares, the crested God of war, befriended the Trojans;
Phœbus, his locks unshorn, with Latona joined, and the huntress
Artemis; Xanthus too, and the queen of smiles, Aphrodité. (40)
Long as the Deities kept aloof, nor mixed with the armies,
So long rejoiced and triumphed the Greeks, when they saw that Achilles
Fought once more on their side, who long had abstained from the contest.
So long too did a panic of fear disable the Trojans,
Crippling their strength, when they saw the swift-pursuing Achilles
Shining conspicuous in arms, like the form of death-dealing Ares.
Soon as however the Gods appeared and mixed with the armies,
Suddenly fierce contention arose and stirred up the nations.
Now from the trench and the wall was heard the shout of Athené,
Now from the sounding shore, *and among the ships* it re-echoed. (50)
Answering shout for shout, with the *thund'ring* roar of the tempest
Ares was heard exciting the Trojans: now from their ramparts,
Now along Simois' bank, and the heights of Callicoloné.
Thus while on either side the blessed Gods, intermingling,

Cheered on the troops and aroused them to deadly strife and contention,
High o'er their heads the Father of Gods and mortals his thunder
Roll'd terrific. Beneath their feet rock-rending Poseidon
Smote *with his trident* the boundless earth, and the mountains were shaken;
Many-rilled Ida quivered through all her roots, and her summits
Rocked to and fro, and the tow'rs of Troy, and the ships of the Grecians.
Down in the nethermost deep, hell's gloomy king, Aïdoneus,
Sprang from his throne with a cry of wild alarm; for he dreaded
Lest *at another such shock* the earth should open above him
Yawning, and Gods and men should behold those horrible mansions,
Dismal, loathsome, and dark, by the Gods all held in abhorrence.
Such, when the Gods in conflict joined, was *the crash of* their meeting.
There might be seen, opposed to the great earth-shaking Poseidon,
Phœbus Apollo, with winged shaft, *with bow and with quiver;*
Ares, *impetuous pow'r*, stood matched with Pallas Athené;
Artemis, huntress *Queen of the woods, fair* sister of Phœbus,
Bearing her *darts and* golden bow, was confronted with Heré;
Hermes, the saviour in danger, advanced to contend with Latona;
And with Hephæstus the mighty stream, with its eddying whirlpools,
Xanthus called by the Gods above, by mortals Scamander.
Thus stood Gods against Gods in arms arrayed, but Achilles
Only on Hector fixed his thoughts, much longing to meet him,
Burst through *opposing* ranks, and, *singling him out for his victim*,
Pour forth his blood, to glut the rage of insatiate Ares.
Phœbus however, *approaching* Æneas, pressed *him* to action,
Rousing his courage, and urging him on to encounter Achilles,
Taking the features and voice of Lycaon, offspring of Priam.
Shrouding his *heav'nly* form in human shape, he addressed him:
"Where are thy threats, most valiant Æneas, chief of the Trojans,
Uttered *so bravely* in deep carouse with the princes of Troïa,
That with Achilles' might thou wouldst match thine own in the combat?"

Thus to the God's address in turn responded Æneas:
"Why wouldst thou urge me, O son of Priam, to fight with Achilles?
Well may I feel reluctant *to meet so mighty a warrior.*
Not for the first time now should I stand opposed to his prowess.
Once before (*I confess it*) I fled from his spear, when on Ida,
Sweeping away our flocks and herds, he descended, and captured
Lofty Lyrnessus and Pedasus *fair.* 'Twas then that to save me
Zeus interposed, and swiftness bestowed, and strength, *to escape him:*
Else had I perished beneath his destroying hand, and Athena's,
Who in *the light of* glory and fame led him onward, subduing
Under his conquering spear Lelegæa's warriors and Troia's:
Nor is it given to mortal man to contend with Achilles;
Ever some God attends his steps, and secures him from danger.
Sharp and sure his lance flies swift to its mark; and to stay it
Nought can avail till it quivers in human flesh. Yet *impartial*
Were but the Gods—would they give me an equal chance—he should find me
Hard to subdue. Were he strong as a brazen *tow'r, I would meet him.*"

Then spake Apollo, son of Zeus, and this was his answer:
"Seek for thyself by prayer the aid of the blessed immortals.
If, as men say, thou deriv'st thy birth from bright Aphrodité,
Daughter of Zeus,—HE springs from a far inferior lineage;
Thou from Almighty Zeus—He but from the loins of a Sea-God.
Hero *and Prince* as thou art, let him feel thy spear, nor allow him
Either by vaunts or threats to turn thee aside from thy purpose."
Thus he spake, and the Prince's heart dilated with courage;
Sheathed in refulgent brass he rushed to the front of the battle.

Not unperceived by fair-armed Hera, the son of Anchises
Pushed through the crowded ranks, to contend in arms with Peleides.
Calling together the friendly Pow'rs, then thus she addressed them:
"Worthy of all your attention and thought, Poseidon and Pallas,
Is the *bold* deed which now *yon Trojan chief* is performing.
Lo! where Æneas, sheathed in refulgent armour, advances
Strong in Apollo's support, to dare the force of Achilles.
Say! shall we *intercept and* turn him back from his purpose?

Surely at least some friendly God should stand by Achilles,
Giving him strength, and filling his heart with courage and vigour,
So that he fail not, and learn that the mightiest pow'rs of Olympus
Favour his cause: that vain is the force of the Gods that oppose him;
Fruitless all their attempts to save proud Troy from destruction.
Give him to know that we all have come to support and to aid him
Down from Olympus' heights, and to hold him secure from the Trojans
This day *at least.* Hereafter, the ills by fate interwoven
Into his thread of life, at the hour of his birth, will o'ertake him.
This, if some heav'nly voice reveal not now to Achilles,
Dread on his spirit will fall, should he meet some God in the battle.
Ever to mortal eyes is the sight of a God overpow'ring."

Thus then in turn responded the great earth-shaking Poseidon:
"Why should such troublous thoughts disturb thy spirit, O Heré?
Scarcely, methinks, is it time for us to engage in their quarrel;
Calm in superior might *can we view the scene of contention.*
Let us withdraw, and apart, from some fitting station, observe them,
There on *yon lofty* mound: and be war the employment of mortals.
But should or Ares commence the fight, or Phœbus Apollo,
Should they obstruct Achilles' course, or hinder his prowess,
Then will we interpose our might, and in bitter contention
Gods against Gods shall strive. Full soon will we drive them before us
Back to Olympus, there to rejoin the *celestial* conclave,
Forced to relinquish the fray, and resign the field *to the strongest.*"

Thus spake the azure God, and led the way to the rampart
Raised round the mound which had sheltered erst the god-like Heracles,
Reared *in the olden time* by the Trojans and Pallas Athené,
Safe retreat and defence to afford him, chased by the monster
Sea-born *and fierce* which swept the coast *and ravaged the country.*
Seated on this, Poseidon and all the Gods were assembled
Friendly to Greece, and a veil of cloud fell densely around them.
Those on the other side, on the heights of Callicoloné,
Gathered round Ares, subverter of states, and Phœbus Apollo.

Thus upon either hand they sate, debating in council,
Loth to commence their struggle, and plunge in mutual warfare,
While from on high the commands of Zeus re-echoed *in thunder.*
Filled was the plain meanwhile with assembling troops, and with armour
All a-blaze, and with chariots bright; and the tramp of the footmen
Shook the rebellowing soil as they marched. But foremost among them
Two of the bravest and best of the hosts rushed forward to battle,
Mighty Æneas, Anchises' son, and godlike Achilles.
Fiercely threat'ning, Æneas advanced. O'er his ponderous helmet
Nodded a lofty plume, and the mighty shield o'er his bosom
Spreading, he bore, *with stalwart arm*, and brandished his jav'lin.
Forward to meet him Peleides sprang. In force like a lion
Savage and strong, whom the herdsmen all, each man of the village
Eager to slay, assemble. At first disdainfully scowling
Onward he moves; till grazed by the spear of some vigorous hunter,
Then, for a spring collected, with yawning jaws, and *with fury*
Foaming, his teeth displayed, an angry growl from his bosom
Bursts. With alternate strokes upon either side *as he crouches*,
Lashing himself with his tail, he stirs up his rage for the battle.
Glaring, he darts on the foe, borne on by his wrath, and desiring
Only to slay, or himself be slain, *regardless of danger.*
Thus upon mighty Æneas at once to rush *and o'erwhelm him*
Prompted Achilles his daring heart and fiery spirit.

Now when face to face they advanced, and were nearing each other,
Godlike Achilles took up the word and addressed his opponent:
"What can have brought thee, Æneas, so far in advance of thy people?
Art thou in earnest, and really mean'st to fight with Achilles?
Hast thou the hope that, Priam dead, thou shalt rule o'er the Trojans,
I being subdued? For no such exploit, believe me, will Priam
Make thee his heir. He has sons; and firm, not weak, is his temper.
Or have the Trojans, perchance, to reward *so glorious* a conquest
Promised thee some vast tract of land, some mighty possession,
Vineyard and arable fair and rich, inviting thy culture,
But on that one condition—which hard thou mayst find to accomplish?

Once ere this have I seen thee in headlong flight from my jav'lin.
Hast thou forgot how, thy cattle abandoned, Ida beheld thee
Down from her slopes careering with nimble feet, when I followed
Fast on thy lonely steps, and thou look'd'st not back in thy terror
E'en to Lyrnessus thou fledst. Pursuing, I captured the city, (191)
Laying it utterly waste, by the aid of Zeus and Athené.
Many a matron and maid, deprived of the light of her freedom,
Captive I carried away. Thee Zeus and the other immortals
Saved; which again this day they will hardly do, as thou dreamest
Fondly. Now be advised. Retreat, and among thy companions
Shrink, and be lost in the crowd, lest evil and mischief befall thee.
Warning the wise receive. Mishap is the teacher of folly."
Thus Peleides. Then in his turn responded Æneas:
"Think not, Peleides, thus like a child with words to affright me. (200)
Easy it were to reply, *could I stoop* to utter revilings,
Scoff to return *for scoff*, and reproaches *unworthy of heroes*.
Known are our parents: known unto each the descent of the other,
Long established by public fame and received among all men.
What though the parents of each may ne'er have been seen by the other,
Yet art thou known to all as the son of illustrious Peleus,
Thetis thy mother divine, the fair-haired nymph of the ocean.
Proud of my birth, I stand as the offspring of glorious Anchises,
And of a *matchless* mother, *the daughter of Zeus*, Aphrodité. (209)
One or the other of these must this day weep for her offspring:
For be assured, not with words alone or childish reproaches
Part we from hence, or thus decide the quarrel between us.
But wouldst thou learn *from its earliest* source my *race* and my lineage,
List to the tale which a world-wide fame hath spread through the nations.
Dardanus, first of our race, from cloud-compelling Kronion
Sprang, and Dardania built: for the sacred city of Ilion
Rose not as yet in the plain, nor could boast its nation and language.
Only the sloping skirts of the fountful Ida were peopled.
Dardanus dead, Erichthonius his son came next in succession, (219)

Famed throughout all the neighbouring states as the wealthiest of mortals;
Cropping the marshy meads three thousand mares in his pastures
Roamed, each suckling a tender foal *that gambolled* beside her.
Boreas himself, in wanton mood in the form of a courser,
Tossing his dark and flowing mane, intermingled among them.
Thence were produced twelve *wond'rous* foals, *surpassing in swiftness,*
Which, when they bounded along in the fertile plains, o'er the corn-ears
Passed, and beneath their feet the stalks but bent and recovered:
Or, as they lightly skimmed o'er the broad expanse of the ocean,
Bird-like, their glancing feet the waves but touched and disturbed not.
Tros from great Ericthonius sprang, first king of the Trojans. (230)
Thence in the next descent arose three *glorious* princes,
Ilus, Assaracus bold, and the godlike in form, Ganymedes,
All who have e'er been born on earth surpassing in beauty;
Whom for his beauty and grace the Gods caught up to Olympus
All their feasts to attend, and to hand the cup to their sov'reign.
Ilus Laomedon next begat, *the renowned and* the blameless.
Five were the sons to Laomedon born: Tithonus and Priam,
Clytius, Lampus, and brave Hicetaön, scion of Ares.
While from Assaracus Capys sprang, whose son was Anchises.
I to Anchises owe my birth, and Hector to Priam. (240)
Thus have I traced my descent through a line *of gods and of heroes.*
Zeus however to man grants strength and pow'r as it lists him,
Ever supreme, exalting one, and abasing another.
Why do we stand, howbeit in the midst of the battle, inactive,
Talking, like idle boys, *while heroes are fighting around us?*
Endless is mutual abuse, and a load of bitter invective,
Such as a hundred-oared galley would freight, were easy to utter.
Words from the voluble tongues of men roll forth in abundance,
Various in phrase, and tossed abroad fly hither and thither.
Such as thou speak'st thou shalt hear in reply, *returned thee with int'rest.* (250)
Where is the need that we two should stand, reviling each other,
Bandying scoffs and taunts, like angry women disputing;
Who, when they meet in the street, give vent to their passion, and utter

All *that occurs*, be it true or false? for both one and the other
Rage and despite alike suggest *in the heat of contention.*
Not then by words, be sure, shalt thou turn me aside or affright me.
First must we fight it out. Come on then! Now let our jav'lins
Bring to an issue *sharp and swift* the quarrel between us."
Ending, his brazen spear he hurled, which full on his buckler,
Broad and tremendous, alighting, smote, and sharply resounded,
Holding it off with his arm Peleides shrank from the weapon,
Somewhat alarmed: for a spear thus hurled from the hand of Æneas
Easily might, he thought, have transfixed the shield *and have reached him.*
Faithless! His inmost heart might have taught him a surer reliance
On the celestial gift of so great a god, by a mortal
Not to be proved, at the first assault, *abortive and* worthless.
Pow'rless to pierce that mighty shield, the spear of Æneas
Smote on its golden orb: but the gift of Hephæstus resisted.
Two of its plates it pierced; but three were behind to repel it.
Five had the limping god combined *to strengthen the buckler:*
Two, the outer, of brass; two of tin within; and between them;
Gold in the midst, where the lance stuck fast, unable to pierce it.
Then from Peleides' hand his long-forth-shadowing jav'lin
Flew, and it smote on the smooth round orb of the shield of Æneas,
Close to its outer rim, where the bronze was thin, and the bull's-hide
Thinly o'erlaid its frame. And through *all the plates of its structure*
Burst the great Pelian ash, and splintered the shield in its passage.
Crouching, Æneas avoided the death, uprearing the buckler,
Struck with deadly alarm: for the spear, unchecked and impetuous,
Over his back held on its course, and, *quiv'ring, behind him*
Fixed in the ground, deep-rooted. Æneas, escaped from the weapon,
Stood for a moment, his eyes o'erspread with darkness and horror,
Thus to have felt his fate so near. On rushed then Achilles,
Raising a dreadful cry, and his keen sword drew from its scabbard,
Eager to slay him. Æneas stooped, and uplifted a boulder
Weighty and huge, which two strong men could hardly have carried
(Men such as now we behold): yet with ease he lifted and poised it.
Then on Peleides' helm had the *thund'ring* ruin descended,

Or on his shield, whose strength would have saved its lord from destruction,
And from Achilles, closing upon him, his fate had been certain,
Had not the watchful eyes of earth-shaking Poseidon beheld it,
Who to the gods around addressed these words in his favour:
"Grieved is my soul to behold the danger of noble Æneas,
Who, to his fate urged on by the words of Phœbus Apollo,
Downward to Hades must pass, o'erpower'd by the might of Achilles.
Weak and misled! No aid in the hour of his need will he lend him!
Must then a man so void of offence himself, and so blameless,
Suffer for others' crimes!—one always ready with off'rings,
Pleasing to *Heav'n, and to* all the gods who inhabit Olympus?
Then let us haste to save his life and secure him from danger; (300)
Zeus will be sore displeased should he fall by the hand of Achilles:
Nor will the fates themselves indeed permit him to perish,
Or that the great Dardanian race should fail, from a hero
Sprung, among all his sons whom Zeus most loved and regarded,
Who to himself and to mortal mothers have owed their existence.
Now hath Kronion the cause and the house of Priam abandoned:
Henceforth the race of Æneas is destined to rule o'er the Trojans,
He, and the sons of his sons, and a long succession of princes."
Rolling her large *majestic* eyes, thus Hera responded:
"Lord of the earthquake's might! as it lists thee deal with Æneas; (310)
Snatch him from *instant* death if thou wilt, or leave him to perish,
Brave as he is, by the conqu'ring arm of mighty Achilles.
Pallas and I stand bound by a solemn vow to each other,
Pledging ourselves, by repeated oaths, before all the immortals,
Never to spare *that hated race, or one of* the Trojans
Save from impending fate! though Troy should blaze, and in ashes
Sink; when *the hour shall arrive for* the warlike Greeks *to* consume it."
This when he heard, the great earth-shaker, mighty Poseidon,
Flew through the fight, and amidst the ratt'ling storm of the jav'lins
Came, where Æneas confronted the far-famed offspring of Peleus. (320)
Straightway a darkness he poured o'er the eyes of godlike Achilles:

Back through the riven shield of the noble-minded Æneas
Drew forth the bronze-headed Pelian ash, and *gently* returned it,
Laying the jav'lin *quietly* down at the feet of its master.
Lifting Æneas then from the earth, away he conveyed him.
High over many a rank of heroes, high o'er the chariots
Sprang, with a bound, the chief, impelled by the might of Poseidon.
Thus, upborne, he arrived at the utmost verge of the battle,
Where in the rearmost ranks the Cauconian host was assembled;
There, approaching him close, the great earth-shaking Poseidon
Thus in admonishing words addressed the son of Anchises: (331)
"Which of the Gods, Æneas! hath so deprived thee of reason
As to persuade thee *in single fight* to encounter Achilles,
Mightier by far than thyself, and more the fav'rite of Heaven?
Therefore in future be wise, and retreat whenever thou meet'st him,
Lest in despite of fate thou descend to the mansions of Hades.
But when Achilles himself shall be slain, and his fate be accomplished,
Then be thou bold, and advance once more to the front of the battle:
None of the Greeks beside shall in fight o'ercome and despoil thee."
Thus, having told him all, he left him there and departed, (340)
And from Achilles' sight dispelled the cloud that obscured it.
Once more clearly he viewed the field, *and missed his opponent.*
Filled with *amaze and* wrath, then thus he communed with his spirit:
"Gods! what a marvel greets my sight! what wonder has happened?
Here I behold before me my spear on the ground, and the foeman,
He against whom I hurled it, and thought to have slain him, hath vanished.
Doubtless Æneas too is beloved by the blessed immortals,
Empty and vain as I thought those vaunting boasts *that he uttered!*
Well! let him go. He will hardly seek such another encounter,
Only too glad from this to have 'scaped with life and in safety. (350)
Now to the work! Let me first exhort our Danaän warriors,
Then will I try my strength against all the rest of the Trojans."
Thus he spake—sprang back to the ranks—and encouraged his comrades:
"Hang not back, O ye Greeks! nor hold you aloof from the Trojans.
All of you, man upon man, push forward, bent upon fighting.

For, be I ever so brave, too hard is the task, unassisted,
Through such a mass of foes to break, and fight with an army.
Ares, immortal God though he be, nor Pallas Athené
Through such a gulf of war could struggle, and hew out a passage.
What I can do myself, what hands and strength can accomplish, (360)
All shall be giv'n to Greece without reserve, to the utmost.
Straight though their lines will I break, and methinks not one of the Trojans
Much will have cause to rejoice, who comes within reach of my weapon."
Thus in inspiriting words he spake. But Hector upbraiding
Called on the Trojans, and pledged himself to encounter Achilles:
"Fear not Peleus' son, ye brave and generous Trojans,
Vaunt as he may. With words I could fight the blessed immortals:
Not so with sword and spear, for their might, we know, is superior;
Nor will Achilles, be sure, make good the words that he utters.
Something perchance he will do: but the rest will remain unaccomplished. (370)
Him, though his arm were flame, will I meet in deadly encounter;
Aye! though his arm were flame, and his strength as the steel from the furnace.
Roused by his words, *with one accord* the Trojans their jav'lins
Brandished. Around him on all sides arose the roar of the war-cry.
Phœbus Apollo however by Hector stood, and addressed him:
"Hector! beware: nor meet Achilles in front of the battle.
Mixed with the surging crowd, in the ranks receive his encounter:
Lest with his spear he transfix, or strike thee down with his falchion."
Hector, abashed, withdrew when he heard these words of Apollo, (379)
Warning him thus, and mixed once more with the mass of his comrades.
Clothed in resistless courage and might, meanwhile, on the Trojans
Darted Achilles, shouting a fearful shout; and Iphition,
Son of Otrynteus, slew, brave chief of a nation of warriors.
Him to Otrynteus, spoiler of many a city, a naiad
Bore, where the snows of Tmolus impend o'er the pastures of Hyda.
Springing upon him swift *and fierce,* the godlike Achilles
Smote with his spear on his head, which it cleft completely asunder.

Down with a crash he fell, while o'er him exulted Achilles:
"Lie thou there, Otrynteus' son! most dreadful of mortals.
Here hast thou found thy death, though the distant lake of Gygæa (390)
Witnessed thy birth:—thy parental domain where fish-teeming Hyllus
And the deep eddying torrent of Hermus mingle their waters."
Thus Peleides; and darkness veiled the eyes of his victim,
Whom underneath their chariot-wheels the steeds of the Argives
Crushed in their forward career. Demoleon, son of Antenor,
Stubborn in fight and a leader brave, he next through the temple
Struck. Through the cheek-plate of bronze went the spear, nor resisted the helmet,
Bronze as it was. Straight through it the spear held on, in its passage
Crushing the bone and mingling the brain with gore: and Demoleon,
Brave though he was and ardent of soul, sank down in his death-pang.
Then through Hippodamas' back his spear he drove, from his chariot, (401)
Just as he leaped; in act to fly *from the fate that pursued him.*
Roaring *with pain* he breathed forth his soul; as haply may bellow
Some huge bull, to the shrine of the great Heliconian sov'reign
Dragged by attendant youths, Poseidon rejoicing to hear him:
Such was the roar when his spirit forsook the frame of the hero.
Next, to that *vengeful* spear a victim sank Polydorus,
Warned from the fight in vain by the care of Priam his father,
Youngest and best beloved of all his sons, and among them
Godlike in feature and form, and all surpassing in fleetness; (410)
There, in the youthful pride of his heart, displaying his swiftness,
Lightly careering in front of the line, his fate overtook him:
On with his lance *came rushing* the swift-pursuing Achilles,
Piercing him through the back, where the golden-clasps of his girdle
Joined in the midst; where, closing, o'erlapped the plates of his corslet.
Forth through the navel in front protruded the point of the jav'lin.
Groaning he sank on his knees, and a dark cloud hovered around him;
While as he forward bowed his hands supported his entrails.

Hector beheld his brother his dearly loved Polydorus,
Horribly thus transfixed, and bowed to the ground in his torment.
Over his eyes a darkness came. No longer endured he
Idly to stand aloof, but rushed to encounter Achilles,
Blazing *with rage* and shaking his deadly spear. But Achilles,
Soon as he saw him, leaped *for joy;* thus inly exclaiming:
"Here is the man, *at last,* who hath wrung my heart to the utmost,
He who mine honoured friend hath slain. No more from a distance
Each shall the other behold across the lanes of the battle."
Thus he spake, and sternly regarding Hector, addressed him:
"Draw thou nigh, and receive thy death *from the hand of Achilles!*"
Crest-waving Hector, undismayed, this answer returned him:
"Think not, Peleides, thus like a child with words to affright me;
Easy it were to reply, could I *stoop to* utter revilings,
Or to indulge in scoffs, or reproaches *unworthy of heroes.*
Well do I know, surpassing my own, thy prowess and valour.
Yet from the Gods flows all success. By their mighty assistance,
Hurled albeit by a feebler hand, the spear which I send thee
Haply may take thy life, for its point is piercing and tempered."
Ending, he poised his spear, and dismissed it with force: but Athenè,
Breathed but a gentle breath, and wafted it far from Achilles.
Back to its godlike master the spear returned; and he saw it,
Quietly laid on the ground before his feet. But Achilles,
Raising a dreadful cry, rushed on, all eager to slay him.
That had he done, but the hand divine of Phœbus Apollo
Snatched him away, and poured thick mist and darkness around him.
Thrice renewed his assault the swift-pursuing Achilles,
Plunging his brazen spear in the thick of the cloud: but a fourth time,
When, though in strength like a God, he vainly attempted to pierce it,
Thus in impassioned words he vented his rage upon Hector:
"Dog! thou hast 'scaped from death this time, though near it approached thee:
Phœbus Apollo, moved by thy prayers unceasingly offered
In the rude din of arms, hath snatched thee away from destruction.
Yet if there be one god who will stand my friend, I shall meet thee,
Sooner or later, and settle at length the debt which I owe thee.

Now on the rest of the Trojans must fall the weight of my vengeance."
Ending, Dryops he pierced through the neck, in the throat, with his jav'lin,
Flinging him down at his feet on the ground, and left him to perish.
Next in the knee with his lance Demuchus, son of Philetor,
Wounded, a chieftain tall and brave, from flight he disabled;
Then with his mighty sword he rushed on his victim and slew him.
Dardanus next and Laogonus, sons of Bias, attacking, (460)
Both he destroyed—to the ground both hurled at once from their chariot,
This with his spear transfixed, that slain outright with his falchion.
Tros, the son of Alastor, next, who suppliant approached him,
Clasping his knees, and pleading his equal years; *as a captive*
Yielding himself, and thinking to save his life by entreaties:
Fool that he was! he little knew how deaf to persuasion
That stern heart! how far remote from aught that was gentle,
Aught that was tender and kind; when he crept to his knees and besought him,
Raising his hands in prayer. But Achilles his sword through his liver
Thrust. Forth spouted a torrent of purple blood, which his bosom (470)
Filled, as he fell, and *eternal* darkness closed o'er his eyelids.
Mulius was nigh. Through his ear the lance found entrance and onward,
Forcing its deadly way through his head, stood forth at the other.
Down on the ground he sank. On Echeclus, son of Agenor,
Next fell the trenchant sword, and his skull was cleft to the centre.
Warmed in his brain was the *biting* blade, and thick on his eyelids
Rushed the impurpled shadow of death, and fate overwhelming.
Then through Deucalion's arm his lance he drove, where the tendons
Down from the elbow extending unite at the wrist, and disabled:
Hung down the arm by his side, a useless weight. He, expectant, (480)
Stood, confronting his death. With *a sweep of* his sword then Achilles
Lopped off his head at once, and away it rolled with his helmet.
Forth from the spine the marrow sprang, and he dropped in his death-pang.
Then upon Rigmus, Pireûs' son, *the brave and* the blameless,

Who from the fertile plains of Thrace, *in aid of the Trojans*,
Came to the war, he rushed. Transfixing the midst of his bosom,
Straight through his lungs the jav'lin passed, and he fell from his chariot.
Brave Areithoüs his charioteer, while turning the horses,
Struck through the back, from the *guideless* car fell, startling the coursers.
As when a fire invades some parched and *desolate* mountain,
Deep in its woody glens the forests blaze, and in eddies,
Fanned by the rising wind, the flames rush on and consume them:
Thus with a more than mortal rage pursuing his victims,
Flew round the field Peleides, his course still marking with slaughter:
And, as the broad-browed steers on some well-levell'd arena,
Pacing beneath their yoke, tread out the grain from the barley,
Easily crushed are the sheaves by the feet of the bellowing oxen;
Thus did his steeds, beneath the chariot-wheels of Achilles,
Corses and shields in a mingled mass confound; and the axle
Trickled with blood, and the *polished* rim round the seat of the chariot
Thick was bespattered with gore from the trampling hoofs of the horses,
And from the whirling tires. In full career of his glory,
On he rushed, his victorious hands red reeking with carnage.

THE ILIAD.

BOOK XXI.

BOOK THE TWENTY-FIRST.

ARGUMENT.

THE Trojans, routed, divide into two bands, the one flying towards the city; the other, pursued by him, plunge into the river Scamander, into which he follows them, slaying many, and taking twelve alive to sacrifice at the funeral of Patroclus. He then slays Lycaon and Asteropæus. The River God, Xanthus, offended at the slaughter of the Trojans in his stream, endeavours to overwhelm him. Poseidon and Pallas assist him. Xanthus persists, and calls Simois to his aid, on which Hephæstus, at the command of Hera, almost dries up the river. The Gods engage in single combat with each other. Achilles then drives the Trojans towards Troy. Agenor attempts to withstand him. Apollo conveys him away in a cloud, and assuming his form, leads Achilles in pursuit away from the city, giving the Trojans time to take refuge within the walls.

ILIAD. BOOK XXI.

NOW had they reached at length the banks of the wide-flowing river
Xanthus, sprung from immortal Zeus, deep whirling in eddies.
There were the Trojans divided. A part he chased tow'rd the city,
Following the upland slope, by the self-same way the Achaians
Fled but the day before from the rage of conquering Hector.
There were they scattered in headlong flight. But Hera before them
Spread a bewildering mist, their rètreat to stay; while the others,
Driv'n to the edge of the silver stream's deep-eddying surges,
Flung themselves in with uproar huge. Hoarse murmured the river:
Echoed the sounding shores with their cries; as, yelling with terror,
Hither and thither they swam, hard struggling for life in the whirlpools.
As when the locusts, driv'n by the force of fire, to a river,
Flutter in countless swarms from the flame that blazes behind them
Suddenly kindled; they fly, and in heaps they plunge in the torrent:
Thus, as Achilles pursued, was the stream of eddying Xanthus
Choked with *the* mingled *wreck of* men, *their chariots* and horses.
Then like a God in his might (his spear having left on the margin,
Leaning against a tamarisk's stem) he plunged in the river,
Armed with his sword alone: for a dreadful resolve had he taken.
Round him on ev'ry side he smote, and the shrieks of the stricken
Dismally echoing rang, and the waves with blood were discoloured.
And, as before some monstrous *shark or devouring* dolphin
Swim for their lives the frighted fish, and the *inlets and* havens
Fill with their shoals, while down he gulps whatever he catches:

Thus into caves in the hollowed banks of that terrible river
Cowering, th' affrighted Trojans slunk: till wearied with carnage
Twelve of their youth he selected and dragged them alive from the river,
Destined to bleed on the fun'ral pyre of slaughtered Patroclus.
These he led forth like frighted fawns, bewildered with terror,
Binding their hands behind their backs with the straps that their armour
Fastened, securing the twisted mail they wore to protect them:
Then to his comrades consigned, to conduct them alive to the vessels,
And with insatiate rage rushed back once more to the river:
There encountered Lycaon, a son of Dardanian Priam,
Just from the flood escaped, whom long before he had captured,
Coming upon him by night in his father's land, unexpected.
There a wild fig-tree's boughs he found him busily shaping
Into a bordering rim for his chariot's front; and Achilles
Seized him, surprised *and reluctant*, and bore him off as his captive.
Thence to the Lemnian isle in his ships transporting, he sold him,
And in the city of Lemnos by Jason's son was he purchased;
Ransomed thence by his Imbrian friend, Eëtion's kindness,
(Sometime his guest), who with many a gift to Arisbé conveyed him;
Whence escaping he reached at length the home of his fathers.
Thus, from Lemnos returned, for elev'n whole days in the palace
Merry he made with his friends. On the twelfth, (so the Gods had disposed it,)
Into the hand of Achilles again he fell, who should send him,
Sore reluctant, *and longing to live*, to the mansions of Hades.
Him when the swift Achilles perceived, escaped from the river,
Flying unarmed, without or shield or helmet, and swordless
(All had he cast aside on the ground to lighten his burthen),
Sweat pouring down from his limbs, and his knees scarce able to bear him,
Wrath in his bosom arose, and thus he communed with his spirit:
"Gods! what wonder is this? *Can I trust* these eyes *that* behold it?
Next shall I see those Trojan foes whose lives I have taken
Rising again from the murky shades, *and standing before me*,
Ev'n as I see this man returned, escaped from his bondage:

Him whom in sacred Lemnos I sold. In vain to confine him
Stretched the salt waves of the hoary sea—to so many a barrier.
Come then! now let him taste the biting point of my jav'lin;
So shall I learn at length the truth, and know from experience,
If he can thence once more return where now I shall send him,
Or if the teeming earth, which imprisons the strong, will confine him."
Such were his thoughts as the terrified wretch now turning, approached him,
Eager to clasp his knees: one only thought in his bosom
Rising—death to escape, and the dreadful doom that impended.
Godlike Achilles, high upraised in act to destroy him,
Held his long spear; but he bowed him down, and cow'ring beneath it
Crept, and his knees embraced, while the spear, impatient for slaughter,
Passing above his back, in the earth stood rooted behind him.
Still with one hand he held his knees embraced, while the other
Reached at the *shaft of the* spear, and *tightly* grasping, detained it:
Suppliant then this piteous prayer addressed to his foeman:
"Spare me! O Heav'n-descended prince. Have pity upon me.
Lo! I embrace thy knees. Revere the claim of a suppliant.
Have I not shared at thy board the sacred gifts of Demeter,
From that *unhappy* day when thou tor'st me away from my vineyard,
Sending me thence to Lemnos, afar from my friends and my father,
Sold into bondage:—a hundred beeves the price that I brought thee.
Thrice as much now for my ransom accept! 'Tis now but the twelfth day,
Even this very morn, I was welcomed back unto Ilion
After so many woes. Now fate once more in thy power,
Envious, hath thrown me, hated, no doubt, by Zeus *the immortal,*
Father *of all that hath life;* who hath giv'n me up to thy vengeance.
Surely for few *and evil* days my mother Laóthoë
Bore me, the daughter of ancient Altes, who on the Satnios
Ruled over Pedasus' high-walled town and the brave Lelegæans,
One of the num'rous wives of royal Priam, she bore us,
Two dear sons; and both alike thou doom'st to destruction.
Brave Polydorus, liker a God than a man, with the foremost
Marching on foot to the fight, thy spear hath robbed of existence.

Now is my turn arrived, nor dare I hope to escape thee,
Since within reach of thy hands mine evil genius hath flung me.
One thing more will I add, and let it have weight in my favour.
Kill me not! Not from the mother I sprang of *him whom thou hatest*,
Hector, the man who slew thy friend, the brave and the gentle."
Piteously thus for life the son of illustrious Priam
Begged: but a stern response *in tones of thunder* rebuked him:
"Fool! dost thou talk of ransom to me, or sue for my pity?
Ere on *my lov'd* Patroclus the fates' decree was accomplished
Often to mercy my soul inclined, nor refused to the Trojans
Suppliant, their lives; but captives I held, and sold them in bondage.
Now shall not one of the Trojans escape from death, whomsoever
Zeus to my *vengeful* hands before Ilion's walls shall deliver.
All shall die: but foremost and first the children of Priam.
Thou too, my friend, must die! What need these tears, this unmanly
Grief? Patroclus died, far braver and better than thou art.
Look on myself! how great, how strong, how *exulting* in beauty!
Sprung from a royal sire and brave—my mother a Goddess!
I too, alike with thyself, stern fate and death must encounter,
Be it at dawn, at noon, or at eve;—that hour must o'ertake me,
When on the battle-field I shall lie, *extended and* lifeless,
Slain by some hostile spear, or far-sent shaft from the bowstring."
Thus spake *the gloomy chief*. Then sank the heart of his victim.
Trembling, his knees gave way; and forsaking his hold on the jav'lin
Both his hands he upraised to Heav'n. His sword then Achilles
Drew, and between his neck and his shoulder drove. And the falchion,
Two-edg'd, plunged *to the hilt*. Then down he sank in his death-pang—
Down on the earth. Black flowed his blood, with dust intermingling.
Then by the foot Achilles seized him and into the river
Flung, to be swept away, with words *of bitter derision:*
"Lie thou there with the fish, who will suck thy blood as it issues
Warm from thy wound at their ease. O'er thy bier no mother, lamenting,
E'er shall compose thy limbs in death; but boiling Scamander
Cast thee forth to the vasty deep to be tossed on its bosom.
There shall full many a fish come leaping up to the surface,

Through the black curl of its waves, to gnaw the white fat of Lycaon.
Thus shall ye perish, strewing the way to your Ilian city,
Trojans in headlong flight, Achilles pursuing and slaying.
Nor shall your stream avail with its broad and silvery eddies:
What though many a steer ye have slain on his banks to appease him,
Many a noble steed have plunged alive in his waters,
None the less shall ye die by an evil death till Patroclus,
Slain, be avenged upon one and all, and the woes the Achaians
There at their ships endured, while I held aloof from the conflict."

Thus he spake: but wrath arose in the soul of the stream-god.
Much he revolved how best he might check the career of Achilles,
And from the Trojans best avert impending destruction.
Peleus' son meanwhile with his long-forth-shadowing jav'lin
Sprang upon Pelegos' son, the godlike Asteropæus,
Whom Peribœa, the eldest of Akessamenos' daughters,
Bore, when in wedlock joined with the god of the wide-flowing Axius,
Mingling *his race divine with a mortal bride.* But Achilles,
Eager to slay him, rushed on the chief as he rose from the river.
Armed with two spears he stood his ground, for Xanthus inspir'd him
Inly with courage and strength, at the pitiless slaughter indignant,
Wrought on so many, within his stream, by the sword of Achilles.

Now, when opposed they stood and were rapidly nearing each other,
Haughtily thus commenced the swift-pursuing Achilles:
"Who then art thou of *the sons of* men who dar'st to withstand me?
Woe to the parents of those who measure their might with Achilles!"
Pelegon's valiant son these words returned him in answer:
"Why demand'st thou, mighty Achilles! my name and my lineage?
Hither I come from afar, from the fair Pæonian region,
Fertile and rich: and I lead our brave Pæonian spearmen.
This the eleventh morn since Ilion's walls have received me.
From the great source of Axius' flood I derive my existence,
Axius, the fairest stream that enriches the earth with its bounties.
Thence sprang Pelegon, famed as a spearman bold, and my father.
Such my acknowledged birth. Now fight! most noble Achilles."

Threat'ning he spake. Then lifted Achilles the Pelian jav'lin,
Pond'rous and huge. At once two spears from Asteropæus

Flew, for with equal force each hand delivered its weapon;
One on the shield of Achilles struck, unavailing to pierce it—
By the firm gold, the gift of a God, its course was arrested—
One near the elbow-joint of the strong right arm of his foeman
Grazed. Forth spouted the blood; but the spear passed on and was buried
Deep in the ground, where *quiv'ring* it stood, disappointed of carnage.
Then in his turn Achilles, with full resolve to destroy him,
Darted at Asteropæus the Pelian ash; but it wandered (170)
Wide of its mark, and the spear in the lofty bank of the river
Plunged, and buried the half of its ashen shaft. But Achilles,
Drawing at once from his thigh his trenchant blade, on his foeman
Sprang with a fierce assault. But he at the spear of Peleides
Tugging with all the might of his stalwart arms, to extract it
Vainly attempted. Thrice he essayed it, *desp'rate and furious*,
Thrice relinquished the baffled attempt; then strove for the fourth time,
Straining with all his force to break the spear of Achilles.
Peleus' son with his sword rushed in, and cut short his existence.
Straight through the navel he plunged the blade. Then gushed forth his entrails (180)
All on the ground. Thick night then closed o'er his eyes, and in death-pangs
Gasping he lay. On his bosom Achilles leaped, and his armour
Stripped *from his prostrate form*, while thus he exultingly boasted:
"Lie thou there! albeit thou claim'st descent from a River,
Hard 'tis for such to strive with the lofty race of Kronion.
Wide tho' the sweep of thy parent stream, and majestic its current,
'Tis from the glorious ruler of all I draw my existence,
Peleus, Æacus' son, of the populous Myrmidon nation
Sovereign, begat me. Zeus himself was Æacus' father.
Far as his might transcends the streams that are lost in the ocean, (190)
Even so far doth his race excel the sons of the Rivers.
Lo! by thy side pours down a mighty stream. Could it aid thee?
Little, I ween! nor mortal nor god can contend with Kronion,
Not Achelöus himself in the high-swoll'n pride of his waters,

Not the deep-rolling, world-encircling stream of the ocean,
He from whom all the seas with all their waves and their currents
Draw their supply, and the earth's deep wells, its springs and its fountains.
All from the blasting flash of Kronion shrink, and in terror
Quail, when his thunder's crash rebellows aloft in the æther."
Thus spake the conquering chief. From the bank then plucked out his weapon,
Leaving behind him the foe outstretched whose life he had taken,
There on the sand, and washed by the break of the dark rolling waters.
Round him came twining the eels, and the *greedy* fishes assembled,
Eager to feast on the *rich, white* fat that enveloped his kidneys.
On flew the victor in chace of the crested Pæonian warriors,
Scatt'ring on all sides far and wide from the eddying river,
When they beheld their mightiest chief in desperate conflict,
Valiantly slain by the hands and beneath the sword of Peleides.
Mydon he slew, Thersilochus next, then Astypylus perished,
Æneus and Thracian Mnesus fell, and brave Ophelestes.
More of the flying Pæonian host had vengeful Achilles
Slain; but, incensed, interfered the swift wide-eddying Xanthus,
Mingling a *deep-toned* human voice with *the roar of* his whirlpools:
"Peleus' son! in valour and dreadful deeds thou surpassest
Aught that mortal hath done; for the gods protect and assist thee.
Yet, if immortal Zeus to thy sword hath delivered the Trojans,
Do thy murderous work on the plain, nor sully my waters.
Foul is my limpid and beauteous stream with slaughter and carnage,
Loaded with corpses scarce can I roll my waves to the ocean,
Choked and encumbered. Furious still thou persistest in slaying.
Hold thy relentless hand, O Prince! Thy slaughters dismay me."
Thus in his turn replied the swift-pursuing Achilles:
"Ev'n as thou say'st, Scamander divine, be thy bidding accomplished.
Yet may I not desist from destroying those insolent Trojans,
Till to their city's walls I shall drive them; and Hector encount'ring,
Try my strength, whether he or I shall conquer or perish."
Ending, with more than mortal rage he rushed on the Trojans,
Then to Apollo the deep-flowing stream addressed his remonstrance:

"Son of Kronion! *lord* of the silver bow! thou neglectest
All thy great parent's high commands—his repeated injunctions,
Troia's sons to assist and protect, till the shadows of ev'ning
Lengthen across the plain, and night shall have closed on the battle."
Thus he spake. But Achilles plunged once more in the torrent,
Leaping from off the bank. Then rose in his fury the River,
Rearing up all his waves amain, and spewed forth the corses
Out on the shore—those *countless* dead Achilles had slaughtered;
Tossing them all abroad with the bellowing roar of a wild bull
Maddened with rage. While those who yet survived he protected,
Hiding them deep in the hollow whirls of his beauteous water;
High o'er Achilles curled the bursting waves, and descending
Fell *with a crash* on his shield. No longer maintained he his footing
Firm on *the shifting ground.* Then he clutched for support at an elm-tree,
Vig'rous of growth and large: but the root gave way, and it tumbled,
Tearing to pieces the bank in its fall, and cov'ring the waters
Thick with its floating boughs, which served as a bridge *for the hero*
Over the flood beneath. Then out he sprang from the torrent,
And o'er the plain in haste with nimble feet he retreated,
Struck with *unwonted* dread. Nor desisted the God, but pursued him,
Black'ning in billowy heaps, that in mid career of his vengeance
Peleus' godlike son might be stopped and the Trojans delivered.
Far as a spear might fly on his way then darted Achilles,
Ev'n as the dark-winged eagle darts in pursuit of his quarry,
Swiftest and strongest of all the birds that soar under Heaven.
Thus pursued he his course, while the brazen arms in his bosom
Harshly clashed as he ran; and now by swerving obliquely
Thought to escape: but the flood rushed roaring on and pursued him.
As when from some dark mountain-source one leads forth the water,
Turning its course on the plants, and thirsting beds of his garden,
Mattock in hand, its channel he clears from *dirt and* obstructions;
On as it pours it gathers strength, and scatters the pebbles,
Rolling them on; till a steep descent attaining, it plunges

Headlong down with wild turmoil, and outruns its conductor:
Thus overtook the flood in its race the flying Achilles,
Swift as he was: for the might of Gods that of mortals surpasses.
Oft as Achilles resolved in his mind to turn and resist it,
Making a stand, and learn whether all the Gods who in heaven
Dwell had combined to drive him back, *and frustrate his triumph,*
Curling above him, the heav'n-engendered stream on his shoulders
Dashed in a whelming wave. Then aloft he sprang with an effort
Wroth and indignant. Still persisted the stream, and assailed him,
Striking aside his knees, and sweeping the sand from beneath him.
Deeply Peleides groaned, his eyes uplifting to heaven:
"Father Zeus! will no pitying God then come to my rescue
From this *infuriate* flood? All else will I cheerfully suffer.
None of the high Olympian pow'rs so deeply hath wronged me
As my own mother dear, who led me on by deception.
She it was who predicted my fall by the shafts of Apollo
Swift, overta'en, before the walls of the corsleted Trojans.
Had I but fall'n by Hector's hand, their mightiest and bravest,
Then had I died a hero's death, and been spoiled by a hero.
Now by a base and vulgar fate am I destined to perish,
Swept away by the stream: like a swine-herd lad who in crossing
Misses his step in some brawling brook which he fords in the winter."
Thus he spake. Poseidon at once and Pallas Athené
Standing beside him appeared—revealed in the semblance of mortals,
Grasping his hands in their own, and words of encouragement utt'ring.
First Poseidon, the great earth-shaking monarch, addressed him:
"Be of good cheer, Peleides! and cast all terror behind thee.
Here we stand, two powerful Gods, thine aids and supporters
(Zeus permitting our aid)—myself and Pallas Athené.
Not by the might of that whelming flood art thou destined to perish.
Soon will its stream to its course return, and thou shalt behold it.
We will support thee, bravely and well, if thou wilt but obey us.
Hold not thy hand, nor cease from this all-devastating warfare,
Till within Ilion's far-famed walls the fugitive Trojans
Headlong are driv'n, and Hector himself shall have fall'n to thy prowess.

Then to thy ships retire. *This grace*, this glory we grant thee."
Thus, *as with one accord*, they spake, and rejoined the immortals;
On then he sped, at the heav'nly behest fresh vigour imbibing,
Far o'er the plain deep drowned with the out-poured rush of the waters,
Where with their mingled corses the beauteous arms of the slaughtered
Floated unnumbered. High o'er the flood right onward he bounded,
Leap after leap, unwearied; nor aught availed to impede him
All the wide-rolling stream could oppose—for Athena upheld him.
Nor did Scamander relax in wrath, but increasing in fury,
Raged against Peleus' son, and swelled yet higher and higher,
Breaking in crests of foam! and he called aloud upon Simoïs:
"Aid me, my brother! Join we our force this mortal to conquer,
Else will he soon subvert the stately city of Priam,
Dear to us both; since vainly the Trojans strive to resist him.
Lose not a moment! Swell thy flood with the brooks from the mountains;
Summon thy tribute streams *from the region around* to assist thee;
Heave up thy waves, and roll before thee the trunks and the boulders
Thund'ring along, and crush this mad presumptuous mortal,
Vaunting himself like a God, and bearing down all opposition.
Nought shall his strength, I ween, avail him now, nor his beauty,
Nor his resplendent arms, *which* soon *shall dazzle no longer*,
All overwhelm'd with stifling ooze; and his corse will I bury
Deep in the sand, weighed down and heaped with mussels and pebbles,
So that in vain for his bones the Greeks may search, to collect them:
Such and so vast the mingled mass I shall pile up above them
Which for his fun'ral mound must serve. Small need for the Argives
There to erect a *pile, and call it the* tomb *of Achilles.*"
Ending, again the raging river Achilles assaulted.
Deeply empurpled, the heav'n-engendered stream in its fury
Rushed upon him, turbid with foam, with blood, and with corses,
Rearing its waves aloft and dashing them down on Peleides.
Hera at length, who beheld with alarm her hero in danger,
Dreading to see him whelmed in the whirls of the eddying waters,

Cried aloud to Hephæstus, her much-loved son, to assist him:
"Up, my son! *Though tardy in pace, yet* in conflict with Xanthus
Equally matched with his eddying flood, thy might we acknowledge.
Haste to the rescue! Bring thy flames, and appear *in thy splendour!*
I myself to the shore will speed, and Notus and Zephyr
Summon from seaward to join us with all the force of their tempests.
Drifting along thy blasting flames, let them scorch up the Trojans,
Men consuming and arms; and do thou on the margin of Xanthus
Burn up the trees, and thy parching fires let loose on the river.
Nor be thou turned aside by persuasive words or by threat'nings,
Nor from thy task desist, nor abate thy rage, till thou hear me
Issue my loud command. Then let thy flames be extinguished."
Swift at her word Hephæstus with burning fiery flashes
Swept o'er the plain—with his scorching blast consuming the corses
Thick o'er the field lying strewed by the slaughtering sword of Achilles.
Dried up at once was the plain, and the stream forced back from its wand'rings.
As when some deep o'erflooded tract dries up in the autumn,
Under the parching wind from the north, and its owner rejoices:
Thus was the plain laid dry, and the dead consumed; and Hephæstus
Next with conflagration fierce invaded the river.
Blazed ev'ry elm, each willow, each tamarisk shrub on its margin,
Lotus and reeds the *crackling* fames licked up, and the rushes,
Which from its beauteous streams stood forth in luxuriant profusion;
Gasping, the eels and the *shoals of* fish exhausted and flaccid,
Writhed, expiring beneath the scorching breath of Hephæstus,
Which in the clear, bright-eddying flood were wont to disport them.
All in a simmer, the stream found words, and thus it addressed him:
"None of the Gods need hope to withstand thy pow'r, O Hephæstus!
Armed with thy dire consuming flames. I shrink from the contest.
Leave me in peace! Henceforth let Achilles *slay as it lists him;*
Drive out the Trojans from Troy. What have I to do with their quarrel?"
Thus he spake. But his seething stream now boiled *from its bottom.*
As when in some huge caldron, by flames surrounded, the water
Boils, as it melts out the fat of some mast-fed swine *of the forest,*

Bubbling it sputters abroad, the dry logs blazing beneath it:
Thus, at the sting of the piercing fire up bubbled the river.
Onward his waves no more he rolled; but stopped, and, exhausted,
Shrank at Hephæstus' withering breath, and called upon Heré,
Dolefully praying, and thus in beseeching words he addressed her:
"Heré! why doth thy son so bitterly plague and torment me (369)
More than all other streams? Far less have I done to enrage thee,
Less than many a *mightier* pow'r have befriended the Trojans.
Now and henceforth will I cease to support them if so thou commandest:
Let him but hold his hand. This too will I promise and swear it,
Not one man of the Trojans to save from the fate that awaits him,
Not should the city of Troy itself in one vast conflagration
Sink, and Achaia's warlike sons achieve her destruction."
This when she heard, the white-armed Goddess Hera *relented*,
And on Hephæstus her dear-lov'd son thus laid her injunctions:
"Cease! my glorious son, my Hephæstus! Ill it beseems us,
Cruelly thus, for a mortal's sake an immortal to punish." (380)
Heré thus: and the God that dread conflagration extinguished.
Once more rolled the fair stream in the tranquil course of its waters.
Then, seeing Xanthus thus subdued and at rest, they désisted:
Hera restraining the rage of her son, though deeply indignant.
Now among all the rest of the Gods contention and discord
Unrestrained broke forth. High swelled each bosom with anger,
Groaned the wide earth *beneath* as they closed on each other in tempest,
Rang the high arch of heav'n *with a trumpet's clang:* and the Thund'rer,
Sitting aloft on Olympus, the uproar heard; and it pleased him
Much, and he laughed in his heart when he saw th' immortals contending, (390)
Not long held they aloof from each other. Ares the foremost,
Cleaver of shields, advanced to contend with Pallas Athené.
Grasping his brazen spear, in insulting words he addressed her:
"Insolent pest! who troublest the gods with strife and contention,
Why so forward and bold? what prompts thy spirit of mischief?

Hast thou forgot the day when thou set'st Diomedes upon me,
Bidding him wound me, and thou thyself his glittering jav'lin
Seized, and directed its flight, and drove it straight through my body?
Now thou shalt suffer, methinks, for all the pain thou hast wrought me."
Thus he spake, and her Ægis dread with fringes surrounded (400)
Smote: but to pierce it the lightning of Zeus had proved unavailing.
This with his spear attempted *in vain* the murderous Ares.
Gliding aside she stooped, and a stone perceiving, upraised it,
Rugged and huge and black, from the plain where it lay, for a landmark,
Planted by men of elder days to define their possessions.
This with her mighty hand she on Ares dashed, and it smote him
Full on the neck. He fell. Sev'n roods he covered in falling.
Soiled were his locks in the dust, and his armour clashed. But Athené
Laughed, and in words of *scornful* triumph addressed her opponent:
"Fool! wilt thou never learn how far in might I surpass thee? (410)
(And by no empty boast)—but wilt match thyself ever against me.
Now thou but feel'st the effect of thy mother's curse and her vengeance
Threatened against thee in wrath for deserting the cause of Achaia,
And for the aid thou giv'st to the faithless *and insolent* Trojans."
Thus she spake, and her bright *blue* eyes *in contempt* she averted.
Groaning much, and scarce recov'ring his breath, Aphrodité,
Daughter of Zeus, her helping hand extended to raise him.
This when Hera the fair-armed goddess beheld, to Athené
Quickly she turned, and thus with indignant words she bespoke her:
"See! thou unconquered daughter of Ægis-upholding Kronion, (420)
See how that plague of my life assists the murderer Ares!
Helping him off from the battle-field. Up! follow *and crush them.*"
Thus she spake; and Athena rejoicing heard, and pursued them,
Quickly o'ertook them, and full on the bosom *of fair Aphrodité*
Dealt with her heavy hand a blow. Down dropped she and fainted.
Down on the grassy sod they rolled, the one and the other.
While in exulting tones thus broke forth Pallas Athené:
"So be it ever to all who would lend the Trojans assistance,
All who *wish ill to* the mail-clad Greeks *or* oppose them in battle!
Brave be they, much enduring, as now *we behold* Aphrodité, (430)

Daringly lending her aid to Ares, braving my vengeance.
So, *but for such as these*, long since had we ceased from our warfare,
Long since Ilion's walls o'erturned and her empire subverted."
Pleased was the white-armed Hera, and smiled on Pallas Athené.
Then to Apollo thus began the Lord of the earthquake:
"Phœbus! why hold we our hands and stand apart? is it seemly
Peaceful to stand while others have joined in fight? 'twere disgraceful
Back, without striking a blow, to return to the halls of Olympus.
Come then, begin. Thou art younger by birth. Myself it befits not
First to strike; thy elder in years, thy superior in wisdom. (440)
Foolish indeed thou art, and devoid of sense and reflection.
Hast thou forgotten the woes we both endured, when to Ilion
We two, alone of the gods, were sent to serve by Kronion:
How for a year entire we laboured hard for a guerdon,
Under Laomedon's harsh commands, who promised its payment?
I for the Trojans built the wall which their city surrounded,
Solid and broad and fair, for its sure defence and protection.
Phœbus! thou through the grassy slopes and forests of Ida
Follow'dst in herdsman's guise the tardy steps of his cattle.
But when the joyous Hours brought round our day of requital, (450)
Payment th' imperious king, on his might *unjustly* relying,
Flatly refused, and with angry words and threats he dismissed us.
Thee did he threaten to bind, both hand and foot, and in fetters,
Sold into bondage afar in some distant isle, to transport thee;
Vowing we both should lose our ears *if we dared to remonstrate.*
Off we went, in bitter despite and *smothered* resentment,
Thus to be robbed of our hoped reward—the pay he had promised.
Such is the race thou fondlest—withdrawing thyself, when we counsel
How we may most severely requite those insolent Trojans,
Root them out from the land, and destroy their wives and their
children." (460)

Thus to Poseidon replied the king, far-darting Apollo:
"Earth-shaking Pow'r! unwise indeed might'st thou deem me, *and justly*,
If for the sake of mortal men I should dare to assail thee:
Wretched they are! like the forest-leaves they flourish and wither,
Now full-fed with the earth's best fruits, they expand in their vigour

Now in their turn they shrivel and pine. Then why should we quarrel?
Rest we in peace! and let them fight it out as it lists them."
Thus having spoken he turned away, for he thought it presumptuous
'Gainst his great Father's brother to raise his hands in contention.
Artemis then, his sister, the huntress Queen, who in wood-craft
Ever delights, addressed him with taunts and bitter reproaches: (471)
"What! dost thou fly, far-darting king, and yield to Poseidon
All the glory *of conquest, and all the boast of a triumph?*
Weakling! why dost thou bear that toy of a bow at thy shoulder?
Ne'er let me hear thee vaunt in our father's palace henceforward,
As thou hast done full many a time before, that in combat
Undismayed thou wouldst dare to meet the Lord of the earthquake."
Thus she spake: but nought replied far-darting Apollo.
Such reproaches the spouse august of Zeus overhearing,
Turned on the queen of the silver shafts, and indignant reviled her: (480)
"Shameless and insolent creature! how dar'st thou thus to oppose us?
Ill mightst thou match thy strength with mine or hope to resist me.
'Spite of thy *silver* shafts. A véry lioness art thou
Over the women of earth, appointed by Zeus to destroy them
Just as thou wilt. 'Twere wiser to slay the doe on the mountains,
Or, *for a nobler game*, the stately stag to encounter.
But if thou court defeat and wilt dare the issue of combat,
Soon shalt thou find how weak thy force which to mine thou wouldst
equal."
Thus having spoken both her wrists she seized with her left hand,
While with the right from her shoulder she snatched her bow and
her quiver. (490)
Laughing aloud, with these on her ears hard cuffs she inflicted,
'Spite of her struggles; and all the shafts from the quiver were
scattered.
Drowned in tears to the skies she flew, like a dove that, escaping,
Ruffled in plume, though not doom'd to die, among rocky recesses,
Refuge seeks, and in clefts, from the *murderous* hawk *that has torn her.*
Sobbing she fled, and left on the ground her bow and her arrows.
Next unto Leto addressed these words the slayer of Argus:
"Leto, with thee I dare not fight. 'Twere hard with a goddess

Favoured and loved by cloud-compelling Zeus to encounter; (499)
Look on me then as conquered, and make thy boast of the conquest
Won by thy might, when next thou rejoin'st the blessed immortals."
Thus he spake, and Leto the crooked bow and the arrows
One by one picked up from the whirling dust that defiled them.
These collected, *away from the field* her daughter she followed,
Who to Olympus had fled, to the bronze-built dome of Kronion.
Weeping, the virgin goddess flew to the knees of her father,
Where, as she knelt, *with her sobs* th' ambrosial mantle around her
Trembled. Her father embraced, and tenderly smiling, addressed her:
"Which of the gods hath abused and evil entreated my daughter? (509)
Shameful! as if committing some wrongful deed they had found her?"
Then made answer the Huntress, her ruffled wreath readjusting:
"'Twas thine own wife, the white-armed Hera, my father, who beat me;
She who hath scattered among the gods contention and discord."
Such was the converse held on high *between Zeus and his daughter.*
Now to Olympus the other gods returned from the conflict,
These in defeat and wrath, those flushed with success and rejoicing.
And around Zeus they took their seats. But Phœbus Apollo
Entered the sacred city of Troy, *to watch o'er its safety.*
Much he feared for the walls of the beauteous city of Priam,
Lest that the Greeks in spite of fate that day should destroy them. (520)
Mighty Achilles the while, both man and horse of the Trojans
Went on slaying. As when, from a city in flames, to the heavens,
Rises the smouldering smoke, when the wrath of the gods overtakes it,
Slaughter and death are abroad, and all is destruction and horror:
Such was Achilles' rage: such vengeance burst on the Trojans.
High on a sacred tow'r old Priam stood, *and beneath him*
Saw with dismay the giant might of Peleides *approaching*—
Saw how the scattered Trojans on all sides fell to his prowess,
Utterly broken in strength. Then *quick* from the tow'r he descended,
Groaning, and thus to the guards of the gate delivered his orders: (530)
"Fling wide open the gates; but hold them in hand, that the people
All may enter who fly to the town. Behind them Achilles
Follows enraged—and sadly I dread some terrible issue!

But when they all are entered, and once take breath in the city,
Close then the gates, and with bolts and beams of timber secure them,
Lest, as I fear, that dreadful man should enter the city."
Thus he spake, and the bolts were drawn, and the gates were expanded,
Broadly admitting the light and the flying host. But Apollo
Hastened forth, intent on averting ill from the Trojans.
These, exhausted with thirst, with dust defiled, *in confusion* (540)
Fled from the field to the town and its lofty tow'rs. But Achilles,
Wielding his dreadful lance, pressed on, with the rage of a madman
Burning within his heart, and *a hero's* longing for glory.
Then had Achaia's sons burst open the gates of the city,
Had not Apollo Antenor's son, the brave and the blameless,
Mighty Agenor, aroused, *and nerved for the dreadful encounter,*
Filling his heart with undaunted fire; and ever beside him,
Taking his stand, to avert the leaden grasp of destruction.
Close to the beech they stood, and a dense mist shrouded the godhead.
Soon as Agenor beheld the destroyer of cities, Achilles, (550)
Firm *as a rock* he stood (some whit though his spirit misgave him),
And with his mighty soul communed, as his foe he awaited:
"*Now must I make up my mind!* If I fly from the rage of Achilles
Thither, where all the rest *of my friends* in confusion are crowding,
Then will he overtake me, and strike off my head for a coward.
But if I let them take their course and fly from Peleides,
Townwards, and turn MY steps away from the walls, and to Ida
Fly, with my utmost speed through the plains *at its foot*, and its forests
Enter, *and dark retreats;* and *hide myself in* its thickets;
Then towards even-tide may I bathe myself in its fountains, (560)
Cleanse the sweat from my limbs, and return *refreshed* unto Ilion.
Why do my thoughts however suggest *so desp'rate a venture?*
What, should he mark the course I take, away from the city,
Out to the plain, and with those unwearied feet should pursue me:
How could I ever expect to escape black death and destruction,
Since beyond all men fierce and strong I know my pursuer?
What, if before the city I wait his attack, and oppose him?
Only one life he bears. Men say that he is but a mortal,

(What though almighty Zeus until now have allowed him to triumph);
Nor is his flesh so firm but that spears and arrows may pierce it." (570)
Thus having said, collected in might he awaited Achilles,
Fixed in his heart was the firm resolve to fight *to the utmost.*
As when a panther forth from some deep recess of the forest
Bursts on the hunter's path, unscared by his shouts *or his weapons,*
Not for a moment turns to flight, *but faces the danger,*
Wounded albeit, and pierced by the spear, or darts from a distance,
Ere he can spring; his spirit disdains retreat *or evasion,*
Eager alone to grapple his foe and tear him, or perish:
Thus stood Antenor's godlike son, the noble Agenor,
Flight disdaining, prepared for a trial of strength with Achilles; (580)
Evenly held before him *the polished orb of* his buckler;
Took sure aim with his lance; and shouted aloud *in defiance:*
"High, no doubt, is the hope in thy heart, most noble Achilles!
This day to enter in arms the strong-built town of the Trojans.
Idle hopes! full many a toil still waits thee before it:
Many and brave within Ilion's walls are its noble defenders,
Men who will fight till death for their sires, their wives, and their children.
There, on the spot where thou stand'st thyself, thy fate shall o'ertake thee.
All renowned as thou art, and proud of thy might as a warrior."
Thus he spake, and his strong right hand delivered the jav'lin, (590)
Aiming beneath the knee; and full on the limb it alighted.
Rudely it rang on the new-made greave of tin which encased it,
Pow'rless however to pierce—and off the weapon rebounded,
Turned by *the stubborn strength of* the *wond'rous* gift of Hephæstus.
Now came Peleides' turn; and he rushed on godlike Agenor.
Phœbus however interposed, nor permitted his triumph;
Snatched him away, and in gathering mists and darkness involved him,
Placing him far remote from the fight, in peace and in safety.
Next, that Peleides thus might be led from pursuing the Trojans,
He, the far-darter, taking the form exact of Agenor, (600)
Stood, *for a moment,* before him, *and ran.* Swift followed Achilles.
Thus o'er the fertile plain he led him, *away from the city,*

Foll'wing along the winding course of eddying Scamander.
Ever he kept some space in advance, and tempted him onwards,
Hoping to overtake, by his *wond'rous* speed, *and to slay him.*
Now came the Trojans crowding in haste through the gates of the city,
Happy, *relieved from fear*, and the town was filled with the flying.
None of them dared outside the walls to remain and to question
Who in the battle had fall'n, and who survived the disaster;
Only too glad themselves to save: whosoever escaped it (610)
Thanking the gods, and blessing the strength of his limbs and their swiftness.

THE ILIAD.

BOOK XXII.

BOOK THE TWENTY-SECOND

ARGUMENT.

HECTOR alone of the Trojans persists in remaining on the field, resolved to meet Achilles. Priam and Hecuba endeavour to dissuade him, but in vain. Achilles advancing, his resolution fails him, and he flies. Achilles pursues him thrice round the walls of Troy. The Gods debate concerning his fate, but at length Zeus consents to his death. Apollo forsakes him. Pallas descends, and arresting the pursuit of Achilles, takes the form of Deiphobus, and persuades Hector to make a stand, promising to support him. The heroes fight. Pallas forsakes Hector, and assists Achilles, who slays him, despoils him of his arms, and drags his body after his chariot in the sight of his parents. Their lamentations. Andromache hears their cries, and mounting the walls, beholds her husband's body in the act of being dragged off the field. She swoons, and reviving, breaks forth in lamentations.

ILIAD. BOOK XXII.

THUS to the city like frightened deer came flocking the Trojans;
Wiped off the sweat, and quenched their *burning* thirst, and reposing,
Panting, leaned on the battlements fair: while onward the Grecians,
Marching, approached the walls, their shields inclined to their shoulders.
Hector however his evil fate enchained; nor permitted
Shelter to seek. At the Scæan gate the Greeks he confronted.
Now on Peleides Apollo turned, *revealed in his Godhead:*
"Why," he addressed him, "Peleus' son! dost thou hope to o'ertake me,
Mortal thyself a celestial pow'r pursuing, and know'st not
Whom thou pursu'st, and deluded by passion still thou persistest,
All forgetful of Troy and the flying host of the Trojans,
Who in their city at length are safe, while here thou art wand'ring;
Nor canst thou hope to lay me low, by nature immortal."
Burning with wrath, thus answered the swift-pursuing Achilles:
"Now, of a truth, far-darting King! much wrong hast thou done me,
Leading me thus astray from the walls; unkind and ungracious!
Else had full many a Trojan bit the dust, and in Ilion
Refuge had failed to find. Thou hast robbed me thus of my glory.
Lightly, *at little cost*, hast thou saved them; nought from my vengeance

Fearing thyself. But were mine the pow'r, this wrong would I punish."
Thus he spake, and indignant his steps retraced to the city,
Hast'ning his course: like some proud steed, accustomed to triumphs,
Easily whirling on in the race his *victorious* chariot.
Plying his active limbs thus rushed Achilles *to battle.*
Priam, with eyes *undimmed by age*, beheld him advancing,
Shining refulgent in arms o'er the plain; like the star that in autumn,
Earliest and brightest of all the host that bespangle the heavens,
Fresh, as in vigorous youth, shines forth in the evening twilight:—
That fierce star which follows and dogs the steps of Orion,
Bright, *but of lurid and baleful pow'r;* announcer of evil,
Shedding on hapless mortals diseases, plagues, *and disasters:*
Thus on his form, as he darted along, bright glittered his armour.
Heavily groaned the hoary sire, and his head in his anguish
Smote with his upraised hands, and in agony called from the rampart,
Praying, entreating his much-lov'd son; who had taken his station
Outside the gates, with eager desire to encounter Achilles.
Thus then in piteous words, and with outstretched arms, he conjured him:
"Hector! my son! my belov'd! for the sake of thy father await not
Thus unsupported, that dreadful man: or thy fate is decided.
Mightier by far than thyself, *and far more fierce*, is Achilles.
Wretch! O would he were lov'd no more by the blessèd immortals,
Than by myself! full soon would dogs and vultures devour him
There on the field; and appease the grief that gnaws at my heart-strings:
Grief for the many and valiant sons of whom he has robbed me,
Slaughtered, or sold into distant isles in fetters and bondage.
Two of my sons, e'en now, Lycaon and brave Polydorus,
Vainly I seek, among all our host taking refuge in Ilion;
Two, of one mother, Laothoé, born, most queenly of women.
These, if they yet survive, though as captives held, may I ransom.
Gold *in plenty* and brass I possess, stored up in my palace,
Which for a dowry illustrious Altes gave with his daughter.
But, if they both have passed to the *darksome* mansion of Hades,

Hard will it be to bear, to myself and the mother that bore them:
But, for their country, a less enduring cause of affliction
Than were thy fall, by the slaught'ring hand of dreadful Achilles.
Come then, my son, within the wall: for the sake of the Trojans,
Matrons and men, *if not for thine own;* nor give to Peleides
This last crowning glory—to rob thy Troy of her Hector.
Oh! too, have pity on me, who still survive but to suffer
All the extremes of ill; whom Zeus hath dragged to the *dreary*
Threshold of age but to make me a mark for fate, and to witness
Woes upon woes: my slaughtered sons, my daughters, with outrage
Torn from their homes; their chambers sacked, their innocent children
Dashed on the ground in the merciless rage of *wanton* destruction;
All the *fair* brides of my sons dragged off *for slaves* by the Grecians.
Me too (perhaps the last to fall) or pierced by a jav'lin,
Or by the sword struck down, from my limbs when life hath departed,
Dogs that have fed from my table and watched at the gates of my palace
Haply shall tear in the street before my door; and, my life-blood
Lapping, *and gorged with their impious meal*, in the madness of riot
Growling, lie in the porch. To the young, who fall in the battle
Fighting, though pierced with hostile steel, each wound is becoming.
Beauteous in death they lie, each grace by glory exalted,
But when the hoary head and the snow-white beard of the aged
Lie, and his withered limbs, for dogs to defile and to mangle,
This is the foulest sight that human mis'ry can offer."
Thus spake the aged king, and the hoary locks from his temples
Plucked with his hands and tore them away: but persuaded not Hector.
Hecuba next, *his* mother dear, *o'er the battlement leaning,*
Wild with alarm, and drowned in tears, appeared, and addressed him,
Baring her breasts, and pointing with either hand to her bosom:
"Look upon these, O Hector, my son! and pity thy mother!
If I have fed thee hence, and lulled thee to sleep on my bosom,
Think upon that, my child! Avoid this dreadful encounter.
Here, by the walls secured, repel thy foe; but advance not.

Wretch! should he take thy life, 'twill ne'er be mine to *compose thee*
Decent upon thy bier, *or* to weep o'er thee, fruit of my travail!
Nor will thy rich-dow'r'd wife *thy rites attend.* But, *dishonoured,*
Far from us all, at the Grecians' ships their dogs will devour thee."
Thus lamenting aloud they called on their son, with entreaties (90)
Many *and vain;* for Hector's mind was fixed, and he stirred not
Though with gigantic strides he beheld Achilles approaching.
As when a snake in his mountain lair perceives an intruder,
Nurtured on poisonous herbs with venom he swells, and his eyeballs
Spitefully glare, as coiled *in a knot* he awaits his opponent.
Hector thus with courage unshaken held his position,
Leaning his splendid shield on the buttress wall of the rampart;
Thus, as he stood, with his own undaunted spirit communing:
"*Let* me *be firm!* If now our walls and gates I should enter,
There Polydamas first shall I meet, who will blame and reproach me,
Calling to mind the advice he gave to retreat to the city, (101)
Only this very night, when Achilles arose in his anger.
That I refused. But now *I see,* to comply had been better.
How should I face the Trojans, and long-robed matrons of Troia,
Now that my vent'rous daring hath cost the lives of so many?
How could I bear the comments of far inferior persons?
'Hector' (*I hear them say*) 'has destroyed the state by his rashness.'
Thus will they taunt me. Better by far 'twould be *for my honour,*
Meeting him here, Achilles to slay, and re-enter in triumph,
Or be myself struck down and gloriously die for my country. (110)
Say! shall I toss aside my round-bossed shield from my shoulder,
Doff my proud helm, and lean my *recreant* lance on the rampart;
Thus, *unarmed,* before *royal* Achilles advance, *and salute him,*
Proffer him Helen's return with all her wealth, and the treasures
Countless, all Alexandros brought in his ships *from Achaia*
Hither to Troy to restore (*dire* cause of all our contention)
To the Atreidæ;—and offer, moreover, all our possessions,
All our city contains, with the Greeks to share; and our princes
Offer to bind by oath to conceal no part, but divide it,
Fairly and justly in equal lots for the *Greeks and the* Trojans,— (120)
All our wealth, and all that adorns our beautiful city?

Why doth my soul however suggest so *hopeless* a counsel?
Let me not think of meeting him thus! At once would he slay me
Pitiless. Once deprived of my arms, like a woman, defenceless,
Shame nor respect would hold his hand. On the spot would he kill me.
Ours were no friendly talk, no calm familiar gossip
Such as a youth and a maid may hold when they meet one another,
Youth meeting maid beneath an oak or a rock, and conversing.
Better to fight it out, and have done: that Zeus may determine (129)
Soon, and the world may know for whom the triumph is destined."
Thus while he pondered, near and nearer Achilles approached him.
Ares himself he seemed, with his plume and warrior helmet;
Poising, upheld o'er his shoulder, the dreadful Pelian jav'lin;
While from his arms of brass refulgent streamed forth a splendour
Bright as the blazing flame, or the rising sun *in his glory.*
Hector perceived, and seized with a sudden panic of terror,
Dared not remain, but fled, and the gates behind him relinquished.
After him dashed Peleides fierce, on his fleetness relying.
As when a falcon, swiftest of birds, sweeps down from the mountains
Chasing a timid dove, and easily thinks to o'ertake her, (140)
Darting oblique she eludes his pounce; yet nearer and nearer,
Screaming shrill, with repeated bursts, he presses his victim:
So with *the* swiftness *of* eager *hate* he followed: but Hector
Put forth his strength and in terror fled, *in sight of* the Trojans,
Under their wall, and beneath the watch-tow'r high,—by the fig-tree
Waving in air, and along the road in front of the ramparts.
Now near the lovely founts they pass, where close to each other
Two bright springs supply the eddying stream of Scamander;
This pouring forth a tepid stream, whose vapour around it
Steaming ascends and blots the air like smoke from a furnace; (150)
That in the summer's glow retaining the cold of the winter,
Chill as the hail, or the drifting snow, or the ice on the water.
There in broad basins of marble fair, one close to the other,
Each from its own clear spring supplied, the matrons of Troia
Came, with their daughters, in peaceful times ere Greece around Ilion
Mustered in arms, to lave their rich and beauteous garments.

These in their course they passed, one flying, the other pursuing.
Brave was the warrior who fled, but braver still the pursuer.
Nor was the contest then *for a vulgar prize*—for a victim
Or for a hide—rewards of men who contend in a foot-race; (160)
But for the life of Hector, the mighty *defender of Ilion.*
And, as in honour of some great chief deceased, at whose fun'ral
Horses with chariots run for some rich prize—for a tripod,
Or for a beauteous dame—they stretch their speed to the utmost,
Whirling around the goal: so round the city of Priam
Thrice with unwearied feet they ran; while, leaning from heaven,
Looked down the gods. Then spake the Father of gods and of mortals:
"Oh! what a sight is this! Can I see so noble a hero,
Dear to my heart, thus chased round the wall, nor melt with compassion?
Many and large are the gifts which Hector hath heaped on mine altars,
Or upon Ida's rifted heights, or in Ilion's temples, (171)
High on her *holiest* hill. Yet now by mighty Achilles
Thus we behold him hunted around the city of Priam!
Therefore, ye gods! consult, and well consider the issue.
Say! shall we snatch him from death, or at length deliver him over,
Brave as he is, to be slain by Peleus' son—by Achilles?"
Thus in reply returned the blue-eyed goddess, Athené:
"What hast thou said, great lord of the lightning's bolt and the tempest?
Wouldst thou then rescue from death, long since foretold and predestined,
Hector, a mortal, marked by fate for *speedy* destruction? (180)
Do so! but think not that I or the other gods will award it."
Then in his turn responded the cloud-compelling Kronion:
"Be of good cheer, Tritonia my child! The words that I uttered
Were but to try thee: nought against fate resolved. I shall grant thee
All thou desirest. Up! and be doing. Delay it no longer."
Then by his words encouraged, and eager for action, Athené
Rose, and to earth plunged headlong down from the peaks of Olympus.
Swift Achilles the while unceasingly pressed upon Hector.

As when a hound, accustomed to chase the deer in the mountains,
Rouses a fawn from his lair and through glens and thickets pursues him,
What though he crouch *with fear* and hide himself deep in the copsewood,
Followed and tracked, *once more he flies and abandons his covert:*
Thus could not Hector evade the keen pursuit of Achilles.
Oft as he strove to approach the Dardan gates, and for shelter
Run within range of the darts and spears hurled down from the ramparts,
Lofty, *and lined with his friends,* so oft his eager pursuer
Ev'ry attempt forestalled, and turned him aside from the city,
Holding his own swift course betwixt his foe and the Trojans.
Thus it seems in a dream, when with toil and labour we follow
One who *seems close at hand, yet* advances not, nor can we reach him:
Thus neither one on his foe could gain, nor the other escape him.
How, even then, could Hector have shunned black death and destruction,
Had not still, to the very last, his guardian Apollo
Come to his aid, and strengthened his knees, and sustained him in vigour?
Swift as they passed, Peleides signed to the Greeks that at Hector
None should presume to aim, or the biting shaft, or the jav'lin,
Lest by that hand he should fall, and Achilles be second in glory.
Now for the fourth time passed they the fountains twain: and the Father
Hung forth the golden balance *that weighs the issues of battle;*
Placed in itsscales the fates of each, the grave and its slumbers,
This for Achilles, that for Hector, subduer of coursers;
These he poised, and the scale, with Hector's destiny loaded,
Sank to the realms of night. Then Phœbus Apollo forsook him.
Now to Achilles came the blue-eyed Goddess Athené,
Taking her station close to his side, and thus she addressed him:
"Glorious Peleides! fav'rite of Zeus! the hour is impending
When, in the presence of all the Greeks, in front of their vessels,
Hector, insatiate of war, we shall slay, great glory achieving.

Now no means of escape remain, no hope of evasion,
Not, should Phœbus Apollo himself at the feet of the Thund'rer
Prostrate fall, and beg for his life with *tears* and entreaties.
Stay where thou art, and recover thy breath. Myself will to Hector
Speed, and persuade him to turn from flight, and meet thee in combat."
Thus she spake. Rejoicing he heard, and his course he arrested.
Leaning he stood on his brazen-pointed Pelian jav'lin.
Quitting him, godlike Hector Athené sought, and approached him,
Taking Deïphobus' form and sonorous voice; and beside him
Standing, thus in encouraging words addressed him the Goddess:
"Surely, my brother, swift Achilles presses thee sorely!
Sad is it thus to behold thee chased round the city of Priam.
Now let us make a stand, and *with force united* await him.
Crest-waving Hector *grateful heard, and* thus *he* responded:
"Oh! my Deïphobus, ever by far most lov'd of my brethren,
Dearest of all whom Hecuba's love to my father hath given!
Now more lov'd, more honoured than ever before, to assist me
Since thou hast ventured forth from the walls so soon as thou saw'st me
Thus bested, while the rest within lie *stricken with panic.*"
Him thus answered in turn the blue-eyed goddess Athené:
"Much did our father and mother revered beseech, O my brother,
Much did they urge me to stay, embracing my knees; and my kinsmen
Each after each: such dread upon all had seized. But within me
Grief *and distress all fear o'ercame, and* drove me *to aid thee.*
Now let us make a stand and fight, nor longer inactive
Suffer our spears to remain. Let us see whether really Achilles
Both will slay, and *strip off* our bloody spoils, *and as trophies*
Bear *them* away to his ships, or yield his life to thy jav'lin."
Thus, deceitful, she spake, while leading him on to destruction.
Now, as the heroes approached and were rapidly nearing each other,
Crest-waving Hector took the word, addressing Achilles:
"Now have I done with flight, Peleides! Enough round the city
Thrice to have run in dread, nor have dared to turn and to face thee
And thy assault sustain. But now the spirit within me

Prompts me to stand and resist. Now one must fall or the other.
Yet let us swear, and raise our eyes to the *blessed* immortals
Who from above look down on oaths, and *call them to* witness:
Never, should I survive the fight—thy life be the forfeit—
Will I dishonour thee, dead, or commit one outrage upon thee;
Only thy beauteous arms from thy bosom strip, *for a trophy;*
Then to the Greeks restore thy corse. Thus promise, Achilles!"
Scowling upon him with baleful frown thus answered Achilles: (260)
"Hector accurs'd! talk not to me of agreements and compacts;
Leagues there are none 'twixt lions and men, nor solemn conventions;
Pacts betwixt wolves and sheep; but enmity *fierce and eternal,*
Thorough *and rancorous hate,* all ills devising *and acting.*
Such and such only the pact I can make with thee: nor between us
Faith can we plight, till death shall seize on one or the other,
And with his blood the slain shall appease insatiate Ares.
Summon thy courage then, and thy utmost force. Thou wilt need them,—
All thou canst do with sword and spear, as *a man and* a warrior.
Now, be assured, thou hast no escape, since Pallas Athené (270)
Gives thee at length to my spear; and the woes thou hast wrought to the Argives—
All my companions slain—cry out for vengeance upon thee."
Ending, he poised, then hurled his long-forth-shadowing jav'lin.
Hector however perceived it in flight, and bent to avoid it,
Kneeling down when he saw its approach; and o'er him the weapon
Flew, and in earth stood fixed. Forth snatched it Pallas Athené,
All unperceived by Hector, and handed it back to Achilles.
Thus then Hector addressed th' illustrious offspring of Peleus:
"Godlike *and brave* as thou art, Peleides! lo! thou hast missed me:
Nor was my fate so surely revealed by Zeus as thou fanciedst. (280)
Think not by empty words, how boastful soe'er, to dismay me,
Shake my courage and strength, or make me dread thy encounter.
Nor shall thy spear o'ertake a flying foe. I shall meet it,
If I be destined by Heav'n to fall, unflinching and bravely,
Struck through the breast. Now avoid, if thou canst, the spear I shall send thee,

Brazen *and sharp.* May it find deep resting-place in thy bosom!
So shall an easier task to the Trojans remain *in their struggle,*
Freed by thy death of their direst foe—thou scourge of our nation!"
Ending, he poised, then hurled his long-forth-shadowing jav'lin.
Full on Peleides' shield it alighted, just in the centre,
True to its aim; but it bounded off, repelled by the buckler.
Hector with rage and grief beheld the recoil of his weapon.
Sore dejected he stood. No second spear was provided.
Vainly Deïphobus' snow-white shield he sought, and upon him
Called aloud for another lance. No brother was near him.
Then in his mind he perceived the deceit; thus sadly exclaiming:
"Woe to me now! the gods have decreed my death. I am summoned!
Surely methought I beheld Deïphobus standing beside me!
'Twas *but a phantom* by Pallas *raised:* he is safe in the city.
Now is an evil death at hand: no way to escape it:—
None! though of old not thus had Zeus or Phœbus Apollo
Left me to perish—ever at hand, and ever *propitious,*
Ready to save, *whate'er befel.* Now fate overtakes me!
Yet will I not inglorious sink, nor die like a coward.
Some great deed will I do that future ages shall hear of."
Thus having said, his trenchant sword he drew *from its scabbard,*
Where *by his side,* huge, *heavy,* and strong, from his loins it depended;
Then with collected might he rushed on his foe. As an eagle
Soaring aloft, from *his home in* the dark-rolling clouds, on the meadow
Swoops, *when he clutches* a lamb or tim'rous hare *in his talons,*
Hector with brandished blade thus fiercely rushed on Achilles.
He too came on, with rage immense in his bosom concentered;
Furious: his fair and rich-wrought shield pressed close to his corslet.
High on his head, with four-fold cone, his glittering helmet
Nodded in crested pride. Bright waved, close-tufted, and gleaming
Threads of *resplendent* gold by Hephæstus mixed with its plumage.
Bright as the fair Hesperian star shining forth in the ev'ning,
Fairest and brightest of all the stars that glance in the heavens,
Sparkled the point of the *Pelian* spear, which *godlike* Achilles
Shook with his *strong* right hand, as advancing he glared upon Hector,

Eying him well to espy some place where best he might wound him.
All was compact, for the arms he had torn from slaughtered Patroclus,
Beauteous and brazen, fitted him close, nor permitted an entry;
Save at the place where the collar-bone unites to the shoulder,
Just at the point most dang'rous to life, was the neck undefended.
This Achilles perceived, and eagerly springing upon him,
Drove through his tender neck the *piercing* point of his jav'lin.
Straight through passed the pond'rous spear, but pierced not the windpipe,
Leaving him still the pow'r of speech, nor stifling his utt'rance.
Prostrate he rolled in the dust, while o'er him vaunted Achilles: (330)
"Hector! thou thought'st thyself safe when thou stripp'dst the spoils of Patroclus:
Far away was his friend, and thou took'st no thought of the absent.
Fool! *to forget that* there in the hollow ships an avenger
Mightier by far was at hand, and *that* I remained to requite thee.
Now art thou fall'n. There lie, to be torn by dogs and by vultures
Limb from limb, while the Greeks with pomp shall bury Patroclus."
Gasping for breath, *and in feeble tones*, great Hector responded:
"Now by thy life!—by thy knees *which I clasp!*—by *the love of* thy parents!
Suffer me not, I entreat, by the Grecian dogs to be mangled.
Ransom accept, which my father and honoured mother will offer.
Brass, and abundant gold, and *priceless* gifts, if, *relenting*, (341)
Home thou wilt only send my lifeless corse, that the Trojans
And the sad matrons of Troy may rear my pyre, and consume it."
Scowling upon him replied the swift-pursuing Achilles:
"Talk not of knees embraced in pray'r—*of my life*—or my parents,
Dog! But that nature recoils, methinks I myself could devour thee
Raw, cutting off thy flesh *from thy bones.* Such woes hast thou wrought me.
No! Not a man shall approach to drive the dogs from thy carcase;
Not, should they bring me tenfold, twentyfold ransom to buy thee;
Not should they place it before me, and promise more—*their possessions* (350)
All, and the wealth of Troy. No! not should Dardanian Priam

Coin himself into gold. O'er thy bier the mother that bore thee
Weeping shall never bend, and thy limbs compose. But the vultures
Wild and *devouring* dogs shall mangle and tear thee to pieces."
Hector *with faint and* dying *voice* this answer returned him:
"This might I well have foreseen, for I know thee well. To persuasion
'Tis not *thy nature* to yield; for a heart of steel is within thee.
This wilt thou rue, that day when the wrath of the gods shall be kindled
'Gainst thee, on my account; when Paris and Phœbus Apollo,
Brave as thou art, at the Scæan gate with their arrows shall stretch thee."
Thus while he spake the shades of death came gath'ring around him.
Quitting his mortal frame his soul passed downward to Hades
Wailing its lot, relinquishing youth and vigour and manhood.
Peleus' *son stood o'er him awhile, and* addressed the departed:
"Die *thou first!* For myself, I accept my fate, when it pleases
Zeus and the other immortal gods that Achilles shall perish."
Thus having said, his brazen spear from the dead he extracted,
Laid it aside, and stripped the blood-stained spoils from his shoulders;
Round him on all sides gathered in crowds the sons of Achaia,
Much admiring the beauteous form and the stature of Hector.
Nor did a man approach but inflicted a wound on the hero;
Each to his neighbour thus addressing words *of derision:*
"Hector behold! far *gentler*, softer, and easier to deal with
Than when he hurled *in his rage devouring* flames on our vessels."
Thus, as he spurned at the corpse, each Greek exclaimed *to his fellow.*
Godlike Achilles had now despoiled the dead, and advancing
Full in the midst of the Greeks, in words like these he harangued them:
"Friends, and leaders of Greece! her foremost *in war and* in council!
Now that by heav'n's propitious aid we have conquered the warrior
Who beyond all the rest of his race afflicted our armies,
Up! and around the city in arms let us march, and discover
What the Trojans intend—what further course they contemplate:
Whether, their hero slain, they will yield their town and surrender,

Or, *undismayed by* his loss, will still prolong their resistance.
Why will my soul however thus lead me on with suggestions?
There at the ships Patroclus lies, unwept and unburied;
Whom, while on earth I remain endued with vigour and manhood,
Mixing with living men, my soul shall not cease to remember.
Ev'n in the shades, where living and dead alike are forgotten,
There, even there, my lov'd companion's remembrance will haunt me.
Back to our ships return we then, ye youths of Achaia,
Bear with us Hector's corpse, and chant this Pæan *in chorus:*
'Glory and triumph are ours! We have slain the redoubtable Hector,
Worshipped no less than a god, as their city's stay, by the Trojans.'"
This having said, an unseemly deed he devised against Hector.
Boring the tendons behind of his feet, from the heel to the ankle,
Thongs of leather he passed through both, and tied them together;
Then to his chariot bound, while the head lay trailing behind them;
Mounted the car, and, receiving the glorious spoils *from his comrades,*
Lashed the steeds, and with right good will they whirled on the chariot.
Up rose the dust *in clouds* as they dragged the corse; and behind it
Streamed out the *long* dark locks; and with dust that head was disfigured,
Ever before so graceful and fair: for by Zeus was he destined
Thus, on his own paternal soil, to defilement and outrage.
Now when his mother beheld her son thus dragged and disfigured,
Rending her hair she stood, and the shining veil from her temples
Flung far away, and *convulsive* sobs burst forth *from her bosom.*
Piteously moaned his father dear, and over the city
Loud and on all sides rose the voice of sorrow and wailing.
Seemed as if, *toppling down* from her height, her glory departed,
Ilion already a prey to flames in her ashes were sinking.
Scarce could his people prevent their hoary *monarch* from rushing,
Maddened by grief *and despair,* from the Dardan gate *to Achilles.*
Rolled in the mire *at length* he lay, and *begged, and* entreated,
Calling, *adjuring* all by name who tried to restrain him:
"Cease to detain me, my friends, and, sad tho' it be, yet allow me

Forth from the city alone to go to the ships of the Grecians,
There to beseech this dreadful man, this ruthless *destroyer:*
Haply he yet may respect my age, and, touched by compassion,
Pity my hoary locks. For he too at home has a father,
Peleus, *old and weak* like myself, who begat and who reared him,
Scourge as he is of our race; but of mine most bitter and cruel.
Many a son of mine in the bloom of youth hath he slaughtered;
Hard to endure! but of all most dear, most deeply lamented,
One, whose *untimely* loss to the grave with sorrow will bring me,
Hector belov'd! Ah! would in my arms thou hadst breathed forth thy spirit!
Tenderly then had I *closed thine eyes, and* wept and bewailed thee,
Taking my fill of grief, with the hapless mother that bore thee."
Weeping he spake, and around him wept in concert the Trojans.
Hecuba then in her turn, by the Troïan matrons surrounded,
Thus began: "O why do I live, my son! to lament thee,
Pride *of mine eyes* and boast *of my lips*, my joy and my comfort,
Ever by night and day? *Sole* hope, *sole* stay of the Trojans,
Matrons and men, who as all but a god revered and adored thee.
Living, in thee they beheld the glory and strength of their city.
Now thou art gone! *and nought remains but to grieve, and bewail thee.*"
Weeping she spake.—As yet no word to the consort of Hector
Rumour had borne; no messenger sure had brought her the tidings
Dread, that without the gates her lord awaited *Achilles.*
High in a chamber remote, beneath the roof of her palace,
Plied she the loom, in the close-wrought web rich figures embroid'ring,
Beauteous. Anon she called to the fair-haired maidens around her,
Bidding them place on the fire a tripod vast; that, from battle
Hector returning, might find prepared a bath *to refresh him.*
Blind to the fates! nor knew she that far from baths *or attendance*
Blue-eyed Athena her hero had slain by the hands of Achilles.
Suddenly struck on her ear the shrieks and wails from the rampart.
O'er her a faintness came, and the shuttle dropped from her fingers,
As to her fair-haired maidens her *boding fears* she imparted:
"Two of you come with me! I must hence, and see what has happened.

That was our mother's shriek I heard! The heart in my bosom
Leaps to my throat, and my knees, benumbed, seem sinking beneath me.
Surely o'er Priam's house, and his sons, some mischief is pending!
Far be the word, *oh! far* from mine ear! But I dread lest Achilles,
Cutting my Hector off from all retreat to the city,
Press him alone to the plain. How fatal would then be the courage
Urging him on!—who ne'er behind in the crowd of the warriors
Ling'ring, *brooked to* remain; but ever, the *first of the* foremost,
Sprang to the fight, and thought it shame to be equalled in valour."
Thus having said, like one distraught she rushed through the palace:
Thick beat her heart:—Her attendants followed, close on her footsteps;
Soon to the tow'r she came, and pushed through the crowd to the rampart,
Cast o'er the walls a *distracted* glance; and there she perceived him
Dragged o'er the plain in front of the town; and swiftly the horses
Hurrying away the car, she beheld, to the ships of the Grecians.
That when she saw, the darkness of night settled down on her eyelids;
Back she sank in a swoon, and at once her senses forsook her.
Loose from her head fell scatt'ring the beauteous bands that adorned it,
Garland and coronal fair, the confining net, and the fillet
Twining among her hair, and the veil which bright Aphrodité
Flung o'er her head on that *happy* day when crest-waving Hector
Led her, a rich-dower'd bride, from the halls of her father Eëtion.
Round her her sisters had gathered, the *gentle* wives of her brothers:
These in their arms received, and her fleeting spirit arrested.
Now, when again she breathed, and her thoughts once more were collected,
Broken by sobs, her plaint she poured to the matrons of Troia:
"Hector! alas for us both! to an evil fate were we destined
Both from our birth: for thee, in Troy in the palace of Priam,
And for myself, in the fair Hypoplakian forests, in Thebæ,
Under my father Eëtion's roof, who begat and who reared me,
Wretched, a wretched child. Oh! would I had never existed!

Now art thou passed away to the gloomy mansions of Hades,
Down in the depths of earth, and here am I left in thy palace,
Widowed and plunged in grief, with our boy, so tender an infant,
Child of our love, *and of joys once sweet, now bitter to think on.*
Him thou canst neither aid, nor can he *requite thy affection.*
Should he survive this dreadful war, *and the sword* of the Grecians,
Trouble and toil henceforth are his bitter lot, and the stranger
Ever encroaching will seize his fields, removing the landmarks.
Mournful his orphaned days. No young companions *to cheer him,* (490)
Sad and dejected, his cheeks ever wet with tears, *must he wander;*
Pinched by want will he fly to his father's friends and companions,
Craving for food, plucking one by the cloak, and one by the tunic.
Some one in pity, perchance, a cup *of wine* may afford him,
Hardly enough to moisten his lips, still leaving him thirsty;
One, perchance, who has never known the loss of a parent,
Drives him away from the festive board with blows and reproaches:
'Get thee gone!' will he say, 'Thy father feasts not among us.'
Weeping, my child must then return to his mother, a widow,—
He, my Astyanax, *fondled* once on the knees of his father, (500)
Fed with *the choicest food, with* the marrow of sheep and of fatlings:
Who when he dropped to sleep, with his childish cries *or his pastimes*
Wearied, reposed in his nurse's arms on luxurious couches,
Every want appeased, and wrapt in the softest of slumbers.
Now must his sorrows begin, (his father lost) and his suff'rings—
Hapless Astyanax! *Prince of Troy!* so called by the Trojans,
For that thou only, *my Hector!* their gates and bulwarks protectedst.
Now art thou stretched at the Grecian ships, afar from thy parents,
Naked; the worms destroying whate'er the dogs may have left them.
Naked! and here in thy desolate home are robes in abundance, (510)
Beauteous and soft, all wrought by the hands of those who adored thee.
Now to the flames I devote them all, since never henceforward
Or shall they grace thy living limbs, or, dead, shall enfold them.
What poor glory their flames may confer, the Trojans shall witness."
Weeping she spake, and around her wept her *faithful* attendants.

THE ILIAD.

BOOK XXIII.

BOOK THE TWENTY-THIRD.

ARGUMENT.

AFTER a funeral feast in honour of Patroclus, Achilles retires to sleep on the sea shore. The ghost of Patroclus appears, and demands the rites of burial. The funeral pile is prepared. Patroclus being laid on it, Achilles sacrifices his hair, then several horses and other animals, and lastly twelve Trojan captives. Iris summons the winds to fan the flames of the pyre. The corpse being consumed, the bones are gathered in an urn, and a mound raised over the place of the pile. Funeral games are then celebrated by Achilles, who furnishes and awards the prizes. With the description of these games and their various incidents this book concludes.

ILIAD. BOOK XXIII.

THUS through the city the voice of mourning rose. But the Grecians,
When they at length their ships had reached, and the Hellespont's *waters*,
Broke up their ranks and dispersed; each man to his vessel retiring.
Godlike Achilles however detained the Myrmidon squadrons,
Thus to his brave companions in arms declaring his orders:
"Comrades, honoured and lov'd! ye car-borne Myrmidon warriors!
Loose not your stamping steeds from beneath the yokes of your chariots,
But with your horses and cars attend. Approaching Patroclus,
Raise ye the fun'ral wail. Such tribute claims the departed.
When we have thus indulged our grief in sad lamentation, (10)
Loose we our wearied steeds. Then all partake of refreshment."
Thus having said, all joined in the loud lament, by Achilles
Led, while thrice round the dead *in slow procession* the chariots
Rolled, and while Thetis swelled their grief, and prompted its utt'rance,
Wet was the sand with tears: with tears bedewed was their armour:
Such was their yearning grief for a chief so dreaded in battle.
Foremost of all great Peleus' son gave vent to his anguish,
Laid on the breast of his friend his slaughtering hands, and addressed him:
"*Shade of* Patroclus, hail! In the darksome dwelling of Hades

This be thy solace, to know *that* all will be done that I promised;
Hector's corpse *at thy feet* be cast, for dogs to devour it,
And that before thy fun'ral pyre twelve youths of the Trojans,
Nobly born, to avenge thy death, by these hands shall be slaughtered."
Thus he spake, and, on Hector's corpse foul outrage committing,
Cast it forth at the foot of Patroclus' bier, where it prostrate
Rolled in the dust. Each warrior then his glittering armour
Doffed, and his neighing steeds at length released from his chariot.
Down by thousands the heroes sate at the ships of Achilles,
Bid, one and all, to partake of a great funereal banquet.
Many a milk-white steer lay stretched by the axe, and beside them
Sheep unnumbered and bleating goats *lay piled on each other;*
Boars, with their iv'ry tusks exposed, *on spits* were extended,
Feeding with *streams of* fat the *scorching* flames of Hephæstus;
While round the corse, as from bowls poured forth, flowed blood in abundance.

Now to Achilles came the princes and chiefs of the Argives,
Pressing to lead him up to Atreides' tent: and he followed,
Hardly persuaded, in wrathful mood at the death of his comrade.
Soon as they came to the *gorgeous* tent of *King* Agamemnon
Shrill-voiced heralds approached, and received command from the chieftains,
Quick on the fire to place a tripod vast, and besought him
Plunged in the bath to efface from his form the traces of bloodshed.
This he sternly refused, and by oath *confirmed his refusal:*
"No! by *all-pow'rful* Zeus I swear, supreme and *immortal,*
Not till Patroclus' rites be paid, and a mound o'er his ashes
Raised, and my locks shorn off be upon it laid, shall ablution,
Cleanse my hands or approach my head: for never henceforward
Grief such as this will seize on my heart *and blight my existence.*
Yet, though abhorring the thought of food, will I join in your banquet;
But on the morrow's dawn give orders, King Agamemnon!
Wood *from the forests* to bring, and arrange, that so the departed,
Soothed and appeased, may pass to the darksome shadows *of Hades.*
So shall the busy flames that *dismal and piteous object*
Sweep from before our eyes, and our warriors return to their duties."

Thus he spake: attentive they heard, and the order was issued.
Each then, intent, his ev'ning meal prepared, and they feasted,
All to their souls' content, nor lacked there abundance *or welcome.*
Then, when at length the pangs of hunger and thirst were abated,
Each to his tent retired, and sought the repose that he needed.
Peleus' son on the wide-resounding shore of the ocean
Cast him to sleep, with many a groan, with his Myrmidon warriors,
Choosing a spot retired, where, soothed by the dash of the breakers,
Over his soul sweet sleep diffused its gentle refreshment,
Blotting out all his cares, and renewing his vigour, exhausted
Sorely by that long chase round the wind-swept Ilian fortress.
There, as he slept, before him rose the ghost of Patroclus,
Mournful, in all things like, in his beauteous eyes, in his stature,
Features, and form, and voice, and *the well-known sweep of* his garments:
Over his head he stood, and *solemnly* thus he addressed him:
"And dost thou sleep, Achilles! forgetting thy friend and companion?
Living, thou lov'dst me well, but dead, behold me forgotten!
Bury me quickly. Give me to pass the portals of Hades.
Thence do the shadows of those who rest from their labours repel me,
Suff'ring me not to cross that stream, and mingle among them:
So that, forlorn, round the wide-expanding gate must I wander.
Give me thy hand, I beseech thee with tears: for never henceforward
Must I return, when the fun'ral flames are quenched on my ashes.
Ne'er shall we more, as in life, apart from our friends and companions,
Take *sweet* counsel together: for now, at length, has the sentence
Hateful, pronounced by fate at the hour of my birth, overta'en me.
Like to a God as thou art, thou too art predestined, Achilles,
Under these *hostile* walls to fall by the hands of the Trojans.
So let me claim of thee one thing more; nor must thou refuse me:
Let not our bones, Achilles! be parted in death, but commingling,
Rest: as together we grew beneath the roof of thy father,
When to his care by Menœtius consigned, who brought me from Opus,
Youth as I was, *from my country driv'n*, redhanded with slaughter,
On that unhappy day when Amphidamas' son in a quarrel
Over our dice I slew; not meaning harm, but in passion,
Hasty and reckless. Peleus then in his palace received me,

Carefully cherished, and placed me with thee as thy friend and attendant:
Then let one urn our bones receive—that vase which thy mother
Gave thee, golden *and fair—fit shrine for the ashes of heroes.*"
Godlike Achilles, swift in the race, this answer returned him:
"And art thou here, Patroclus! beloved of my soul, to enjoin me
All these things to perform? *Oh! think them already accomplished!*
All shall be done, *in duty and love*, whate'er thou commandest.
Now for a moment approach; one instant let me embrace thee:
Once, ere for ever we part, indulge we our mutual sorrow."
Thus he spake, and his longing arms outstretched to embrace him:
Vainly; for down in the earth he sank, like a vapour dissolving,
Utt'ring a feeble and ghostly cry. Up starting, Achilles
Smote together his hands in amaze, thus sadly exclaiming:
"Gods! *can it be?* Disembodied souls from the mansions of Hades
Rise? unsubstantial forms *of the dead*—unreal, *yet life-like?*
All through the night hath the ghostly form of wretched Patroclus
Stood o'er my head as I lay, with groans and piteous moanings
Telling me all I must do: and Oh! how like the departed!"
Thus as he spake, the tears burst fresh from the warriors around him,
Nor did their sorrows cease, till rosy-fingered Aurora
Rose on the mournful scene and illumined the bier. But Atreides
Summoned from all the tents both men and mules, and dispatched them
Wood to procure: and o'er them he placed a chief of distinction,
Merion, valiant Idomeneus' *friend and faithful* attendant.
Forth they fared *to the forest* with axe in hand, and provided
Amply with twisted cords, and the mules were driven before them.
Up hill and down, through crooked and straight, over highways and byways,
On they went, till the woods they reached and fountains of Ida.
Shuddered the tow'ring oaks to the fast-falling strokes of their axes,
All through their leafy crowns, *and* down they toppled *in thunder*,
Crashing *amain*. These splitting, the sturdy hands of the Grecians,

Bound *with cords* on the mules, and back they plunged through the thickets,
Eager to reach the plain, through paths deep worn by their footsteps.
Every woodman carried a log, for so had commanded
Merion, valiant Idomeneus' *friend and faithful* companion.
These, when they reached the shore, they in order laid, where Achilles
Both for himself and Patroclus a mighty tomb was designing.
Now, when a vast unmeasured pile of wood was collected,
Down sate the bearers all, in a body, awaiting their orders.
He, meanwhile, had commanded his valiant Myrmidon warriors
All in their brazen arms to appear, and each with the horses (130)
Yoked to his car. They mustered, *and shone refulgent* in armour.
Each brave chieftain sprang to his car, and, the reins their attendants
Guiding, advanced in front, while a cloud of foot-men behind them,
Many a thousand, marched. In their midst the corse of Patroclus,
Borne by his friends, came, strewed with their hair thick scattered upon it,
Shorn from their heads. Achilles behind, the head of his comrade
Mourning sustained, for the friend of his youth was he sending to Hades.
When at the spot arrived, by Achilles marked for the fun'ral,
Halting, they set down the bier, and piled up wood in abundance.
Here Achilles remembered *the vow he had made*, and, retreating (140)
Back some space from the pyre, those yellow locks from his temples
Shore, to Sperchéius' honoured stream which erst he devoted;
Thus, as he mournfully gazed o'er the dark-blue waters, exclaiming:
"*Holy* Sperchéius! vain was the vow by Peleus my father
Sworn, that if ever his native land his son should revisit,
These, my locks, should be thine, and a hecatomb blaze in thine honour—
There, at thy source, in the grove, whose fragrance breathes round thine altars,
Fifty *unspotted* rams at thy sacred shrine I should offer.
Such was the old king's vow. But his prayer wilt thou never accomplish.
Now, since I ne'er must revisit the dear-lov'd land of my fathers, (150)

Suffer these locks to grace the bier of the hero Patroclus."
Thus as he spake, on the hands of his dear companion he laid them:
All who beheld once more dissolved in tears, and in mourning.
Thus had *the day worn on, and* the sun sunk down on their sorrows,
Had not Achilles advanced, and thus addressed Agamemnon:
"Glorious Atreides! whom above all their leaders the Grecians
Hear and obey, enough is giv'n to weeping and wailing;
Now from the pile let the Greeks depart, and, dispersing, provide them
Needful food; but let those remain whose duteous attendance
Still we require to complete this work, with our princes and leaders."
This when he heard, forthwith the king of men, Agamemnon,
Ordered his troops at once to disperse, and return to their vessels:
Only the mourners remained, and piled up the wood for the burning.
Each way a hundred feet the structure grew, and upon it
High on the summit the dead they placed. There, mourning, they left him.
Sheep well fattened, and beeves huge-horn'd, thick-hoof'd, in abundance,
Slew they around the pyre, and flayed and dressed: and Achilles
Spread o'er the corse their fat, and thickly cov'ring o'erlaid it
Even from head to foot; then heaped their carcases round it.
Bending next o'er the bier, great jars of oil and of honey
Round it he placed; then four brave steeds, which, bitterly sighing,
Trailing in dust their beauteous manes, he piled on the structure.
Two out of nine familiar dogs, at the board of Patroclus
Daily that fed, he dispatched, to swell the tale of the victims.
Lastly (a fierce and savage deed) twelve sons of the Trojans,
Captives, of noble birth, by his *murderous* steel lay slaughtered.
Fire he then to the pile applied that the flames might consume it.
Thus invoking, with many a sigh, the shade of Patroclus:
"*Shade of* Patroclus! hail! In the darksome dwelling of Hades
This be thy solace to know, that all is done which I promised.
Here on thy pyre lie slain twelve noble youths of the Trojans,
Whom with thy corse the flames shall consume. Such honour shall Hector

Never obtain. Not fire, but the dogs shall feast on his carcase."
Such was his threat. But the dogs *respected the slain*, nor approached him:
Bright Aphrodité, daughter of Zeus, was nigh to protect him,
Ever by night and by day, and drove them off, and with ointments
Roseate, ambrosial, kept him whole, though dragged *by the chariot.*
Phœbus Apollo too sent down a cloud from the heavens,
Thick overshadowing the spot where the hero lay, and the sunbeams
All intercepting, whose burning glow might scorch up his moisture, (190)
Shrinking up all the flesh and *shriv'ling* the nerves and the sinews.
Smouldering yet and unkindled remained the pyre of Patroclus.
This when Achilles perceived, on the winds he called for assistance.
Standing aloof, to the two great blasts, to Boreas and Zephyr,
Prayed he, and proffering gifts of price to be laid on their altars,
Large libations he poured from a golden bowl, and besought them
Quickly to come and fan the flame, and *in bright conflagration*
Burn up the wood and the dead. To his prayer *heav'n's* messenger, Iris,
Lent a *propitious* ear, and the *echoing hall of* the tempests
Sought, where the winds she found, in the breezy palace of Zephyr, (200)
Seated around his festive board. *Her flight* she *arrested*,
And on the marble threshold stood. All rose when they saw her,
Each *for so honoured a guest* made room, and prayed her to enter.
This she declined, refusing a seat—and delivered her errand:
"Here may I not repose. On the utmost verge of the Ocean,
Far Ethiopia's land I seek, where the Gods are assembling
Sacred rites to receive, and I go to join in the banquet;
Mighty Achilles the while to Boreas and Zephyr is praying,
Pledging himself to observance due, *and claims their assistance*,
That on Patroclus' pyre, which the mourning Greeks are surrounding, (210)
All their blasts may be poured, and its flames to the skies may be wafted."
Thus having spoken away she flew. Then forth at her bidding
Rushed both winds with a scream, the clouds wild drifting before them.

Down on the sea with a sweep they came. High mounted the billows
Under their blast, and it howled through the fertile region of Troia:
Then on the pile it burst. Loud roared the flames in their fury.
All through the live-long night on the pyre their force they concentered,
Raging and tossing the flames on high. All night did Achilles
Sprinkle the ground with wine from a two-handled goblet, replenished
Oft from a golden urn, and ceaseless called on Patroclus,
Ever *with tears and groans* invoking the shade of his comrade.
And as a father who burns the remains of his offspring, a bridegroom,
Newly wed, whose loss hath crushed down his parents with sorrow,
So did Achilles mourn as he burned the bones of Patroclus,
Grov'ling on earth at the foot of the pyre, and bitterly moaning.
But when the morning-star arose, the herald of daybreak,
Followed by dawn, diffusing its saffron light o'er the ocean,
Languidly burned the pyre, and its bright flame sank to a flicker.
Homeward, *their task performed*, the winds retired; in their passage
Chafing the Thracian seas into roaring billows *beneath them.*
Wearied and worn at length from the pile withdrawing, Peleides
Flung himself down, and partook the sweet refreshment of slumber,
Soon interrupted: for now the Greeks round Atreides assembling,
All in a body approached, and their noise and tumult awoke him.
Up to his feet he started at once, and thus he addressed them:
"*Glorious* Atreides! and you, ye foremost chiefs of the Grecians!
First *be our care* with purple wine *to* extinguish the embers
All, wheresoe'er the fire hath raged: then, searching among them,
Gather the *whitened* bones of Patroclus, son of Menœtius,
Picking them carefully out. 'Twill be no hard task to select them;
All in the midst of the pyre they lie, apart from the others,
Mingled promiscuous, of horses and men piled up on its borders.
These in a golden vase and in cauls enwrapped will we treasure,
Waiting the day of mine own descent to *the mansion of* Hades.
No vast tomb will we now construct. Enough for the present,
Such as a while may suffice. The time will come when Achaia,
After my fall, at the ships shall raise some worthier structure,

Over the ashes of both, to record the fame of her heroes.
Thus he spake, and the Greeks attentive heard and obeyed him.
First they extinguished with wine the flames that *flickering* hovered
Yet o'er the pyre *by fits*. Deep sank the smouldering embers.
Weeping they gathered the whitened bones of their gentle companion
Into a golden vase, and in twofold cauls they enwrapped them.
This to the tents they bore, in a *snow-white* mantling of linen,
Piously veiled: then marked out the tomb, and deep its foundations
Scooped round the pyre, and heaped up the earth to a mound in the centre:
Then, *when the work was complete*, departed. Forthwith Achilles
Ranged the warriors in one vast ring, and made them be seated.
Then to the ships for prizes sent—for vases and tripods,
Gen'rous steeds, and mules, and strong *laborious* oxen,
Delicate-waisted slaves, and *huge* grey *masses of* iron.
First for a chariot-race *five* prizes rich he allotted;
Perfect in every female art a beauteous damsel,
And of full two-and-twenty measures a tripod with handles;
These to reward the first. A mare for the second in order,
Six years old, unbroken, in foal with a mule, was provided;
Then, for the third in the race a vase, four measures containing,
Beauteous, as yet untouched by fire, bright polish'd and glancing;
Next, for the fourth reserved two talents of gold were appointed;
And, for the fifth, unsoiled by smoke, a two-handled goblet.
Forth stood Achilles erect, and thus addressed the assembly:
"Glorious Atreides! and you, ye bright-greaved sons of Achaia!
Here in the ring for our first-rate charioteers are the prizes.
Could I myself in the race contend, on some other occasion
Victor assured, the first reward to my tents I should carry.
All of you know, my steeds transcend all others in fleetness,
Come of immortal strain; by Poseidon giv'n to my father
Peleus, which as a *parting* gift to myself he presented;
Yet I restrain those *fiery* steeds, nor myself will adventure.
Him have they lost whose gentle strength was accustomed to guide them,

Him, by whose hand full oft their manes with oil were anointed,
Shining and smooth, from the limpid stream just fresh. And they mourn him,
Hanging their heads and trailing their manes on the ground in their sorrow.
Therefore, *ye chiefs*, advance, *and let each lead forth for the contest*
Horses and car, whoe'er can confide, of the sons of Achaia,
Both in his steeds and the firm-compacted build of his chariot."
Thus Peleides, and many a chieftain rose at his challenge.
Foremost by far of them all upsprang the royal Eumelus,
Son of Admetus, famed through Greece for his chariots and horses.
Great Diomedes, Tydeus' son, was next to come forward, (290)
Yoked to whose car were those Troian steeds he had seized from Æneas,
When from his rage Apollo *alone could have* rescued *their master.*
Atreus' fair-haired son, Menelaüs, heaven-descended,
Next for the race prepared, and fleet *and renowned* were his coursers,
Æthé, great Agamemnon's mare, and the stallion Podargus.
Her, Echepolus, Anchises' son, to King Agamemnon
Sent as a gift, when, unwilling to march to the conquest of Ilion,
In his wide Sicyan realm he lingered, in *idle* enjoyment,
Pamp'ring himself with the wealth which Zeus had showered upon him.
Ever prepared for the race this mare had he yoked to his chariot. (300)
Next, to his car two long-maned steeds Antilochus harnessed,
(Noble son of a royal sire, old Nelean Nestor!)
Swift were the coursers of Pylian breed that, yoked to his chariot,
Whirled it along. His father approached, and, standing beside him,
Prudent advice suggested to one not wanting in shrewdness:
"Young as thou art, my son, of a truth both Zeus and Poseidon
Love thee well, and have giv'n thee skill in the guidance of chariots,
And in the race: nor in aught dost thou stand in need of instruction.
Deftly thou know'st thy car round the goal to wheel; but thy horses
Somewhat in fleetness lack, and make me fear for the issue. (310)
Fleeter than thine, no doubt, are thy rivals' steeds; but their drivers
Far less expert than thyself—inferior in skill and in judgement;
Therefore *be cool*, my son, *and neglect no point of advantage.*

Summon up all thy skill, lest the *nobler* prizes escape thee;
'Tis but by skill, not strength, that the carver surpasses the woodman;
Knowledge and skill the pilot guide o'er the dark-rolling ocean,
Keeping his ship in her course through the winds *and waves* that assail her.
Races from rivals are won *no less* by skill *than by swiftness.*
He who relies alone on his coursers' speed, and his chariot
Wild o'er the plain careering, much ground will lose, and be hurried
Hither and thither, nor keep to the track, nor rein in his horses.
Who knows better husbands their strength, though his steeds may be slower.
Ever the goal he keeps in view, and, closely approaching,
Seizes the moment to tighten the leathern reins and to turn it,
Holding a steady course, with an eye to the chariot before him.
Now will I shew thee the goal. Thou canst not miss, nor mistake it.
Seest thou yon old dry stump of a fathom's length which, uninjured
Stands by weather or time, for of oak it is made or of larch-wood:
Two white stones upon either hand stand leaning against it,
Where the way narrows, and round it the course runs smoothly and level,
Placed there of old, a memorial mark of some warrior departed,
Or as a goal perchance on some former occasion erected,
Now once more to the selfsame use by Achilles appointed?
Hugging it close, round this direct thy car and thy coursers,
Leaning thy weight some whit to the left on the seat of the chariot,
That way to sway its course: meanwhile the steed on thy right hand
Urge with thy goad and thy voice, and cease with the rein to confine him,
Keeping the left-hand horse well home to the goal, and approaching
Just so close that the nave of thy chariot-wheel may avoid it,
Turning it sharp. But beware lest it touch the stone, and thy chariot
Leaving o'erturned *and broken*, thy steeds disabled and wounded,
Home thou shouldst slink, a reproach to thyself, a joy to thy rivals.
Therefore, my son, once more, keep well on thy guard, and be cautious,

But if thou once succeed in turning the goal at advantage,
Then push on; for no one will pass thee then or o'ertake thee,
Not though a courser he drive more fleet than the noble Arion,
Royal Adrastus' steed, of immortal race, or the horses
Bred by Laomedon's self in *the fertile pastures of* Troia."
Thus upon every point his son being sagely admonished,
Back to his seat returned the agèd offspring of Neleus. (350)
Merion, the fifth, meanwhile had harnessed his steeds and was ready.
Up on their cars they sprang, and cast in the lots for their places.
These in a casque Achilles shook. To Antilochus foremost
Leaped forth his lot; then appeared the token of royal Eumelus;
After him Atreus' son, the spear-renowned Menelaüs.
Merion's lot came next, and last to the noble Tydeides,
Bravest of all, was his place assigned in the line of the chariots.
Ranged for the start they stood. To the goal then pointed Achilles,
Far on the level plain; and Phœnix, his father's attendant,
Godlike man, to observe the race, and report with exactness (360)
All that occurred, he sent; *on his age and experience relying.*
All now at once o'er their steeds their scourges raised, and *their shoulders*
Beat with the reins, and urged them on with cries and with cheering
Ceaseless. Away from the ships o'er the plain they swept like a whirlwind.
High in the air from beneath the chests of the labouring coursers
Up rose the trampled dust like some dense cloud. *O'er their shoulders*
Streamed out behind as they flew their floating manes on the breezes.
Rattling now o'er the clod-strown earth were hurried the chariots:
Now through the air they bounded aloft. Erect stood the drivers
High o'er the cars, and with beating hearts thick panting for vict'ry, (370)
Each with encouraging shouts cheered on his steeds: and the coursers
Eagerly scour'd o'er the field, and whirled up the dust from beneath them.
Now had they turned the goal at the farthest point, and were tracing

Back to the sea their course. Then came the stress and the trial;
Straining *each nerve* they put forth all their strength: and before them
Shot forth a-head the swift-footed mares of the grandson of Pheres,
Followed up close by the Troian stallions of *brave* Diomedes,
Hardly a space between. So near they came, you had thought them
Ever in act of mounting behind on the car of Eumelus;
Warm came panting their breath on his back and the breadth of his shoulders,
While as they flew their uptossed heads seemed hanging above him.
Then had he passed him by, or at least the prize had divided:
Phœbus Apollo, however, incensed at heart with Tydeides,
Struck from his *pow'rless* hand the broidered scourge *which he flourished.*
Tears of wrath and bitter despite then burst from his eyelids,
Seeing his rival's car swift borne along, and his own steeds
Flagging for want of the means with goad and whip to excite them.
Soon to his aid, however, Athené came, who had noticed
This ill turn on her hero by Phœbus performed. She o'ertook him,
And to his hand the scourge restored, and strengthened his horses.
Then to the car of Admetus' son she flew, and in anger
Shattered its yoke, with immortal force. Off started the coursers,
Dashing apart, and *between them* the pole struck ground *and was broken.*
Prostrate in front of the wheel was Eumelus hurled from his chariot.
Battered he lay and torn; his arms, his mouth, and his nostrils;
Bruised was his forehead across the brows. Fast gathering tear-drops
Darkened his sight, and his liquid voice was choked in its utt'rance.
Past him Tydeides flew, borne on by the speed of his horses,
Leaving all others far behind, for Pallas Athené
Filled them with spirit and strength, and crowned their driver with glory.
Areus' son came next, the fair-hair'd chief Menelaüs.
Thus then Antilochus shouted, *upbraiding* the steeds of his father:
"Now for a *desperate* push, with all the speed ye can summon;
Not against brave Tydeides' steeds do I claim your exertions,
They by Athené's grace are with strength endued and with swiftness.
Victory sure is theirs, and glory will light on their master.

'Tis with Atreides' steeds ye have now to contend and o'ertake them.
Quick then! Suffer not Æthé, a mare, to shame and disgrace you.
Why should you let yourselves be outrun? Ye noblest of coursers!
Hear what I say, and what, be assured, will be fully accomplished:
Nurture and care henceforth from the shepherd and guide of his people,
Nestor, cease to expect: with the edge of the sword will he slay you,
If but some paltry prize we win, neglectful and careless.
Quick then! I say, and follow them up. Make haste to o'ertake them.
I myself will exert my skill, and watch my occasion.
There in yon narrow way will I pass, nor let them escape me."
Thus he spake, and his steeds aroused by the threats of their master,
Mended their pace for a time, till the narrow pass that he spake of
Down in the hollow way, came full in view of the warrior:
Where, in a cleft of the plain, scooped out by the rains of the winter,
Broken away was the road, and the ground deep furrowed with gullies.
Cautiously there Menelaüs drove, to avoid a collision.
Not so Antilochus. Turning his steeds aside, and inclining
Out of the regular track, some space abreast of the others
Drove he *amain*. Menelaüs shrank, and called to his rival:
"Rashly,—*madly* thou driv'st, Antilochus! Rein in thy horses!
Here is the road too narrow to pass. Anon 'twill be broader.
Have then a care lest thou crush us both, running foul of my chariot."
Nought did Antilochus *heed, but* all the faster his horses
Urged on with *whip and* goad, nor seemed to hear the remonstrance.
Far as a quoit can fly, by the stalwart arm of the athlete
Hurled as a trial of strength, when youths for the prize are contending,
So far abreast they ran. Then relaxed his speed Menelaüs,
And of his own accord gave way, nor urged on his horses,
Dreading, *in that wild rush*, that their steeds, becoming entangled,
Both fair cars should o'erturn; and, stretched in the dust by each other,

Foul defeat and disgrace should end their struggle for vict'ry.
Chidingly thus then spake that fair-hair'd chief Menelaüs:
"No man beside thyself *on* so mad *an attempt would have ventured.*
Falsely, Antilochus, call thee wise the Greeks thy companions! (440)
Off with thee! think not however, unsworn, to claim thine advantage."
This to Antilochus: then to his steeds he turned and addressed them:
"Loiter not! let not your hearts be grieved. Push forward with spirit,
Sooner the feet will falter and fail of those that surpassed you,
Than shall your own. They are both distressed, and their freshness is over."
Thus he spake, and, dreading the chiding voice of their master,
Quick'ning their pace they flew, and soon the lost ground had recovered.
All in a cirque the Greeks were ranged and witnessed the racing.
Pleased they had seen them scouring the dusty plain, *and were watching*
Now their return. Idomeneus first perceived them *advancing*, (450)
High on a lofty point where he sate, on the skirts of the circus.
Him in the front he knew, though far, by the voice of his cheering,
And by a steed *that caught his eye*, distinguished *for beauty*,
Chestnut his coat in ev'ry part, save that bright on his forehead
Shone forth a silvery spot, like *a star*, or the moon *in her glory.*
Up rose the Cretan king, and spake this word to the Argives:
"Friends and rulers of Greece! her leaders in war and in council,
Am I the first to know those steeds? or do ye too observe it?
Other they seem than those which took the lead when they started;
Different too is their charioteer. Those mares *of Eumelus* (460)
Ever were best *and first.* Sure, some mishap hath befall'n them!
Safe, and leading the race, when turning the goal I beheld them,
Now when I send my gaze o'er the Troian plain, *and on all sides*
Narrowly search, those steeds, that car, can I nowhere discover.
Either its driver hath dropped the reins, or in turning the corner
Failed to avoid the goal, or suffered his horses to wander.
Tossed from his car perchance he lies, and the chariot is shattered,
While those infuriate mares have burst their harness and bolted.
Stand up. Look for yourselves: for my eyes perchance have deceived me,

Not discerning so well. But the foremost looks like a chieftain,
Known to us all of Ætolian race, a ruler among us,
Horse-taming Tydeus' mighty son, the brave Diomedes."
Thus then sharply rebuked him the swift Oïleän Aias:
"Why wilt thou prate thus simply, Idomeneus? There thou may'st see them,
Those same prancing mares, o'er the field advancing towards us.
Not so much the youngest art thou of the sons of Achaia,
Nor are those eyes looking out from thy head the sharpest *of organs*.
Ever at random thou talk'st. But now thy prattle we heed not.
Clearer of sight and abler to judge there are others beside thee.
There are Eumelus' steeds in front of all, as at starting:
There is Eumelus holding the reins and guiding the chariot."
Angrily then the Cretan prince this answer returned him:
"Aias! reviler! good at abuse alone, but in all things
Else inferior to all, for insulting and rude is thy nature:
Come now! stakes let us pledge—a tripod *fair*, or a goblet.
Atreus' son, Agamemnon himself, shall pronounce the decision,
Which of the cars is first, and make thee pay for thy rudeness."
Thus he spake; and, to wrath aroused, Oïleän Aias
Would have replied to the king in words injurious and bitter,
And in a long and fierce dispute the matter had ended,
Had not Achilles aris'n and thus, interposing, addressed them:
"Aias! Idomeneus! cease from reproach and angry rejoinder,
Such as become not chiefs like you. Yourselves would condemn them
If among others ye heard such harsh reproof and invective.
Take your seats in the ring. Look out, and mark their arrival;
Soon will you see them yourselves come rushing in, for the vict'ry
Striving amain; and yourselves will judge (*no need of an umpire*),
Which of the Grecians' cars is first, and which is the second."
Thus while he spake Tydeides approached, dashing in at the gallop,
Fiercely plying the scourge round his shoulders whirled, and the horses
Rose at each bound in the air as they swept along, and in handfuls

Up flew the dust, begriming the *face and form of the* driver.
Blazing with tin and with gold the car came rolling behind them,
Close on their steps; *so lightly borne that* hardly its wheel-tires
Left in the dust their trace. Like a flight it seemed, as the coursers
Darted along, *and regained the point whence first they departed.*
Now in the midst of the ring was *the chariot* stayed. In a torrent
Down poured the sweat on the ground from the necks and chests of the horses.
Springing from off the resplendent car Tydeides alighted,
Leaning his scourge against the yoke. His gallant attendant, (510)
Sthenelus, stood prepared, and at once laid claim to the prizes;
Forthwith the damsel dispatched *to the tents* in charge of his comrades;
Sent too the tripod; himself the steeds unyoked from the chariot.
Now came Antilochus, driving the *panting* horses of Nestor,
Who by his craft, and not their speed, had passed Menelaüs.
Close behind Menelaüs himself followed swift *on his traces,*
Barely such space between as divides the wheel from the courser,
When at his utmost speed he whirls on his lord in a chariot
Over the plain—when the hairs of his tail outstreaming behind him
Graze on the tire of the wheel as they scour along o'er the country, (520)
One in advance, the other behind, almost nothing between them:
Hardly more was the space between that parted the rivals.
Far as a quoit might fly was that space at first. Menelaüs
This had already retrieved; for fleeter and stronger than ever
Still pushed on *to the last* that *won'drous* mare of his brother's;
And would have once more ta'en the lead and passed her opponents,
Had but a longer course afforded scope for her mettle.
Merion next, Idomeneus' friend and faithful attendant,
Far as a jav'lin's cast came lagging behind Menelaüs.
Tardiest of all, though beauteous to view, were his steeds, and their driver (530)
All unskilled in his craft, and unused to contend in the circus.
Far in the rear of all came *toiling* the son of Admetus,
Trailing his broken car, and driving his horses before him.
Pitying his dismal plight, the godlike Achilles beheld him,

And to the front of the Greeks advancing, thus he addressed them:
"Lo! *in what piteous case* comes plodding the best of our racers!
Shall we not give him the second prize? 'Twere but fitting and seemly.
Tydeus' son must take the first; *for he fairly has won it.*"
Thus he spake: and all applauding heard the proposal.
Then had Eumelus the mare received, by acclaim of the Grecians,
Had not Antilochus, Nestor's heroic son, interposing,
Thus to Achilles appealed in behalf of justice *and honour:*
"Shouldst thou persist in this, deep cause of complaint, O Achilles!
Then would be mine; my prize shouldst thou take and give to another.
What though that other be ever so skilled, though his chariot be shattered,
Injured his steeds?—To pray to the Gods no doubt he neglected.
That had he done, not thus the last had we seen him arriving.
But if thou pity *his sad mishap*, and love him so dearly,
Gold in plenty and brass in thy tents are stored. Thou hast cattle,
Beauteous captive maids, and prancing steeds, to select from.
Choosing from these, thou mayst give him a costlier prize and a fitter,
Either hereafter, or now on the spot, that the Greeks may applaud thee.
Her will I never resign. Be it known to whoever may touch her,
First must he fight with me, and by arms obtain her possession."
Thus he spake: and noble Achilles smiled and responded,
Fav'ring Antilochus much, as a comrade dear and respected.
Graciously therefore he spake and this was the answer he made him:
"*Ev'n as thou wilt, so be it*, my friend! From my treasures selected
Some *rich gift*, as thou say'st, Eumelus *to grace* will I furnish.
Let him accept the corslet I stripped from Asteropæus,
Gorgeous, of *solid* brass, with a bead of tin round the margin,
Artfully drawn. At a goodly price must its value be reckoned."
Thus he spake: Automedon then, his faithful attendant,
Sent to his tent, who the corslet brought, and laid it before him.
This in Eumelus' hands he placed, who gladly received it.
Now before all Menelaüs rose, much hurt and offended,
And with Antilochus deeply wrath. *Advancing*, a herald

Placed in his hands a sceptre, and signed to the Greeks to be silent.
Then did the godlike chief these words address to his rival:
"How could a man, reputed wise, commit such an outrage? (570)
Casting *so foul* a slur on my skill, endang'ring my horses,
Pushing thine own *unfairly* before them, far their inferiors?
Now then, ye chiefs of Greece! her leaders in war and in council!
Judge without favour between us both; for I would not that any
Here of our mail-clad Greeks should hereafter blame me in this wise—
—'*Foully*, by force of lies, Menelaüs supplanted his rival,
'Off from Antilochus bearing the prize, though his steeds were inferior;
'What though in personal strength and skill, no doubt, he surpassed him'—
—Hear me propose a test, to which none, methinks, of the Argives,
Aught will object or oppose, for all will acknowledge its justice. (580)
Stand thou forward, Antilochus! favoured of Zeus, and approaching,
In the accustomed form for an oath, in front of thy horses,
Holding the pliant lash in thine hands that served thee to drive them,
Place thy hand on the steeds, and swear by earth-shaking Poseidon,
That thou hadst nought unfair in thy thoughts when jostling my horses."
Prudently then *in gentle words* Antilochus answered:
"Let not the error of one so young too deeply offend thee—
Thee, Menelaüs! a prince, my superior in age and in station.
Well thou knowest the rashness of youth, its proneness to error,
Hasty *and thoughtless* ever in mind, unstable in counsel; (590)
Bear with me then in thy heart. The mare will I readily yield thee,
As I received, *so take her*, and aught beside, from my treasure
(If thou desirest aught more rich, *more rare*): I will add it,
Rather than lose thy esteem, O prince! and rather than forfeit
Once and for ever a place in thy heart, and sin against Heaven."
Thus spake the noble Nestor's son; and with courteous demeanour,
Leading the mare, in his hands he placed *the rein*. Through his bosom
Joy was diffused, as when copious dews descend on the harvests,
What time the bristling ears stand parched and thirsting for moisture:
Thus was thy heart with joy refreshed and cheered, Menelaüs! (600)

Then replying, in cheerful and kindly words he addressed him:
"Gladly, Antilochus! now from my heart all feeling of anger
Will I dismiss, for ne'er before wert thou wild or imprudent;
What though for once the rashness of youth have gained the ascendant.
Only forbear henceforth to circumvent thy superiors,
Since not another Greek would so soon have obtained my forgiveness.
Thou however hast toiled and suffered much in my quarrel,
Thou and thy noble father, who fights in my cause, and thy brother.
Take my forgiveness, *freely granted as asked*, and the steed too,
Take, though my own by right; so that all may see Menelaüs (610)
Knows in his turn to yield, nor indulges in pride or resentment."

Thus he spake, and the mare to Antilochus' friend, to Nöemon,
Handed, to lead her away, and the vase *in her stead* he accepted.
Merion, in order the fourth, two talents of gold for his guerdon,
Duly received. *Unclaimed* remained the two-handed goblet,
Fifth of the prizes proposed: and this to Nestor Achilles
Bore, through all the assembled Greeks, and presenting addressed him:
"*Nestor!* old *and revered!* receive this token of friendship,
Which of our dear Patroclus lost may serve to remind thee,
Whom thou shalt never among us again behold. Uncontested (620)
Take this prize: since now no more in the ring with the cæstus
Canst thou contend, nor in wrestling join, nor in hurling the jav'lin,
Nor in the race:—for the burden of years weighs heavy upon thee."

Ending, he placed in his hands the prize. With joy he received it;
And in reply these words he promptly addressed to Achilles:
"*Only too* true indeed, my son, are the words thou hast spoken.
Vigour my *tott'ring* knees and swiftness my feet have forsaken;
Pliant no more, these arms hang *listless* down from my shoulders.
Would I were young once more! that again such force I could summon
As at th' Epeians' funeral games for their king, Amarynceus, (630)
When at Buprasium his sons in their father's honour the prizes
Staked. My equal was none among all the assembled Epeians,

All the Ætolians fierce, and the *youthful* Pylian *warriors*.
Brave Clytomedes, Enop's son, I quelled with the cæstus;
Wrestling, Ancæus of Pleuron I threw, who accepted my challenge;
Swift as he was, Iphiclus I left behind in the foot-race;
Far beyond Phyles I hurled the spear, and *strong* Polydorus.
Only the sons of Actor surpassed my steeds *in the circus*.
Eager to gain the highest prize and envying my prowess,
Two against one (for twins they were) together they mounted,
One *directed the car*, fast holding the reins, while the other,
All to his guidance and skill entrusting, lashed on the horses.
Such was I then. But now unto younger men I abandon
All such exploits, and, yielding to time's *irresistible pressure*,
Gladly retire from fields where once I ranked among heroes.
Now proceed with the *games, and complete the* rites of thy comrade.
This with delight I receive. As a heart-felt proof I accept it,
That thy old friend thou hast ever in mind, nor neglect'st an occasion
Honour to shew to one whom the Greeks think worthy of honour.
And may the Gods requite thy deed, and crown thee with blessings."

Thus he spake, and Peleides returned through the crowd of the Grecians,
Pleased with the *thanks and grateful* praise of the offspring of Neleus,
Back to his place: then set forth the stakes for champions in boxing.
First, in the ring was bound a mule, *full grown*, and unbroken,
Six years old and hard to tame and of stubborn endurance,
While, to console the vanquished, a two-handled goblet he proffered.
Standing erect, these words he next addressed to the Argives:
"O ye Atreidæ! and all ye bright-greaved sons of Achaia!
Now let champions twain stand forward, masters of boxing,
Ready to fight in the ring; and the man whom Phœbus Apollo
Favours, approved by all the Greeks, acknowledged as victor,
Lead to his tent in triumph this useful mule; and the vanquished,
(*Not to have fought in vain*) shall receive this *beauteous goblet*."

Scarce had he said, up started a huge and redoubtable champion,
Panopeus' son, Epeius, of *dread* renown as a boxer.

Forward he strode, and laying his hand on the mule, he addressed them :
"Let him stand forth whosoe'er hath courage to fight for the goblet;
As for the mule—*he is mine!* not a Greek among you can win him,
Standing up fairly in fight: for here at least am I master;
What though in battle of less renown. ('Tis not for a mortal (670)
All to attempt with success, and shine forth perfect in all things.)
This I declare, and this will do. Whoe'er shall attempt it
That man's flesh will I pound, and break each bone *in his body.*
So let his friends be ready at hand and lend their assistance,
Battered and bruised to support and bear him away from the combat."
Thus he spake. *Dismayed were* the Greeks *and* heard him in silence.
Only Euryalus, god-like chief, uprose at his challenge,
Son of Mecistheus was he, and grandson of royal Talaion,
Who in the games at Thebæ held, at Œdipus' fun'ral, (679)
Challenged the brave Cadmeian youth, and fought them, and conquered. (680)
Backed and prepared for the fight by spear-renowned Diomedes,
Ardently hoping his friend's success, whom with words he encouraged,
First round his waist a belt he clasped; then his wrists he encircled,
Wrapping them round with thongs of *tough* bull-hide, to protect them.
Now for the fight when both were girt they entered the circus,
Holding their stalwart arms advanced: then closed on each other,
And in *quick-answering* blows *and wards* their fists were commingled;
Dire was the *thud of their strokes and* the crashing of jaws. From their members
Down poured the sweat in streams. Then in rushed mighty Epeius,
And as his foeman looked askance, such a buffet he dealt him, (690)
Full on the cheek, as hurled him to earth, for nought could resist it:
And as some huge unwieldy fish with the spray by the north wind
In the black surge tossed up, on the weedy shore lies flound'ring,
Thus flung forth lay the stricken chief. But Epeius upraised him,
Lifting him up *on his legs;* and his comrades gath'ring around him,
Led him from out the ring, his feet scarce dragging behind him,
Vomiting gore, with his drooping head hanging down on his shoulder:
Swooning and senseless at length they laid him down, and retiring,
Some of them *mournfully* bore to his tent the two-handled goblet.

Once more Peleides rose, and displayed to the sight of the Grecians
Stakes for a third great trial of strength and endurance, in wrestling.
That for the winner proposed was a tripod, capacious *and massive,*
Strong to endure the fire, for whose price twelve oxen were reckoned;
While for the vanquished a female slave was placed in the circus,
Skilled in domestic works. Four beeves were counted her value.
Standing erect, these words Peleides addressed to the Argives: [706]
"Stand forth ye who mean to contend for the prize of the wrestlers."
Thus as he spake, upsprang the great Telamonian Aias;
Next Odysseus, expert to seize each point of advantage. (709)
Girding their loins they at once stepped forth in the midst of the circus,
And in a moment their nervous arms were twined in each other,
Leaning, their feet apart, like rafters they stood, which a builder
Rears for some lofty roof, to baffle the force of the tempest.
Wrenched with the strain their backs seemed ready to crack, in contortions
Throw'n by their pow'rful grasp, and the sweat rolled down them in torrents,
Livid with blood, great wheals arose on their sides and their shoulders,
Each fresh struggle leaving its mark. Yet still they contended,
Both determined to win the prize, the beauteous tripod.
Nor could Odysseus avail to trip or o'erturn his opponent,
Neither could Aias prevail, so stoutly resisted Odysseus. (720)
Long they strove till the Greeks at length *grew weary and* murmured.
Thus then the great Telamonian chief bespake his opponent:
"Noble son of Laertes! most wise and inventive Odysseus!
Either lift me or I thee. Let Zeus determine between us."
Thus he spake: then *strained and* heaved him up, but Odysseus
Smote on his ham from behind, and his knees gave way, and he tumbled
Flat on his back. Down fell they both, but Odysseus upon him
Lay, on his chest, while the Greeks admiring gazed, *and applauded.*
Next, in turn, Odysseus essayed to lift his opponent:
Just could he move him from off the ground, but to raise him availed not; (730)

For, *with the weight*, his knees gave way, and falling together,
Side by side they lay, with dust begrimed and disfigured.
Rising, prepared for a fresh assault, they had wrestled a third time,
Had not Achilles himself, interposing, ris'n and restrained them:
"Cease to contend, and by further struggles to injure each other;
Both are victorious, both shall with equal prizes be honoured.
Now make way, and let others advance to share in our contests."
Thus as he spake they, nought reluctant, heard and obeyed him;
Wiped off the dust, their mantles resumed, *and rejoined the spectators:*
While for the rapid race Peleides set forth the prizes. (740)
First was produced a silver bowl six measures containing,
Gorgeously chased, beyond compare surpassing in beauty
All that had ever been wrought on earth. Sidonian artists
Framed it with wondrous skill, and bold Phœnician advent'rers
Bore it across the shadowy seas and presented to Thoas,
Offr'ing it first *in vain* for sale in each port *that they touched at.*
This by Euneïus Iason's son, Lycaon to ransom
(Priam's unhappy son), had been sent *in exchange* to Patroclus,
Now at the fun'ral games of his friend, set forth by Achilles,
Him to reward who in fleetness of foot should distance his rivals. [750]
For the next prize an ox well fed and fat *for the slaughter;* (750)
Half a talent of gold must content the third, and the loser.
Standing erect these words Peleides addressed to the Argives:
"Stand forth, ye who mean to contend for a prize *in the foot-race.*"
Thus he spake, and at once stood forth Oïlean Aias,
Wise Odysseus, and noble Antilochus, offspring of Nestor, [756]
Ranged in an even row for a start they stood, and Achilles (757)
Marked out the course to be run, and shewed them the goal at a distance.
Off they started. Oïleus first sprang forth, and Odysseus
Followed him close: as close to the breast of some diligent matron (760)
Flies the swift shuttle athwart the woof which her hands disentangle,
Parting the threads of the web, and drawing them close to her bosom;
Even so close upon Aias Odysseus pressed, and his footsteps

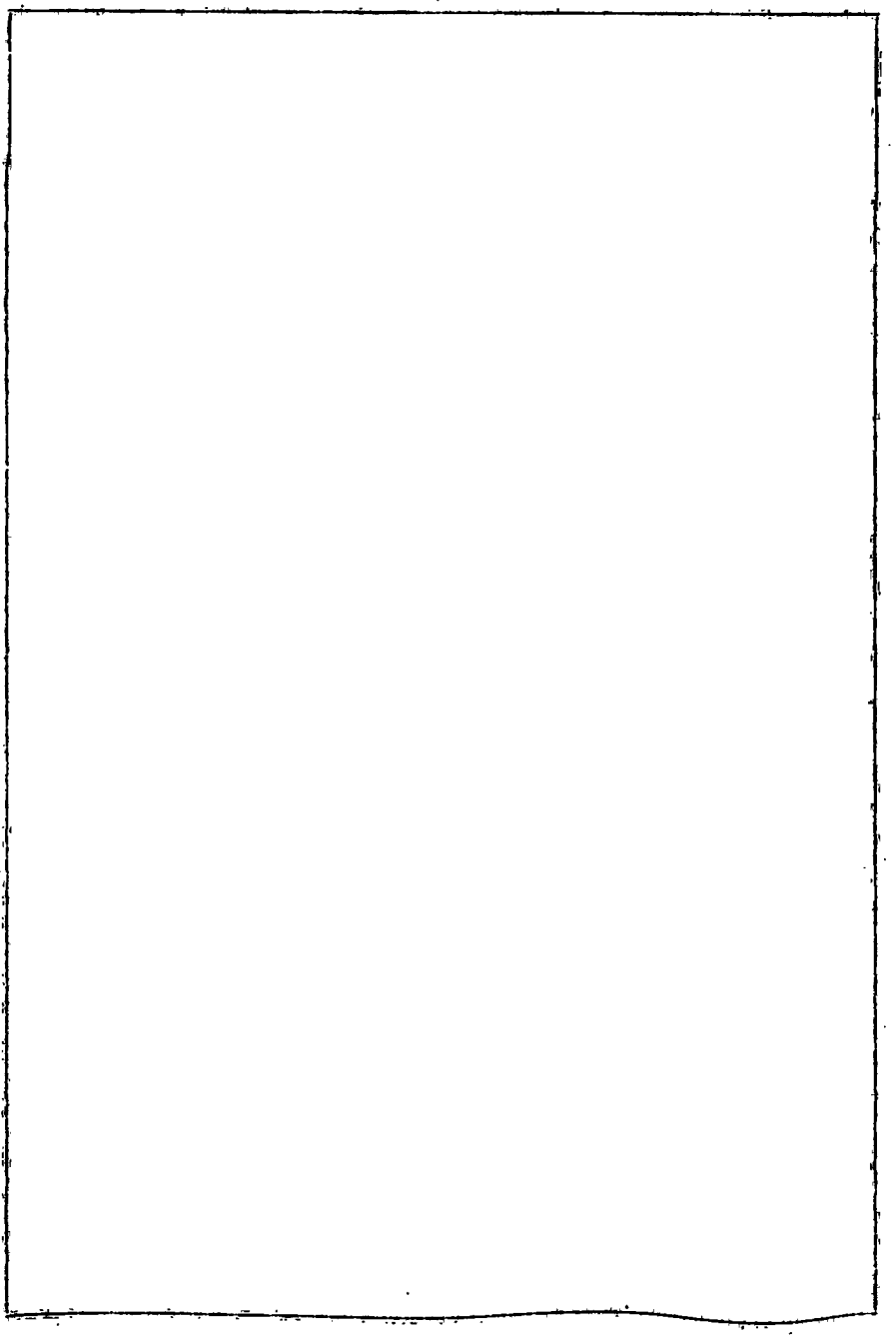
Covered the prints of his rival's feet ere their dust had subsided;
While on his head he could feel the panting breath of Odysseus,
Following swift behind. Then shouted aloud the Achaians,
Cheering him on in his eager career and struggle for vict'ry.
Now they at length the end of their course approached, and Odysseus
Thus in his heart a prayer addressed to blue-eyed Athené:
"Hear me, O Goddess! and aid my feet in this arduous contest." (770)
Mentally thus he prayed, and his prayer reached Pallas Athené.
Swiftness and vigour she sent. Each limb she supported and strengthened;
And, at the final burst, when in view of the prize they were straining,
Aias in running slipped and fell (o'erthrown by Athené)
Just on the spot where Achilles the oxen had slain to Patroclus,
Where with their *gore and their* dung the ground was slipp'ry and treach'rous,
Full on his face; and his nostrils and mouth were filled with the ordure.
Swift rushing in, Odysseus seized the bowl; and his rival,
Soon regaining his feet, came in for the ox, and beside him
Taking his stand, with his hand he grasped his horn, and recov'ring (780)
Breath, and sputt'ring the dirt from his mouth, addressed the Achaians:
"Surely some *envious* pow'r must have tripped my feet. 'Twas the Goddess,
Who, like a mother, is ever at hand to succour Odysseus."
Such his complaint: and the Greeks with a burst of laughter received it.
Last came Antilochus in, and received the prize of the loser.
Smiling he took it, and cheerfully thus addressed he the Argives:
"Now is it clear, my friends, and you all must perceive, the immortals
Shew their regard for age and espouse the cause of our seniors.
Aias is somewhat of riper years than myself: but Odysseus
Boasts of yet older date, and belongs to a past generation. (790)
His is a green old age. Of all the host of the Argives
Only Achilles himself in fleetness of foot can excel him."
Thus he spake, and his praise fell sweet on the ear of Peleides,
Who with complacent and courteous words addressed him in answer:

"Think not, Antilochus, praise from thee shall pass unrewarded,
Take for thy share another half-talent of gold in addition."
Then in his hand the gold he placed, and with joy he received it.
Next, in the ring Peleides a long-forth-shadowing jav'lin
Placed, for another prize, with a plumy casque and a falchion,
Spoil of Sarpedon *in battle* slain by *the might of* Patroclus.
Standing erect, these words he addressed to the chiefs of the Argives:
"*Now let us try a fiercer game.* Let two of our heroes,
Donning their arms for the fight, and wielding their death-dealing weapons,
Here in the sight of assembled Greece confront one another.
Whoso the first shall stain with blood the fair skin of the other,
Pierce through his corslet or shield, and wound his flesh through his armour,
Him with this Thracian sword will I grace, *with scabbard of silver*,
Silver-hilted, the same that I took from Asteropæus.
Both shall receive those *gorgeous* arms in common between them,
And in my tent a noble feast shall be giv'n in their honour."
Thus as he spake uprose the great Telamonian Aias,
Up too arose great Tydeus' son, the brave Diomedes.
Each retired from the ring to arm, apart from the other;
Then came forward in arms complete and ready for combat,
Fiercely glaring. Dread and amazement seized the spectators.
Slowly at first they approached, but soon they rushed on each other,
Thrice advancing fierce to the charge, thrice closing impetuous.
Aias first through the smooth round orb of Diomed's buckler
Pierced, but the weapon reached him not, being stopped by the corslet.
Mighty Tydeides, holding the beaming point of his jav'lin,
High advanced o'er the huge shield's rim, sought the neck of his rival;
This the Greeks when in dread they beheld, for the life of the chieftain
Trembling, implored them to cease, and divide the prizes between them.
Yet by Achilles to Tydeus' son the sword was awarded,
Who, with the scabbard and rich-wrought belt, from the hero received it.

Next for a prize he produced a huge rough ingot of iron,
Erst which Eëtion's might was wont to poise, and to hurl it.
Mighty Eëtion slain by the swift-pursuing Achilles,
This in the victors' ships was embarked, with all his possessions.
Standing erect, the Prince these words addressed to the Grecians
"Stand forth all who in this *rude* trial *of strength* will adventure.
Far as his fields may extend, how wide soe'er his possessions,
This for the service of five revolving years will suffice him,
This will be ready at hand, nor need his shepherd or ploughman
Ever, so long as it lasts, to the town resort for his iron."
Thus he spake. Up rose then the war-renowned Polypætes,
Up too arose the godlike strength of mighty Leonteus,
Great Telamonian Aias himself, and noble Epeius.
Ranged in order they stood. Then Epeius seized on the ingot,
Swinging it round; *but it flew not far*, and the Greeks in derision
Laughed. Leonteus next essayed, *strong* scion of Ares;
Then with his stalwart strength the great Telamonian Aias
Raised it, and hurled it far beyond the marks of the others.
Last, Polypœtes came, and he snatched up the mass, and dispatched it.
Far as a herdsman flings his crook, which whirling in circles
Far in advance among the cows alights at a distance,
So far, beyond, Polypœtes cast. Loud shouted the Argives;
And from among th' *applauding* crowd advancing, his comrades
Carried away to their hollow ships the gift of the monarch.
Now for the archers were prizes set. Steel tempered for arrows,
Ponderous axes ten, and an equal number of hatchets.
Far remote on the sandy shore a mast was erected,
Borrowed from some dark ship, and a tim'rous dove at its summit
Flutt'ring, was tied by the foot, with a slender band to confine her.
This was the mark: "Whoe'er yon dove shall pierce with his arrow
His be the axes. Hence let him take and home let him bear them;
Whoso, missing the bird, the string shall divide, as a marksman
Lower must rank. Be his the *inferior* prize of the hatchets."
Thus he spake. Then advanced the princely presence of Teucer,
Merion too stood forth, Idomeneus' noble attendant.

Into a brazen casque their lots they cast, and when shaken
Teucer's first leaped forth: who at once, without loss of a moment,
Sent forth his shaft with mighty force: nor vowed to Apollo
Hecatombs pure of firstling lambs, to propitiate his favour.
Wherefore the bird he missed—for Phœbus grudged him the honour;
Close to her foot his arrow passed, and the string that confined her
Severed with biting edge. Then freed at once from her fetters
Off to the skies with beating wing she darted, and pendent
Hung down the mast the band. With delight loud shouted the Argives.
Merion now, receiving the bow from the hand of his rival,
Eagerly seized it: but lingered long while pointing his arrow,
Keeping his eyes on the bird, while he inly vowed to Apollo
Hecatombs pure of firstling lambs, to propitiate his favour.
Then, as beneath the clouds high wheeling in circle on circle
Tow'ring she flew, below the wing with his arrow he pierced her;
Straight through her body passed the shaft: then turned, and descending,
Fixed in the ground at Merion's feet. The dove then alighting
Safe for a moment perched on the lofty mast, till *exhausted*,
Drooping her neck and closing her flutt'ring wings, from her members
Flitted the life away; and borne *by the wind* to a distance,
Far from the mast she dropped, while the Greeks stood fixed in amazement.
Merion the axes ten then *claimed, and duly* received *them*,
Teucer the hatchets, and bore them off and stowed in his vessel.
Next in the ring Peleides a long-forth-shadowing javelin
Placed, and a vase with sculptured flow'rs by the flames unblacken'd
Priced at an ox. To contend for these he summoned the spearmen.
Then rose Atreides himself, the wide-ruling king Agamemnon;
Merion next, Idomeneus' bold and faithful attendant:
Whom when he saw, he advanced, and courteous thus he addressed them:
"Mighty Atreides, far before all thy worth we acknowledge;
Prowess and strength are thine, and unmatched renown as a spearman.

Deign uncontested the prize *to* accept, to thy merit accorded;
Bear it away to thy ships, and to Merion the spear be awarded:
This if thou so permit, and approve the counsel I offer."
Thus he spake. At once with his wish Agamemnon complying,
Handed to Merion the spear, and the prize, so justly awarded,
Placed in Talthybius the herald's hands to convey to the vessels.



THE ILIAD.

BOOK XXIV.

BOOK THE TWENTY-FOURTH.

ARGUMENT.

ACHILLES continuing his outrages on Hector's body, the gods deliberate, and Zeus directs Thetis to intimate to her son his will that it should be restored for burial. Iris is sent to Priam, to encourage him to go in person, and ransom it. He goes. Hermes in the form of a Myrmidon warrior meets and conducts him in safety to the tent of Achilles. Their interview. Achilles grants his prayer, and a truce of twelve days, to prepare for, and complete the funeral rites. Priam passes the night in the tent of Achilles, and at daybreak, warned by Hermes, sets forth with the body for Troy. Cassandra announces its arrival. The Trojans go forth to meet it. Andromache, Hecuba, and Helen lament over it. The funeral rites are performed, and the poem concludes.

ILIAD. BOOK XXIV.

ENDED the rites. To their ships and tents the people departed,
Each to his own retiring; and, mindful of rest and refreshment,
Food they partook and *the blessing of* sweet repose. But Achilles
Only retired to weep for his much-lov'd friend, nor did slumber,
All-subduing, visit his eyes; but hither and thither
Tossing, he lay, recalling the valour and might of Patroclus—
All their adventures together;—their hardships suffered in common;—
Dangers by sea, and *toils by land* in the conflict of heroes.
All these things when his thoughts recalled, warm tears *in abundance*
Moistened *his couch;* now turning from side to side; and reclining (10)
Now supine on his back, now prone. Then *restless*, uprising,
Moaning he wandered along the sands. Nor, wakeful, escaped him
Earliest gleams of dawn, *slow* tinting the shore and the waters.
Then to his chariot yoking again the steeds, and attaching
Once more, behind, *with thongs* the prostrate body of Hector,
Thrice he dragged it around the tomb of the son of Menœtius,
Then to his tent returned and slept: first flinging the body
Flat on its face in the dust;—*there left to lie.* But Apollo
Kept defilement away; in his soul much pitying the hero,
Dead as he was; and o'er him his ægis of gold he extended, (20)
Saving his limbs from bruise or wound when dragged by the chariot.

Thus while with outrage *foul* he wreaked his vengeance on Hector,
Pity *and grief* at the sight possessed the blessed immortals,

Who to purloin the corpse invited the slayer of Argus.
This was approved by all the rest; but Poseidon and Heré
Sanctioned it not, nor the blue-eyed maid; but refused their permission,
Stern and persistent in hate: for Troy from the first they detested,
Priam and all his race, for the crime and madness of Paris,
When in his woodland home those two great Pow'rs he insulted,
Slighting their charms for hers to his lustful passions who pandered. (30)
But when the twelfth returning dawn enlightened Olympus,
Phœbus *endured that sight no more, but* addressed the immortals:
"Cruel, unjust in this are ye all, ye Gods! Did not Hector
Ever before your shrines the thighs of lambs and of oxen
Burn? and ye still refuse his remains to rescue *from outrage;*
Give them again to the sight of his longing wife, of his mother,
Priam his *wretched* father, his *infant* child, and his people,
Funeral rites to perform, and with sacred fires to consume them!
Why will ye favour thus, ye Gods! infuriate Achilles,
One in whose soul is no sense of right? No thought of relenting (40)
Ever in that stern breast finds place: intent, like a lion
Always on savage deeds, who with headlong force in his fury
Flings himself on the shepherds' flocks to *tear and* devour them.
Thus hath Achilles cast all pity aside—hath forgotten
Shame, that abounding source of good and of evil to mortals.
What though a man by death from his dearest friend may be parted,
What though he mourn the loss of a son belov'd, or a brother,
Bitter at first though his tears, yet time assuages his sorrows.
Fate, *that inflicts the blow*, gives the patient mind that endures it.
Here we have one who, *not content with* slaught'ring his foeman, (50)
Day after day round the tomb of his friend continues to drag him.
This is no lovely sight, *no* goodly and noble *example!*
Let him beware, lest, brave as he is, he incur our displeasure,
Outraging thus the senseless clay in his madness of passion."

Fired at his words, indignant, the white-armed Hera responded:
"Lord of the silver bow! such words were just and appropriate
Couldst thou ascribe an equal worth to Achilles and Hector:
Hector, a mortal, fed from the nurturing breast of a woman;
Mighty Achilles, goddess-born, whose mother I cherished,

Reared, instructed, and gave to a noble mortal in wedlock,
Peleus, belov'd of all the Gods, *most godlike in spirit.*
Have ye forgotten, ye Pow'rs, *how* ye all attended the bridal?
Thou too wert there with thy harp: thou friend of the wicked!
thou false one!"

Then interposing, Zeus, the cloud-compeller, addressed her:
"Hera, forbear! nor vent thy rage before all the immortals.
Equals in glory and rank those chiefs were not. Yet to Hector
Far before all in Troy was our favour due, and protection:
Chief, from myself; for ne'er did he fail in his gifts and his worship,
Dear *to my soul;* nor was e'er the accustomed feast at my altars
Lacking—sweet incense or sav'ry steams: fit service, *and welcome.*
As for purloining the corse—I forbid it. Nor from Achilles
Could we conceal such theft *of his valiant foe;* for his mother
Watches around him night and day, nor quits for an instant.
One of you go, seek Thetis, and summon her here to my presence,
Wholesome advice will I give her, and so shall *she counsel* Achilles
Ransom from Priam *to* take, and restore the body of Hector."

Thus he spake. Then Iris arose, and, swift as the whirlwind,
Sped with the message away. 'Twixt the rocks of Imbrus and Samos
Half-way, plunged in the darksome sea, which, roaring, engulphed
her,
Headlong she shot, down, *down* in the *deep* abyss: as a plummet,
Dropped through the guiding horn of an ox, sinks down in the waters,
Bearing *insidious* death to the hungry *shoals of the* fishes.
Thetis she found in a hollow cave, where round her had gathered
Many an ocean nymph. In their midst she sate and lamented,
Weeping, the fate of her noble son who, far from his country,
Soon before Troy must end his career *of conquest and glory.*
Closely the goddess approaching, the swift-wing'd Iris addressed her:
"Thetis, arise. High counsels of Zeus demand thy attendance."
Then in her turn the silver-footed goddess responded:
"What may import this call from so mighty a God? in Olympus
All unfit to appear, I shrink: for grief overwhelms me.
Yet will I come. No word from Zeus may pass unregarded."
Thus as she spake a sable mantle enfolded the goddess

Dark as the gloom of blackest *night, or the shadows of Orcus.*
Iris swift as the winds before her went, and around them
Shrank, making way as they passed, the curling waves of the Ocean.
Swift up the shelving strand they swept, then aloft to Olympus
Darted; and there th' all-seeing king they found, and th' immortals
All assembled, and ranged in solemn conclave around him.
Pallas arose, and making room, by the throne of the Father (100)
Placed her. Hera presented a golden and beauteous goblet,
Soothing her grief with gentle words. She drank and returned it.
Then in these words addressed her the Father of Gods and of mortals:
"Thetis divine! Full well I know how bitter a sorrow
Weighs on thy heart, and pursues thee *e'en* to *the courts of* Olympus:
Yet must thou learn the cause why thus I require thy attendance.
Nine days now hath dissension prevailed among the immortals
Touching the corse of Hector slain: and this their proposal—
Hermes to send, from Achilles, waster of towns, to purloin it.
This I forbade, from regard to thy love for thy son, and his glory, (110)
Best secured by subduing himself, and conqu'ring his passion.
Go then at once to the camp: *with* Achilles *reason, and* tell *him*
How to the gods he gives offence—how my anger is kindled
Chief above all, when his frantic rage I behold—when I see him
Thus detaining the corse of his foe; nor accepting its ransom.
Bid him at once desist if he fear my wrath, and restore him.
Iris the while to Priam, from me dispatched, shall persuade him
Gifts to prepare, which may soften the stubborn heart of Achilles,
And to his ships to repair in suppliant guise, *to implore him.*"
Thus he spake, and the silver-footed goddess obeyed him. (120)
Down from Olympus' lofty crests she plunged on the instant,
And at the tent of her son arrived. There sorrowing she found him,
Venting his grief in incessant moans. Around him his comrades
Busied themselves in preparing a meal for their chief, and had slaughtered
There in the tent a thick-fleeced sheep *to furnish the banquet.*
Down sate his mother august beside him, and fondly caressing,
Laid on his hand her own, and *endearingly* named, and bespoke him:
"Wilt thou for ever, my son, let grief and bitter affliction

Prey on thy heart, neglectful of *needful* food and of slumber?
Even the charms of thy lov'd Briseïs fail to delight thee!
Waste not the few short days thou hast yet to live: for, *bethink thee,*
Fate which thou canst not resist, and death, stand close at thy elbow.
Mark then my words. Attend! from Zeus I bear thee a warning,
That to the Gods thou giv'st offence—that his anger is kindled,
Chief, above all, when thy frantic rage he beholds—when he sees thee
Still detaining the corse of thy foe, and refusing to yield it:
Wherefore *he bids thee* restore the dead, accepting the ransom."
Then making answer replied the swift-pursuing Achilles:
"So let it be. Let them take the body, and bring me the ransom,
If, as thou say'st, Olympian Zeus in his wisdom ordains it."
Thus they conferred, amid the close ranged ships of the Grecians,
Mother and son: and long they talked, *consoling each other.*
Iris for Troy set forth with this command from Kronion:
"Haste thee away, swift Iris! and, quitting the heights of Olympus,
Seek out the *wretched* Priam in Troy, and this message deliver:
Bid him prepare rich gifts which may soften the heart of Achilles,
And to his ships *in suppliant guise* repair, *and implore him.*
Forth let him fare alone, nor take one Trojan attendant.
Only some herald, old *and revered,* should follow his chariot,
Guiding *another* car, with mules, to convey to the city,
Slowly, the *sad* remains of the hero slain by Achilles.
Nor for his life is cause for fear, nor aught to alarm him,
Such and so sure a guide shall attend him—the slayer of Argus,
Who to Achilles' presence and tent will safely conduct him.
Once in his presence arrived, once safe in the tent of Achilles,
Nor will he slay him himself, nor suffer another to harm him,
Nor is he void of sense, nor utterly reckless, or brutal.
Touched with compassion, his heart will melt when suppliant he sees him."
Thus he spake, and darting down at the palace of Priam
Iris arrived. There *nought* she found *but* sorrow and wailing—
There, in the porch, round the *wretched* father his sons were assembled,
Seated, and drenching their robes with tears. In the midst was the old man,

Close in a mantle enwrapped that his form revealed; and by handfuls
Dirt on his head, his neck, *and his hoary beard,* was encrusted,
Clutched with his hands and tossed aloft as he rolled on the pavement.
Wide through the palace around resounded the cries of his daughters,
And of the widowed brides of his slaughtered sons, who in battle,
Many and brave, had fall'n, recalled to bitter remembrance.
Iris approached, and in tones subdued and gentle, to Priam
Thus her mission announced; while the old *King* trembled with terror:
"Be not afraid, Dardanian Priam! summon thy courage.
Not to announce *fresh* woes, or to bring thee tidings of evil,
Only for good I come. From Zeus I bear thee a message,
Who from above *looking down,* with grace and with pity beholds thee.
Ransom for Hector he bids thee take, and suppliant to offer
Gifts, which may *soothe the pride and* soften the heart of Achilles.
Forth must thou *fare* alone, nor take one Trojan attendant.
Only some herald, old *and revered,* must follow thy chariot,
Guiding *another* car with mules, to convey to the city,
Slowly, the *sad* remains of the hero slain by Achilles.
Nor for thy life is cause for fear, nor aught to alarm thee;
Such and so sure a guide wilt thou find in the slayer of Argus,
Who to Achilles' presence and tent will safely conduct thee.
Once in his presence arrived, once safe in the tent of Achilles,
Nor will he slay thee himself, nor suffer another to hurt thee.
Nor is he void of sense, nor utterly reckless and brutal.
Touched with compassion, his heart will melt when suppliant he sees thee."
Thus her message delivered, the swift-wing'd Iris departed.
Priam *arose, and* a mule-drawn car his sons he commanded
Straight to prepare, and on it a coffer to bind. To his chamber,
Then he repaired, of cedar built, high roofed, and *with odours Richly* perfumed, and filled with rare and beauteous treasures.
Hecuba then, his *much lov'd* wife, he called, and addressed her:
"Hear me, unhappy one! Zeus from heav'n hath sent me a message.
Forth to the Grecian camp he commands me to go, and to ransom

Hector, and take such gifts as may soften the heart of Achilles.
Tell me now, what in thy *inmost* heart thou think'st *of the matter.*
Strong is the impulse I feel, and great my desire to attempt it;
Forth to fare, and to seek the ships and camp of the Grecians."
Thus he spake; and his wife with sobs this answer returned him:
"Where is thy wisdom now, *the foresight keen, and the prudence,* (201)
Which among nations afar, and thy subjects, made thee respected?
How canst thou go alone to the hostile ships of the Grecians?
How canst thou look on the face of him who murdered thy children,
Many and brave? a heart of steel must thou bear in thy bosom!
For, should that faithless wretch, that raw-devouring *monster,*
Set but his eyes on thee, *thou art lost.* No touch of compassion,
Rev'rence, or shame, would hold his hand. No! here in our palace
Give we *our days* to tears: since, ev'n in the hour that I bore him,
Fate had entwined him round in her nascent thread, and had marked him (210)
Prey for *devouring* dogs, far, far from his *desolate* parents,
There in the power of that stern man. Oh! would I could grapple
Fast to his heart and tear it out with my teeth—a requital
Fit, for his deeds against my son: whom not like a coward
Flinching, he slew, but in arms for the deep-bosomed matrons of Troia,
And for their husbands and sons: nor dreamed he of flight or evasion."
Then in his turn that old and godlike monarch responded:
"Cease to dissuade me. Cease, like an ill-omened bird in my palace,
Woes to predict, and ill success; for thou shalt not withhold me.
Had it been any other, a dweller on earth and a mortal, (220)
Prophet, or priest, or seer, who had told me this, I had listened,
All unbelieving, and turned away, rejecting his counsel.
But since *the heav'nly voice* I have heard *with mine ears,* and the goddess
Face to face have beheld, I go: nor in vain hath she spoken.
If at the ships of the bronze-mailed Greeks I be destined to perish,
So let it be. Embracing the corse of my son shall he slay me,
Easing my bursting heart of its pent-up grief on his bosom."

Thus he spake, and op'ning the beauteous lids of his coffers,
Twelve wrought robes from his stores of exceeding richness and beauty,
Tunics as many, and mantles twelve, of tapestried carpets
Twelve, and of shawls without fold an equal number, selected;
Weighed out next ten talents of gold, full weight; in addition,
Glittering tripods twain, and four great vases of *silver;*
Crowning the gifts with a goblet of wondrous work, which the Thracians
Gave him, when once on a mission sent:—a princely possession.
Nor did he spare ev'n this, *nor were aught* in his palace *too costly*,
Might he but ransom his much-lov'd son. From the porch which the Trojans
Crowded, he drove them all away with abuse and reproaches:
"Off with ye! Hence! ye wretches, ye worthless *scum of the city!*
Have ye not sorrows enough of your own that ye come to annoy me?
Is it so trifling a grief in your sight, what *angry* Kronion
Sends me, to lose my bravest son? You will all of you feel it,
When ye shall fall an easier prey to the *swords of the* Argives,
He, *your defender*, snatched away. Oh! first let me perish,
First let me tread the downward path to the mansion of Hades
Ere with these eyes I behold the ruin and spoil of the city."
Thus while he spake, with his staff he drove them away. From his presence
Slunk they, *abashed at so vast a grief.* On his sons then he turned him,
Chiding, with bitter reproach: upon Helenus, Agathon, Paris,
Pammon, Hippothoüs, great in the roar of battle Polites,
Dios the noble, Deiphobus, Antiphon, all were included:
All those nine *whom the sword had spared;* and thus he reviled them:
"Hither! make haste! ye shameful and lazy crew! would to heaven
There at the ships, one and all, in Hector's stead ye had perished!
Wretch that I am! most wretched! what sons were mine! throughout Troia
Noblest, bravest, and best! and now—not one of them left me!
Mestor, how like a god! and Troïlus, valiant in battle,
Car-borne; Hector, a god among men: for who that beheld him,

E'er would suppose him of mortal mould, the son of a mortal?
These hath the pow'r of Ares destroyed. But you hath he left me,
Blots on my name: *a knot of* buffoons, deceivers, and dancers,
Greedy devourers of lambs and kids, that ye wring from the people.
Will ye make haste, I say! and get ready the car, *as I bade you?*
Load on it all these things, and let me depart on my errand."
Thus he spake, and his sons the chiding *voice of* their father
Dreading, drew forth *in the palace court* the beauteous mule-wain
New-built, strong in the wheels; then strapped upon it the coffer.
Then from its peg the box-wood yoke for the mules they dismounted,
All with bosses adorned, and with rings provided; and brought forth
Next, with the yoke, the yoke-band strong. Nine cubits it measured.
This round the end of the polished pole they bound, and adjusted,
Fast'ning it well with a bolt and ring; then *deftly* they wound it
Thrice each way round the boss of the yoke *and the pole*, and compactly
Fastened it off, and turned in the end of the strap *to secure it.*
Then from the chamber within they fetched the presents—the priceless
Ransom of Hector's head, and stowed them safe in the coffer.
Lastly the strong laborious mules, by the Mysians presented
Freely to Priam, a valued gift, they led forth and harnessed,
And for the chariot of Priam himself brought forth *from the stable*
Steeds, which the old man's hand had supplied with food in their mangers.
These in the lofty palace-court the herald and Priam
Harnessed, lending their hearts *and hands* to the bus'ness before them.
Hecuba now approached, and, saddened with anxious forebodings,
Held in her right hand forth a golden cup, for libation
Due to the Gods, of the honey-sweet wine, ere they took their departure.
Standing in front of the car, her husband she named, and addressed him:
"Take it, and duly pour unto father Zeus, and beseech him
Safe to permit thy return from the foe; if, despising my counsel,

Sorely against my will, thou art still determined to venture.
Yet be thy prayer preferred to the cloud-compelling Kronion,
Him, who from Ida's heights surveys thy realm and thy city,
That he will deign to send thee his bird, *his* favourite *eagle*,
Mightiest of all the feathered race, that thine eyes may behold him,
Soaring aloft on the right; and on that sure token relying
Fearless then thou may'st shape thy course for the ships of the Grecians.
But should allseeing Zeus withhold this sign, and his eagle
Send not, not from my lips shalt thou hear one word of persuasion
Forth to the Grecian ships to fare, be thou ever so eager."
Then making answer in turn, the godlike Priam responded:
"What thou proposest is surely right. Such advice I reject not.
Good is it ever to Zeus to pray, who is full of compassion."
Thus spake the hoary sire, and gave a sign to the handmaid,
Standing near, with basin and ewer in hand for ablution,
Water pure on his hands to pour. He washed and was cleansèd:
Then from his spouse received the cup, *ere he mounted his chariot*,
Standing erect in the midst of the court, and poured his libation,
Raising his eyes to heav'n: and this the prayer that he offered:
"Father Zeus! most great, most glorious, throned upon Ida!
Grant me a kind reception and grace in the sight of Achilles;
And to confirm it, send me thy messenger-bird, thine eagle,
Mightiest of all the feathered race, that mine eyes may behold him,
Soaring aloft on the right; and on that sure token relying,
Fearless, my course I may shape to the camp and ships of the Grecians."
Such was his prayer: and it reached the favouring ear of Kronion.
Forthwith his eagle he sent, the best and surest of omens,
Dark wing'd, the *mighty* hunter, as Percnos known in Olympus.
Wide as the *folding* doors of some lofty room *in a palace*
Fly, when its wealthy owner withdraws their bolts to admit him,
Such and so vast were his wide-out-spreading wings, as he hovered
High on the right o'er the town, and they all rejoicing beheld him:
Comfort *and hope*, by the sight inspir'd, reviving within them.
Now, without more delay, the old king mounted the chariot,

Forth from the court it rolled, and beneath the echoing portal
Out first passed the mules with the four-wheel'd wain, by Idæus
Driv'n; and behind them Priam himself his chariot and horses,
Briskly along with uplifted scourge through the *streets of the city*,
Guided. His sorrowing friends at a distance followed, lamenting;
As for a man going forth to death, *and courting destruction.*
Now when the town they left, and down to the plain were descending,
All his sons and his sons-in-law returned to the city.
Journeying on, thenceforth alone, on the plain they proceeded,
Not unobserved by all-seeing Zeus, who, moved with compassion,
Hermes summoned, his much-lov'd son; and thus he addressed him:
"Hermes! ever with mortals thou lov'st to mix and associate,
List'ning to all their prayers, *and mov'd by their joys and their sorrows:*
Go now, Priam conduct to the hollow ships of the Grecians,
So that not one of them all may mark his course, or suspect him,
Guiding him safe through the camp till he reach the tent of Achilles."
Such his command. Not a moment delayed the slayer of Argus.
Under his feet he bound those rich *and marvellous* sandals,
Golden, ambrosial, borne by which he skims o'er the ocean,
And o'er the boundless realms of earth, with the speed of the tempest;
Grasping his mighty rod, *whose strange mysterious power*
Closes in sleep all mortal eyes or awakes at his pleasure.
Thus for his errand equipped, down darted the slayer of Argus,
Soon at the Hellespont broad he arrived and the region of Troia,
There assuming the form of a noble youth, into manhood
Ent'ring, in life's first bloom, and graceful *in gait and demeanour.*
Now unto Ilus' lofty mound were they come, and *a moment*
Rested the horses and mules, and allowed them drink from the river:
Now had already the twilight *fall'n and darkened* the prospect,
When, *in the gloom* looking forth, the herald perceived *from a distance*
Hermes approaching: *alarmed*, to Priam he called, and addressed him:
"Dardanus' offspring, beware! here is that which calls for decision.
Not far off a foe I perceive, who *I fear* will destroy us.
Say, were it better to turn thy car and fly for our safety,
Or at his feet to fall, and prostrate crave his compassion?"

Thus he spake, but the old man stood, confounded with terror.
Bristling arose each hair, and his bent knees quivered beneath him.
Thus while amazed and astound he stood, up came the Protector,
Took the old king by the *trembling* hand, and kindly addressed him:
"Where, my good father, thus with horses and mules art thou journeying,
Now, at the fall of ambrosial night, when others are slumb'ring?
Dost thou not fear the Greeks, who, breathing vengeance, are nigh thee:
Hostile *to all thy race*, and detesting *the name of a Trojan*—
Whom shouldst thou meet, thus carrying off that wainload of treasure
All through the dark and dang'rous night, dost thou think they would spare thee?
Young thou art not thyself, nor would this old guide for protection
Aught avail, should one of *their host* approach to assault thee.
But be assured, I will harm thee not, nor in any wise suffer
Others do thee wrong: thou remind'st me so of my father."
Thus in his turn the godlike Priam replied, and addressed him:
"All thou hast said, my son, is true. Yet still, to protect me,
Surely some god with pitying care his hand hath extended,
Sending so gentle and kind a guide to meet and conduct me,
Wondrously beauteous in feature and form. Nor less in thy bearing
Shines forth a generous soul. A joy must thou be to thy parents."
Hermes thus in his turn replied, the celestial envoy:
"Just are thy words and fair, old man, and prudently spoken.
Tell me however, and tell me true: for what art thou carrying,
Forth from the city to foreign lands, such costly possessions?
Is it thy single wealth thou would'st save? or, *one among many*,
Com'st thou, deserting with all the rest thine Ilian city,
Dreading its fall; thy son being dead, its noble *defender*,
Bravest of all, and a worthy match for the sons of Achaia?"
Then in his turn the godlike Priam replied and addressed him:
"Who then art thou, thou noble youth, and who were thy parents,
Who of the death of my hapless son thus touchingly speakest?"
Thus then the slayer of Argus replied, the celestial envoy:
"Much dost thou tempt me, O sire, to speak the praises of Hector.

Oft with these eyes have I seen him engaged in glorious battle,
What time he drove before him the Greeks to their ships, and, pursuing,
Smote them with sword and spear. And we, meanwhile at a distance,
Wond'ring gazed: for Achilles then, enraged with Atreides,
Suffered us not in the fight to join, *or lend them assistance.*
Him do I serve. One ship conveyed us hither *from Phthia.*
Sprung from a Myrmidon race, my sire is the noble Polyctor.
Wealthy he is and advanced in years like thyself. Of his offspring
Youngest am I. There are six beside. Myself am the seventh.
Lots were cast, and on me it fell to sail *with Achilles.* (400)
Now am I sent from the ships to watch on the plain; for at daybreak,
Once more in arms the keen-eyed Greeks will assault your defences.
Chafed *with their long inaction* impatient they sit, and their leaders
Scarce can their ardour restrain, and their eager longing for battle."
Then in his turn the godlike Priam replied, and addressed him:
"If thou be really one of Achilles' train, *thou canst tell me—*
(And *I beseech thee,* declare to me all the truth, *nor disguise it*)
Whether the corse of my son be still at the ships, or Achilles
Piecemeal hath hewn, and cast to his dogs to tear and devour it?"
Thus then the slayer of Argus replied, the celestial envoy: (410)
"Neither the dogs nor birds *of the air* have ventured to touch it.
There at the tent he still remains by the ship of Achilles,
Fresh as in life: though twelve returning dawns have arisen
Since he hath lain there, uncorrupt. No worm hath defiled him,
Such as consume the remains of those who perish in battle.
HE, *as his wont hath been,* with the earliest glimpse of the twilight,
Ruthless, will drag the corse round the tomb of his *buried* companion.
Yet he defiles him not. Approaching, still thou wouldst find him
Fresh as the morning dew; most strange to behold. From about him
All the blood hath been cleansed. No foulness is there. On his person (420)
Every wound is healed: yet with many a spear did they pierce him!
Such for thy *noble* son is the care of the blessed immortals:
Such their regard for the dead, whom living they loved *for his virtues.*"
Thus he spake, and rejoicing at heart old Priam responded:

"See, my child, how good it is to pay to th' immortals
Honours and off'rings due; for ne'er did my son in his palace
Ever forget or neglect the gods who dwell in Olympus:
Wherefore in death itself they bear him in mind, and protect him.
Now at my hands *I pray thee* accept this beauteous goblet.
Keep me from harm; and hence (under Heav'n's good favour) conduct me,
Safe on my way, till I reach, *by thy aid*, the tent of Achilles."
Promptly replying, thus rejoined the slayer of Argus:
"Fain would'st thou tempt me, reverend sire! but shalt not persuade me,
Young though I am, to accept thy gifts, unknown to Achilles.
Him have I much in dread, and should hold it shameful to rob him,
Nor do I dare: for mischief hereafter would surely befall me.
Yet will I be thy guide. Most carefully even to Argos
Would I conduct thee; by sea or by land would watch o'er thy safety.
Few would be found to attack thee despising such a protector."
Thus spake the helpful god: with a bound then leaped on the chariot,
Deftly seizing the reins and the scourge, and lashed on the horses;
Them and the mules with spirit inspiring and strength *for the journey*.
Now had they reached the Grecian *lines*, *the* trench and the rampart,
Busily where for their ev'ning meal the guards were preparing,
When upon all deep sleep there fell, by the slayer of Argus
Poured on their lids. *Wide flew* the gates, unbarred and unbolted.
In roll'd, with Priam, the car, and the costly gifts on the mulewain.
Thus they at length arrived at the lofty tent of Achilles,
Which for the use of their prince the Myrmidon host had constructed.
Strong fir-posts had they hewn and infixed, for the walls; and upon them
Reared a thick roof of thatch, with reeds mown down in the marshes.
Round it an ample court they enclosed; and planted, to fence it,
Huge palisades. With a single beam was fastened the postern,
Massive and vast. To uprear that bar three sons of Achaia
Hardly availed, and three that enormous bolt to unfasten,

Men like the rest of the Greeks: though Achilles easily raised it.
Hermes the gate unbarred, and the old king entered the precinct.
Then too the gifts intended for Peleus' son were admitted.
Now from the car dismounted the god, and Priam accosted:
"*Priam, attend!* An immortal God hath been thy companion,
Hermes, sent by my Father Zeus to attend and conduct thee.
Now must I leave thee, and back return; for not to Achilles
Must I appear revealed. Unfitting it were *and unseemly*
Openly thus for a God to be seen assisting a mortal.
Enter the tent, and embrace the knees of the offspring of Peleus.
Then, by his father *revered*, by his fair-hair'd mother, adjure him,
And by his *infant* son: for so shalt thou move his compassion."
Hermes thus: and away, to the lofty realms of Olympus,
Darted, and disappeared. From the car then Priam dismounted,
And while Idæus remained in the court behind, in attendance,
Holding the horses and mules, at once to the tent of Achilles
Passed. The belov'd of Zeus he found within, who was seated,
Musing in mournful thought, and apart stood rang'd his attendants.
Alcimus, scion of Mars, alone, and Automedon near him,
Minist'ring stood. The table remained undrawn: for but newly
Food and drink had he ta'en, and his *joyless* meal had concluded.
All unperceived by these the monarch came, and approaching,
Flung himself down at his feet and embraced the knees of Achilles,
Kissing those dread and murderous hands which had slaughtered his children.
As when some conscience-stricken wretch, just fresh from a murder,
Flies to a foreign land, and in some conspicuous mansion
Refuge claims, its inmates aghast behold his arrival:
Such the dismayed surprise of Achilles, Priam beholding,
Such the amaze of those around, as they looked at each other,
While at his feet illustrious Priam preferred his petition:
"Godlike Achilles! look upon me, and think of thy father,
Far away, on the threshold of age and broken by sorrow:
Fancy thou seest him feeble, oppressed by the neighbours around him,
No protector at hand, no saviour from war and destruction.
Yet when he hears his son still lives, fresh joy in his bosom

Springs, and the hope day after day renewed, to behold thee,
Victor from Troy, *restored to his arms and strong to avenge him.*
Wretched beyond all mortals am I, whose sons were the bravest
Troy's wide realm hath beheld—and of these not one have I left me.
Fifty were mine when first the Greeks our city assaulted:
Nineteen to one *fair* queen were born, *the noblest and dearest;*
All the rest to the *beauteous* wives who dwell in my palace.
Ares insatiate hath swept them off—so brave and so many.
Hector, my only hope, ourselves' and our city's defender,
Him hast thou slain, contending bravely in arms for his country.
'Tis for his sake that thus I come to the ships of the Grecians,
Begging *his corse at thy feet*, and a priceless ransom I bring thee.
Have respect for the Gods, O Achilles! pity my mis'ry!
Think of thy father, my *equal in birth*, inferior in sorrows.
Have I not borne what no dweller on earth before me hath suffered?
Have I not pressed to my lips the hand that slaughtered my children?"
Tears to the eyes of Achilles rose at the thought of his father.
Laying his hand on the old man's arm he gently removed him.
Sad recollections o'ercame them both—one, weeping for Hector
Unrestrainedly, sank on the earth at the feet of Achilles.
He on his part for his father wept—then grief for Patroclus
Prompted his tears: and groaning arose, *and sobs*, through the chamber.
Godlike Achilles, soon as his burst of emotion was over,
And his *strong* heart and frame, relieved, had resumed their composure,
Rose from his seat, and extending his hand, the suppliant monarch
Raised: for his hoary head and beard much moved his compassion.
Then, in *consoling* words *and in gentlest accents*, addressed him:
"O most unhappy! grievous indeed are the woes thou hast suffered!
How couldst thou dare alone to approach the ships of the Grecians?
How endure to confront the man who so many and valiant
Sons of thine hath destroyed? Is the heart within thee of iron?
Rise now and take thy seat. For some brief time let oblivion
Cover our griefs and a respite afford, be they never so bitter.

Little avails to chill the heart with woe and complaining.
Such is the fate of man. By the Gods above is he destined
Ever in sorrow to live, while themselves from care are exempted.
Fast by the threshold of Zeus two urns are ever established,
Evil gifts from one he bestows, and good from the other.
Who by the Thunderer's hand is supplied from both, *in his fortunes*
Good comes mingled with ill: now joys, now sorrows await him. (530)
Who from the evil alone his cup must fill, for misfortune
Stands forth a mark. Destruction hunts him down to devour him:
Through the fair earth he wanders, by Gods rejected and mortals.
Thus upon Peleus ev'n from his birth were show'red by th' immortals
Blessings beyond the common lot. With pow'r and with riches
Gifted, over the Myrmidon race they gave him dominion,
And to a mortal prince an immortal bride was united;
Yet was his happiness dashed in this, that sons were denied him,
Sons to succeed to their father's throne, and rule in his palace.
One he begat—myself: short-liv'd, nor doomed to survive him; (540)
Nor am I nigh, to sustain his age; but, far from my country,
Linger at Troy, to thee and thy race a scourge and affliction.
Thou too wert blest, so fame reports, with extended dominion.
All fair Lesbos and Makar's seats embrace to the northward,
Southward to Phrygia's utmost bounds, to the Hellespont westward,
Wealth, and a noble array of sons by the Gods were accorded:
But since the dwellers in heav'n these dire afflictions have sent thee,
Bloodshed and war unceasing thy city's walls have surrounded.
Therefore endure, nor ceaseless thus let sorrow consume thee:
Nought can avail this bitter regret for thy son. Thou canst never
Back recall him to life, nor escape such woes as await thee." (551)

Ended Achilles; and thus the godlike Priam responded:
"Bid me not, favoured of Heav'n, arise; so long as my Hector
Lies in thy tent unransomed. O grant these eyes to behold him,
Once more my own. Accept those costly gifts that I bring thee,
Price of his *lov'd* remains. Thy gains enjoy, and departing,
Hence to thy home return; *and complete the grace thou hast shewn me,*
Sending me forth, to behold the light of day, from thy presence."

Then with a gathering frown thus spake swift-footed Achilles:

"Anger me not, old man! *'Tis not for the sake of thy ransom—*
'Tis to the ancient seagod's daughter, the mother that bore me,
Bearing the orders of Zeus himself, that I yield up thy Hector.
This is heav'n's act. For, Priam, I know, and thou canst not conceal it,
One of the Gods must have brought thee safe to the ships of the Grecians.
None would have dared—no mortal man, in youth and in vigour,
COULD have succeeded in ent'ring our camp and eluding our outposts;
Nor could a mortal arm, *from without*, my gates have unfastened.
Therefore, old man! beware, lest thou change my pity to anger;
Lest, though a suppliant here in my tent, I fail to respect thee;
Lest, in despite of Zeus' commands, I do thee a mischief."
Thus he spake: and the old man feared, and rose at his bidding.
Forth from the door of his tent then rushed like a lion Achilles:
Rushed not alone: for both his attendants followed his footsteps,
Alcimus brave and heroic Automedon; chiefs whom Peleides
Highest esteemed of all his host since the death of Patroclus.
These from the chariot and wain the mules and horses unharnessed,
And from without to the tent the clear-voiced herald conducted,
Seating him there on a bench. Then next from the wain they unloaded
All those costly gifts prepared for the ransom of Hector.
Only to cover the corpse two tunics they left and a mantle,
So that *in comely guise* enwrapped, to Troy they might bear it.
Then from within two maids they called to wash and anoint it,
Keeping it out of Priam's sight: lest haply, beholding,
All overcome with grief, his wrath he might vent, and Achilles,
Chafed into rage *by his passionate words and bitter reproaches*,
Reckless, might violate Heav'n's command, and ruthlessly slay him.
Now when the maids the corse had washed and with oil had anointed,
Folded a tunic round, and covered it up with the mantle,
Placed on a bier, Achilles himself assisted to bear it,
And with his comrades twain to the car conveyed, and arranged it.
Then did he groan in his heart and invoke the shade of Patroclus:

"Be not indignant, Patroclus dear! if ever in Hades
This thou shouldst haply learn, that Hector back to his father
Thus I have yielded. Rich was his ransom—worthy a *monarch:*
And thou shalt have thy share for an off'ring, such as is fitting."
Thus having said, to his tent returned the godlike Achilles,
Seated himself once more on the couch from whence he had risen,
Opposite Priam, against the wall: and thus he addressed him:
"Priam, thy son is restored. I have yielded him up at thy asking. (599)
There on the wain he lies. With the first appearance of daybreak
Shalt thou behold and bear him away. Now need'st thou refreshment.
Niobe's self refused not food, though twelve of her children
Lay in her palace slain: six daughters fair, *in the earliest*
Bloom of their youth; six *noble* sons, just rip'ning to manhood;
These by Apollo slain with his silver bow, in his anger
Kindled against her; those by the *deadly* shafts of his sister:
For that she *dared in her pride to* vie with beauteous Leto.
'Leto (she said) had two fair children: twelve were HER *treasures.*'
Two as they were, *they sufficed to* destroy the whole of her offspring. (609)
Nine whole days in their blood they *welt'ring* lay. To inter them
None could be found: for Kronion had turned their nation to marble.
So on the tenth the Gods themselves took charge of their burial.
Then she *arose*, brake bread and drank, exhausted by weeping.
And to this day, among Sipylus' rocks and desolate mountains,
Where, as they say, the nymphs repose *when wearied with* dancing
Round Acheloüs' fount, may she yet be seen, and in marble
Seems as if brooding still o'er the woes thus sent her from Heaven.
Up then! divine old man! Let us now prepare for refreshment,
Needful to all. When, to-morrow, thou bear'st thy son into Ilion,
Weep as thou wilt. Good cause for tears, I ween, has he giv'n thee."
Thus having said, he quitted the tent, and a sheep *having chosen,* (621)
Slew *it.* His comrades the carcase flayed, and skilfully dressed it,
Then into steaks with ready sleight divided and spitted,
Roasted the flesh with care, and withdrew, *when cooked,* from the broaches.
Bread by Automedon next was brought, in delicate baskets,
And on the table laid, and the meat Achilles divided.

Each then stretched forth his hand and partook the viands before him.
Now when at length the pangs of hunger and thirst were abated,
Gazed on Achilles' lofty form Dardanian Priam,
Struck with amaze at his godlike mien and imperial bearing.
Nor did Achilles less admire Dardanian Priam,
Touched by his looks, so mild, and good, and his courteous expressions.
Long on each other their eyes they fixed, till, satiate with gazing,
Thus broke silence at last, and spake illustrious Priam:
"Send me now quickly to rest, O heav'n-born prince, that reposing,
Both may recruit our strength and partake the blessings of slumber.
For, from the day my son by thy hand was slain, to my eyelids
Sleep hath been strange, nor hath yet vouchsafed its gentle refreshment.
Nought have I done but groan and lament in the courts of my palace,
Prostrate *in all the abasement of woe*, and rolled on the pavement.
Now hast thou led me to break my fast, and now for the first time,
Shunned and rejected before, the dark red wine have I tasted."
Thus he spake: and his servants and maids Achilles commanded
Couches to place beneath the porch and with matting to spread them,
Purple-woven, and coverlids rich with tapestry broidered:
Placing, *for warmth*, over all the rest thick mantlets of woollen.
Forth from the hall with torches they went, and under the portal
Brought forth in haste and prepared two beds, *for the king and his herald.*
Then, as in sportive mood, thus spake swift-footed Achilles:
"There, my good father! take thy rest, lest some of the Argives
Hither resorting, counsel to hold (for such is their custom—
Often they come to consult me here, and ask my opinion)—
Here in the night arriving, perchance, should come to behold thee.
Straightway this to Atreides, the shepherd and guide of his people,
Would they report, which would cause delay, and imperil the ransom.
Tell me, I pray thee now, and be sure thou tell me exactly,
How many days thou need'st to perform the fun'ral of Hector,
So long, nor will I stir myself, nor suffer the army."

Thus he spake, and thus the godlike Priam responded:
"Great were indeed *the boon, and great* the relief to my feelings,
Would'st thou indeed consent to a fun'ral *worthy of* Hector.
Well thou knowest, O prince, how close we are hemmed in the city:
Far to seek is the wood, in the mountain clefts; and the people
Dread to go forth. Nine days at least must we give to our sorrows,
But on the tenth the pyre shall blaze and the people be feasted;
On the eleventh day shall a mound be raised *o'er his ashes*,
And on the twelfth, if indeed it must, renewed be our warfare."
Mighty Achilles, swift in pursuit, returned him for answer:
"What thou demandest, rev'rend sire, I *readily* grant thee:
Even so long as thou say'st shall the war be stayed, at my bidding."
Ended Achilles thus, and the right hand grasped of the old man,
Clasping him round the wrist, to remove all fear from his bosom.
Thus in the porch of the tent reposed the king and the herald,
Musing *o'er the events of the day*, till sleep overcame them.
Far in its inmost recess Achilles lay, and beside him
Slept *once more the belov'd of his heart*, the lovely Briseïs.
All the rest of the gods and the crested chiefs of the armies
Lay subdued through the night by *the* soothing *pressure of* slumber.
Hermes alone, benignant pow'r, the influence of slumber
Felt not. His thoughts revolved how best the unfortunate monarch
Forth from the Grecian camp he might lead, eluding the warders.
Over his head, *as he slept*, he stood, and thus he addressed him:
"Little thou reck'st, old man, of impending ills, who canst slumber
Here in the midst of foes, albeit Achilles hath spared thee.
Yet, though thy much-loved son at a mighty cost thou hast ransomed,
Thrice that ransom—*four times as much* for thy life would be offered
By the surviving sons thou hast left *in Troy*, should Atreides
Hear of thy whereabout, and the Greeks be aware of thy presence."
Thus he spake, and the old man feared, and awakened the herald.
Hermes yoked to the wain and car the mules and the horses;
Mounted, and drove them off, while none perceived their departure.
But when at length the banks they reached of the wide-flowing river,
Eddying Xanthus, sprung from immortal Zeus, to Olympus
Hermes returned, *and left them to make their way to the city.*

Now on the earth had the dawn appeared, in mantle of saffron:
Priam with many a tear and groan his steeds to the city
Urged, and the mules with the corse came *slow* behind: nor were any
In its wide precincts, matrons or men, aware of his coming.
Only Cassandra, *his daughter fair*, like bright Aphrodité, (699)
Early had mounted the topmost tow'r, and thence she beheld him
Standing erect and driving the car, and behind it the herald.
Hector she saw, outstretched on the bier *where Achilles had laid him.*
Loud she shrieked at the sight, and her cries rang out through the city:
"Trojans and matrons of Troy! go forth and welcome your Hector
Dead: if e'er ye rejoiced when alive he returned from the battle
Victor, the joy and delight of all your city and nation."
Thus when she cried, nor man nor woman remained in the city:
Grief insupportable *drove them forth. In a frenzy of sorrow*
Out at the *Scæan* gate they *rushed: there* met the procession
Entering. First his wife and mother revered on the mule wain (710)
Flung themselves, tearing their hair, on the *sacred* head *of their lov'd one*
Laying their hands; while the pitying crowd stood weeping around them.
Thus through the live-long day had they blocked the gate until sunset,
Crowding around the wain, and weeping and calling on Hector,
But from the lofty car where he stood thus Priam addressed them:
"Let me pass with the mules. When once arrived at the palace,
Time will there be to take your fill of sorrow and weeping."
Thus he spake: then parting, the crowd made way for the chariot.
Soon as they reached the royal dome, the corse they *dismounted*,
Laid it aloft on a bed *of state*, and singers around it (720)
Placed, who the dirges led; and mournful they rose *through the chamber*
Solemn and sad; and with loud laments the women responded.
Foremost of all Andromache fair gave vent to her anguish,
Flung round his neck her snowy arms, and thus she lamented:
"And art thou gone, my husband! so young! and hast left me a widow
Here in these *desolate halls*, and the infant son that thou gav'st me,

Pledge of our mutual love unblest?—Ah! ne'er shall I see him,
Blooming in youthful pride. *Long, long* before will our city
Sink, overwhelmed, since thou art lost, its protector, its saviour:—
Thou who alone its walls, its wives, its children defended,
All now doomed to be swept away in the ships of the Grecians:
I with the rest. And thou, my child! or, torn with thy mother
Hence, must *wear out thy days in* degrading toil; for a master
Savage, unpitying spending thy strength; or, one of the Argives,
Seizing *thy tender frame*, shall dash thee down from the rampart;
Thus, by thy horrid death avenging the loss of a brother,
Father, or son, by Hector slain: for many a Grecian,
Biting the ground with his teeth hath fall'n to the hands of thy father;
Nor was he mild to his country's foes, nor sparing in battle.
Hence these *unceasing* cries of woe that ring through the city.
Grief, unspeakable grief, thy death hath caused to thy parents.
Grief on myself hast thou brought, more deep, *more sad, more enduring*,
Nor from thy couch didst thou stretch thy dying hand to thy consort,
Nor didst thou speak one last farewell, one word, which for ever,
Night and day, in the depths of my heart engraved, I might treasure."
Thus she spake, and with groans and tears replied her attendants.
Hecuba next took up the strain, and thus she lamented:
"Hector! dear to my heart beyond all the rest of my children,
Dear to the Gods as well while numbered yet with the living,
Dear in thy death, for o'er thee dead their care hath extended.
All the rest of my sons did fierce-pursuing Achilles
Capture and sell to bondage afar, to Samos and Imbros,
Over the desolate sea, and to *rude and* harbourless Lemnos.
Thee hath he slain with that *dreadful* spear; *nor, content with thy murder*,
Cruel! how oft hath he dragged thee around the tomb of Patroclus,
—(Him whom thou bravely slew'st)—with fruitless and impotent outrage!
Now before me thou liest in *thy father's halls—in thy beauty*,
Fresh as the *morning* dew; like one whom *benignant* Apollo,

Lord of the silver bow, hath gently removed from existence."
Thus she spake, and all broke forth in loud lamentations.
Helena, third, approached the bier and poured forth her sorrows:
"Hector! of all my husband's brothers the best and the dearest,
Since Alexandros I own for my spouse, who first from my country
Brought me hither to Troy—Oh! would that instead I had perished!
Now is the twentieth year since, quitting my home and my nation,
Hither I came, *forsaking my friends, my child, and my duties.*
Yet did I never from thee a reproachful word, or ungentle,
Hear; and if ever beneath this roof thy brethren or sisters
Grieved me with taunts, or thy brothers' wives in their rich-flowing mantles,
Aye, or thy mother (for Priam was always kind, like a father),
Still thou hadst ever thy word to interpose in my favour,
Soft'ning their hearts by thy gentle speech and kindly demeanour.
Weeping for thee, my own sad lot I weep: for in future,
In the wide *precincts of* Troy shall I find no friend who with kindness
E'er will uphold my cause, where all *despise* and abhor me."
Weeping she spake, and the pitying crowd took part in her sorrows.
Now to his people the monarch spake, and thus he addressed them:
"Trojans! go forth *to the forests* and bring much wood to the city.
Fear not the Greeks, nor an ambush dread; for this was the promise,
Giv'n by Achilles himself, the sable ships when I quitted,
That till the twelfth returning morn no Greek shall molest you."
Thus he spake. Then oxen and mules were brought, and to waggons
Yoked, and *in long array* before the city assembled.
Nine days toiled they, and wood in enormous piles they collected;
But when the tenth its orient beams diffused among mortals,
Weeping, the mighty Hector's corse they brought from the city,
Laid it aloft on the pile—then fire applied, *and consumed* it.
Now when the rosy-fingered Eôs, mother of morning,
Shone forth afresh, once more round the pyre collected the Trojans,
Thronging around the spot *where lay the bones of their hero.*

First with the dark-red wine they quenched the smouldering embers,
Copiously poured where lingered *a flickering* flame. From the ashes
Then collected his whitened bones his friends and his brethren.
Tenderly weeping they plied their *mournful* task; and when gathered,
Placed them with care in a box of gold, and softly enfolding,
Wrapped it around from sight in a *gorgeous* mantling of purple.
Dug then a grave, and deep in the earth's dark bosom they laid it,
Cov'ring it thick with blocks of stone high piled up above it;
Over them all in haste a mound they heaped; for precaution,
Stationing scouts and guards, should the Greeks come forth to attack them.
All performed, and the mound complete, they returned to the city,
And in the spacious halls of the regal palace of Priam
All were received, and partook of a rich funereal banquet.
Such were the funeral rites of the car-borne warrior Hector.

THE END.

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